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THE SIGNIFICANCE OF POLITICAL PARTIES

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IN some ways what we call the party management, or the machine, appears to have existed in America before the party. "This day," wrote John Adams in his journal in February, 1763, "learned that the caucus club meets, at certain times, in the garret of Tom Daws, the Adjutant of the Boston Regiment. He has a large house, and he has a movable partition in the garret which he takes down, and the whole club meets in one room. There they smoke tobacco till you cannot see from one end of the garret to the other. There they drink flip, I suppose, and there they choose a moderator who puts questions to vote regularly; and selectmen, assessors, collectors, fire-wards, and representatives, are regularly chosen before they are chosen in the town." In other words, the town-meeting of Boston, with its vaunted freedom of will and frank discussion, only registered the decision of an exterior government. Sam Adams, attending the caucus, scribbling for the newspapers, appealing in shrewd and simple fashion to the artisans and watermen of Boston, was the primitive boss who brought things to pass. The father of the American Revolution was the leader of the machine.

Although the framers of our Federal Constitution must have had experience with scheming caucuses and with wise political managers, they had no conception of parties in any broad sense. Of intrigue, of faction, of enmity between rich and poor, of tendencies in old-fashioned government, of human ambition, they had knowledge in abundance; but of parties organized, officered, drilled, man-

ipulated, fitted to work consistently for power with inconsistent principles, they knew next to nothing. This was natural, for colonial history had not taught them the lesson, though the colonists had had long controversies and had even made occasional combinations. England had not yet achieved systematic party government, but was giving an example of confusion, out of which in the course of the next few years were to arise clear-cut party systems and managements. With infinite pains the men who framed our Constitution laid down ideas of individual freedom; they devised with great cunning a clever system of checks and balances in order that the government might do no harm; but they left to haphazard arrangements, or to voluntary associations unknown to the law and unknown to the theory of the state, the difficult task that was in itself the great problem of democracy. To these associations, which soon arose, was left the task of furnishing a medium for transmitting the will of the people to the government — this balanced mechanism which the Fathers had so nicely fashioned.

Here was the great political and constitutional problem of the decade to come; and clearly enough, if we omit the tremendous struggle over slavery and secession, the development of these associations is the greatest fact in our constitutional history. Little by little these formless voluntary associations were hardened into institutions. They were for a long time altogether extra-legal; only within the last few years have statutes distinctly recognized the existence of

parties and made regulations for nominations, with an acceptance of the fact that parties and party mechanism are established and have their important function in the conduct of the body politic. Until about twenty years ago, even ballots were printed by the party officials; the candidates or the political managers were themselves responsible for a large part of the expense of conducting an election. The party organization was allowed to grow undisturbed, and to develop its own capacity for representing or controlling the popular will and for controlling the government described on a piece of parchment locked in a safe at Washington.¹ These party systems themselves came to have constitutions and tens of thousands of zealous officials, whose great object was, not to transmit the unsullied will of the people to the government at Washington, but to advance the interests of their own organizations.

No one doubts the importance of the little group of party leaders in England who by virtue of their inherent capacity rise to the head of the loose party organization and in the Cabinet determine the policies of the government. No one doubts that the English Cabinet is an institution, though it is unknown to the law, and though its conferences are as secret as those of the Vatican. But we have not seen, or are just beginning to see, in America, that the complicated system which manages parties and directs government in this country is an institution to be taken seriously as an established fact, and that the problem of self-government now is the problem of controlling this institution that manages

the government which is described by the parchment at Washington. Much of the confusion in our discussion of political problems, much of the incoherence of popular effort, comes from the failure to look facts fairly in the face and to watch the make-up, the methods, and the purposes of the government that has for its purposes the management of what we call the Government. The present task of democracy is not to prevent the party management from getting possession of the government, but to make that management responsive to the will of the people. This task is as dignified, as important, and as difficult as the old struggles for representative government, for a responsible ministry, for, in fact, any of the devices and arrangements which were worked out in the course of the long effort to reach political liberty. England, by the revolutions of the seventeenth century, established the principles of her constitution; but her great victory for real self-government came when the party machine was fully recognized as legitimate and was made, in part at least, subservient; the great event was this establishment of the party management in the Cabinet and the fixing of its responsibility.

In America the situation is confusing because we have so many interacting systems and because the mechanism of the government that is described by the Constitution does not easily lend itself to the management of a single party organization. If the party machine could boldly take possession of the government at Washington and manage it in all its ordinary law-making operations, carrying out secret determinations openly and as of right, then we could see the simple fact. But we have clung stupidly to the worn-out idea that the President should not be a party leader but a representative of the whole people, and that his cabinet is not a party council but a meeting of administrators. In England the party machine — though the law does not see it — is frankly in possession of

¹ It is an interesting fact that this aspect of our constitutional history has received little attention in our histories. A few scholarly treatises have covered some portions of the subject. The most brilliant of these treatises, and perhaps in some ways also the most mistaken, is written by a foreigner, who has the perspective of posterity but also its opportunities for error: Ostrogorski, *Democracy and the Organization of Parties*. See also Macy, *Party Organization and Machinery*.

the government. In America the national party mechanism is organized outside of the government: its make-up is scarcely known to any one save the professional; we go upon the humorous supposition that since the party is made up of many people, we really control it. Just at present in national politics the situation is comparatively simple. One party controls both houses of Congress, though between the organization in the Senate, where a small band of veterans is in command, and in the House, where one dominant figure valiantly and frankly leads and directs, there are not infrequent differences of opinion. The same party is in control of the executive offices, and the President makes no bones of the fact that he is the head of the party in whose principles he believes and whose success he thinks helpful to the nation. The national committee is under the influence of the real head of the party, who is also the head of the government. When Mr. Roosevelt four years ago insisted that he must decide who should lead the national committee, he took a step toward simplification, toward bringing it about that the party should in considerable measure be organized in the government. If now party government and legal government could be made one, — perhaps forever an impossible ideal in the complexity of our system, — the task of realizing democracy would be lightened or at least made plain; the task would be to direct and influence the party system that is frankly in control of the government, and to do this in such a way that the main body of the people would actually determine what policies should be followed and what men should be put into high office. I need not pretend that, even under such circumstances, even with this one government to be looked after, the task would be easy. It is doubtful if even then democracy would be realized as an actual form of political control; but the work of direction would then be made at least comprehensible.

And yet such a discussion as this is

absurdly academic and theoretical. We have a complex system outside of the government with an occasional approach to organization within the limits marked out by the Constitution; and the task of a democracy that craves realization is to manage this superior organization and not to let it get entirely away from popular influence. Everybody knows dimly that corporate wealth in this country is managed by remarkably few men; we have recently been instructed with much rhetoric about the "system," and, though we may not take all the rhetoric seriously, we know that what we fear is the domination either of organized wealth or of organized labor. If the emperors of organized riches could overcome their own internal disorganizing individualism and set to work to control the government, what would be their method? Surely not to send their own lieutenants and their trained legions into the offices, or to grasp themselves the places of trust, — if one dare use that good word to describe places of profit; not even to seize themselves upon the offices in the party management, the pretorian guard, which controls the government. In their own way, they would from without manage the government which manages the Government.

That this sort of thing has taken place in our cities in a more or less disorganized and incoherent way nobody would deny. If the big concerns, which wish to rule the cities in behalf of their own yawning coffers, were fairly organized and not struggling among themselves, we should have three governments: first, the one described by the charter; second, the one represented by the boss and the party machine; third, the one of wealth and lucre. And of these the last would be — not to be sure the only government reaping profit — but the one whose wishes were finally regarded and which could transform desires into acts and pelf. Under such circumstances, would we still cling to the notion that by occasionally casting pieces of white paper

into black ballot-boxes we had self-government, and would we content ourselves with thinking that the government described by the charter was our government? Surely it is clear that the thing we want to do is to control the party government, and not to let it fall into the hands of a third combination, for whose power, when once it is made complete, there is no remedy but revolution. This thought, of course, underlies the objection to corporate contributions to party committees. Our means of controlling and holding in check the party management of the national parties are so inadequate, that we almost hold our breath for fear of the annihilation of popular government, when we think how difficult it would be for us to prevent government by organized wealth if the contest were once on.

A glance at our history will illustrate the difficulty of controlling party management and of making it really subject to the will of the main body of the party. The earliest system of presenting candidates for office was through a caucus of office-holders. The governors of the states were nominated by a caucus of legislators, and candidates for the presidency were put forward by party caucus in Congress. Those persons who, because of social standing or influence, were thought capable of holding office, assumed the duty of telling the people for whom they might cast their ballots, — a negation of popular determination. This superimposed system was bound to disappear with the rise of democratic sentiment, with the extension of self-confidence among the people, and with the widening of the suffrage that came as the West developed. In the years after the war of 1812, when the masses of the people were beginning to feel their power distinctly, changes were wrought in the nominating system in the states. First came the "mixed convention," made up in part of office-holders, who received into their number persons who were not office-holders; and soon in some of the states the "pure convention" was

in existence — a body of men coming from the various parts of the state for the purpose of selecting the candidates of their party for state office. This was the result of a revolt against the self-assumed authority of the office-holders. It was an effort to make the government more nearly and immediately what it pretended to be, the people's own.

In 1824 the régime of the congressional caucus was overthrown. There was then but one party, and personal rivalries within it were the order of the day. When therefore a rump caucus nominated the palsied Crawford for the presidency, this "regular" nomination was treated with little respect by the supporters of Jackson, Adams, and Clay. This disrespect was in part due to the fact that there was only one national party, for under such conditions the authority of customary mechanism is endangered; but to be understood aright the situation must be seen in connection with the general democratic upheaval which was everywhere apparent, which marked the new rise of popular self-confidence, and which shortly, in the advent of the spoils system, heralded an effort of the people to make the government really their own. The protest against King Caucus must be read in the light of the social temperament of the day; it ushered in the reign of Jacksonian self-satisfied democracy, which meant so much in the political, educational, and intellectual history of America.

As no one of the candidates received a majority of the electoral votes, the election of 1824 was decided by the House, a fact hard to be borne by the protestants against congressional nomination. In the next few years the democratic protest was variously registered: by the total disappearance of the congressional nomination; by the triumphant election of Jackson as the man of the people; by the attack on the office-holders and the installation of the spoils system; and by the holding of national conventions to present candidates for election.

Here came, however, one of those recurring contradictions which show the difficulty of popular government, which apparently prove that mechanism is a necessity, and which on the other hand indicate clearly that a mechanism established to register popular desire tends irresistibly to control it. It is apparently an impossibility to set up a transformer the purpose of which is to transmute public wishes into governmental action, and to have that device work as an inanimate sensitive mechanism. The invention is used at once for the old end, not to transmit power from the people to the government, but as a means of controlling the people; the power passes through such a mechanism downwards to the masses and not from them upwards to the government. The convention system, the result of an insurrection against dictation from office-holders, was not long a means for expressing popular wishes. The party management used it freely and deftly; it gave new opportunities for the skill of the professional political mechanic. And we are now seeking to get rid of this device originally established to give greater scope for popular desires; in the various states of the union we are now making attempts to establish systems of popular nomination, because it is believed that we can make the government our own by transferring to the people the right to say for whom they may cast their ballots. In national politics, too, we have come to have little faith in the nominating convention, though at times it is impressively subservient, in spite of the management, to popular demands, expressed in all sorts of unmechanical and unsystematic ways.

But of greater significance than the convention system, which came in Jackson's time as a protest against superimposed control and dictation from office-holders, was the spoils system. This, too, was, in national politics at least, the effect of a protest against an office-holding régime, the result in some measure of

the notion that the government was not for any official class but for the people. As a matter of fact, of course, it did not operate to democratize the government; on the contrary it provided a means of financing party management; it furnished the sinews of war to party government. The men who occupied their time in manipulation for the purpose of getting and holding office and for managing the government were now furnished by the public with the funds for political warfare and for carrying out their plans of campaign. When once a party is fairly organized, with a selected body of leaders, with lieutenants and subalterns in every nook and corner of the land, it needs funds. No matter how praiseworthy the party principles, continuous activity under expert guidance requires funds; and the spoils system was a device whereby the great governmental system which managed the party was provided with funds from the public treasury; for office was given by party leaders to pay party debts, and, moreover, portions of the official salaries were paid over to the party management to finance its operations. It is worthy of note, too, that under the spoils system persons inducted into office because of their activity as party workers were expected to serve the party and its organized board of direction. When once that idea prevails, the real government is obviously the party organization; the so-called government is the instrument, the conventional grooves through which the system standing without expresses its authority.

There has been a great outcry against the spoils system by many who do not appear to see the simplicity of the whole matter and its preëminent rationalness. The establishment of so-called popular government brought parties, — parties with principles and parties with hunger. We cannot conceive of the possibility of getting on without them; it is easier to imagine the demolition of any part of our constitutional organization, the

submersion of a large part of what the Constitution describes, than to imagine our getting on without political combinations; they are our vital institutions, they abide in the innermost spirit of the people. We cannot live under a scheme in which every one acts as a disassociated atom; organization is an absolute necessity, and we may thank our stars that our genius for politics, if not for real self-government, has brought about the establishment of two big parties instead of a crowd of factions like those which masquerade as parties in continental Europe. Nothing is a greater proof of American political capacity than this organization of two competing parties to manage a government, and that too a government strikingly ill adapted to the party régime.

If then we are to have parties and if we really desire their presence, if they are an essential part of the great task of democracy, how shall they be financed? Under the spoils system they were financed by the government itself, which gave offices and salaries sometimes to incompetent persons, and sometimes when there were no duties to be performed; for the question was not fitness for the office but capacity as partisans. The party machine was furnished with fuel and lubricant at public expense. Recently it has been proposed that campaign expenses should be paid openly from the state or national treasury. This would be to do only what was done indirectly and amid great protestations of patriotism for half a century or more under the spoils system and is still done to some extent. The spoils system is a method of financing political parties, which are the inevitable companions of so-called popular government. Unless men through the country at large are willing to contribute openly and for legitimate purposes to the party organization, or unless men become suddenly so virtuous and altruistic that they are ready to do party service at their own expense, some legal method of furnishing the party organization with funds

must be discovered. We should have little hesitation in preferring the spoils method of financing party management to the secret system, whereby large corporations with special interests to be subserved furnish the funds in exchange for favors. Surely the spoils system, if for no other reason, because of its flagrant publicity, is preferable to the system described by Mr. Platt in his testimony before the insurance investigating committee. Of course managers who are honest and are not in the pay of the corporations do get some recompense personally for arduous party service; they get a mild distinction, they get a sense of power, they get the fun of the game. As good whips in England die in the House of Lords, so here a big party leader like Mr. Hanna may become a king-maker in the Senate. But we are forced also to contemplate a leader of a different kind who slips across the Atlantic to open a racing stable and shake the dust of hurrying America from his feet. What shall be the means of financing the party machine is without exception the greatest question of the hour. Without some proper method, honest party government is extremely difficult and real democracy a hopeless dream.

My main theme is the general organization of national parties and their influence in our history; but one cannot approach completeness in discussing the subject without realizing that private autocrats and local rings of the most corrupt character have often retained their power because of their service to the national mechanism. And one must notice too that, in the course of time, there came various predatory methods, which I have no desire to connect intimately with legitimate party machinery. The support of these rings by open use of the spoils is infinitely preferable to the systems that have been largely followed. The practice of direct stealing, whereby Mr. Swartwout, Collector at New York, some seventy years ago purloined over a million dollars, has been given up as

hopelessly banal and crude. The methods of the Tweed ring, though partly those of common stealing, showed more adroitness and originality; they have recently been followed in some measure in other states and cities, and conspicuously in unimaginative Pennsylvania. But the last refinement is to finance the local rings and irrigate their systems, by subjecting corporations to demands for ransom and by leaving the corporations to recoup themselves by the use of privileges or by opportunity to pile up legitimate wealth without fear of brigandage. At times, on important matters, this system has transferred the government from the machine to the corporation. The licensing of crime by the local ruler who owns the government and can issue immunities is again an interesting fact in the general history of popular government. We shall see all these things more clearly, if, amid our denunciation of their odious criminality, we see their connection with the great public duty of furnishing funds for the party system.

There appear at times evidences of an amusing incapacity to see the actual situation. Strong objections, violent protests are made because a member of the party organization is put into office — because, for example, he is given the opportunity of drawing the salary and holding the title of postmaster. Let us ask the protestants frankly why the political managers should be expected to ask the advice of those who have done nothing to care for the interests of party. So long as we have popular government, we shall have parties; so long as we have parties, we shall have party managers; so long as we have managers, we must expect them to look after their interests and their party's nurture. If any one wishes to stay outside of the party lines, let him do so and let him make just as big and violent a protest as he can against unfit appointments; by his outcry, he too is serving the state; but let him not be amazed at the temerity of the party manager charged with a public duty — for

the management of a party can be called nothing less — in putting into office a wheel-horse of the party, rather than some decorous citizen who leaves to others the responsibility for making quasi-popular government a possibility.

I have spoken of the party as if it were bent on controlling the government for certain ends, and as if for that reason it acquired the offices and financed its operation by the spoils system. As a matter of fact, principles are often, if not commonly, adopted to aid in the acquisition of position. While parties have tendencies, almost a personality, and are occasionally really enthusiastic for principles, the party organization and especially the inner circle of party managers have for their end the acquisition of control and of office. This cannot all be explained on the ground of mere greed for positions and salaries, or by any simple and easy statement of impulse and motive. The statement is just as true of the English parties as of the American; and in England with a change of government — a noteworthy phrase — there is little change among the tenants of the civil service. And yet what do we find in England time and again, indeed with ludicrous repetition? We find a party looking for a principle. We ask ourselves quite seriously what principle must be accepted by the Conservatives to get into office, or what by the Liberals; we find over and over again that the party in power has accepted the principles of its opponents and has begun to put those ideas into operation, not without expressions of indignation from the former advocates of the doctrines, who expected by these means to get into office themselves. Such statements as these appear to be a severe condemnation of the whole party régime, and by most persons they will not be accepted as true. But surely they have much truth in them; and our purpose here is not to indict parties or to praise them but to consider their characters and qualities. What do we mean when we say the Democratic party is

looking for an issue? We mean at least — do we not? — that the party has a consistency, a being, quite removed from any body of doctrine or any hope of especial legislation or political accomplishment. It is easier to trace a party by its character than by its principles.

A political party may be truthfully defined — or its content roughly suggested — in some such way as this: it is a body of men, somewhat fluctuating in personnel and in numbers, who have begun to work together to attain some political purpose or to oppose other men to whom for some reason they have felt antagonistic. This body, acquiring organization, and gradually developing *esprit du corps* and a sense of self, continues in existence even after its first purpose is accomplished or abandoned, indeed after it has lost a dominating purpose of any kind; it accepts new doctrines to wrest office from its opponents; its activities rest largely on tradition, on party name, on personal pride, and sometimes on a dominating principle. We should not be far wrong if we should declare that there are two or more great armies in existence, each controlled by a select few whose main ambition is victory, and that objects of the people's desire are attained by the organization's accepting a principle as a means of winning success. This does not mean that party leaders have no sincerity. It does mean that they have their full share of human nature, and that a party government would usually throw over a principle which it believed was unpopular and likely to bring disaster. If this is not true, why condemn Mr. Bryan for adhering to free silver when its advocacy had not brought success?

While principles are being hopefully advocated, most party leaders enthusiastically believe in them. This is a beneficent provision of Providence; because human nature is thus constituted, we get such self-government as we do have — a government, organized to get office and to manage Government, absorbs popular

principles and fights valiantly for their realization. This is also why a party must have a principle; for though it may live without a principle for years, it loses its usefulness, and finds its enlisted men, little by little, deserting. The history of the Whig party is thus explained; for years largely a party of opposition, living for some decades in incoherence and feeding on opportunism, it failed at a critical juncture to accept principles for which the people were beginning to ask organized championship; it "swallowed candidates and spat upon the platform;" it tried to exist by crying out against its opponents and by relying too long on the vague social and economic sympathies which had been its foundation and support.

We need not believe that a party without principles is necessarily unprincipled; it is for the moment unfortunate, not vicious — of course I am not speaking of any local machine that is organized merely for public plunder. We may be sure that leaders are anxiously scanning the horizon hoping for a breeze to fill their sails. But does not this mean that a party is not a body of men united for the purpose of carrying out a principle? Is it not plain that a party is a body of men who act together more or less coherently under discipline of party government and who accept a principle to win success? I am fully aware of the permanence of the tariff issue of the Republican party. No doubt the leaders believe in it and perhaps they would not throw it aside to win the election; but any one who thinks that the Republican party and the Republican organization do not exist outside of any principles has not thought very much of the significance of political phenomena. Above all, we should recognize that men are born into parties, and that the system exists as a social phenomenon, and that partisan compactness is due to the operation of forces in society and in human nature far beyond the advisability of mere doctrine.

This coherence of the elements of a

party, even without reference to principles, has altered our constitutional system. We have on the face of the Constitution a republic made up of republics, each one of which is supposed to be interested in its own affairs and to manage them as it likes; and with these republics is a central government whose operations are confined to caring for a limited number of general interests. But although the Fathers sought to establish a *federal* state, they did establish *national* parties — a strange contradiction, for the tendency of these organizations from that day to this has been to transform the federal republic into a national republic. From these political associations, spreading over the whole country, reaching out into the remotest hamlet, came the unceasing pressure of the national idea. To-day the domination of the national party is nearly complete; there are no state parties which look after state issues and which are distinct from the parties and the policies that are of continental dimensions. In every step taken in ward or township, in every nomination made for local office, there is deference to the interests of the great national organization; local interests are nearly submerged; they are regarded occasionally only as the interests of the wider organization allow them to be. When this system is complete, it means nothing more nor less than the disappearance of local self-government; it means a surrender of the local will and the local interest to a wider and stronger power without.

The force of parties as a nationalizing agency, and their influence for conservatism, was shown with especial clearness in the decade before the Civil War. How long the nation was held together by the strong ties of party affiliation it would be hard to say; how long, in other words, the fact of party delayed attempted secession. Party allegiance held leaders together, prompted them to deprecate sectional strife, and forced them to accept principles in which they otherwise would not have believed; it was stronger

in some ways than fealty to the nation itself. Nearly every other bond was broken before these ties of party allegiance gave way. Even the church organization had in considerable measure disappeared before the Douglas Democrats in the Convention of 1860 refused to go the length demanded by the extreme pro-slavery element of the party. As the break-up of the Whig party eight years before had given the solemn warning, so the cleavage of the Democratic party was the end of the Union. The simple fact is this: if we look at the party as a real institution, as of course it is, we must realize that it was almost the last to yield to forces of disunion and disorganization; and, when it did yield, disunion was a fact. The national party proved the presence of national sentiment; but when once a party like the Democratic party was fairly organized, it had its own consistency, which remained to show astonishing powers of cohesion after sectional passions were aroused, after the real interests of the elements of the party were divergent.

I have said that under the unceasing pressure of national parties local self-determination has largely disappeared. We have thus become in reality, if we are willing to see actualities and pass by appearances, a national rather than a federal state, because it is the will of the national organization which overrules local impulses. If we look at the situation a little more closely, we shall find that we have become not only a national state but a centralized state. It is easy, when one is trying to be precise and clear, to allow emphasis to become exaggeration, and my readers should be warned therefore that there are modifications to be made to my general assertions; but, when all is said, to what a marked extent are local affairs managed, without violent dictation, by the central authority of the party! The object of the party government is not to seek the will of the people and by diligent obedience do what the people may wish; it is not, above all, to

give free play to local whims or fancies. A steady gentle pressure is laid upon the remotest school district of the country, in order that in all parts of the land the interests of the continental system may be first regarded. The central organization is busied in quietly and simply smoothing away local differences, in ironing out difficulties that may set the interests of the locality above the success of the whole. Year by year, power and authority do not pass up along the lines of influence from the road district to the committees at Washington; quite the reverse. The vastly complicated party mechanism is not made to obey or to register the behests of the people; it strives for uniformity; it seeks to put the tariff or free silver above good roads or a new schoolhouse or the personnel of a candidate for local office, if the contention over the new schoolhouse or the local candidate endangers partisan homogeneity.

Again let me say this is not pessimism, or even an attack on the party system or the party machine. The party system must be maintained and the management is a necessity; but the tendency of all organization is toward uniformity; organization, whether it be religious organization, trade organization, or political organization, tends to perpetuate itself, to dominate, and above all to be out of patience with differences, peculiarities, local or personal idiosyncrasies. And this is so because system and individualism, system and local assertion, are inherently antagonistic. As well whistle to the whirlwind as expect that any organization should not respond to the laws of its being.

The disappearance of federalism under the influence of nationalism is most obvious in the election of senators. Of late there has been much discussion as to the desirability of popular election of senators; but the means employed in some of the states to avoid the constitutional provision by providing for popular nomination is not likely to prove entirely efficacious; certainly not in states

where parties are fairly well balanced. For the trouble to be remedied is not the mere method of election by legislators, who are supposed to be approachable—to employ a euphemism. The trouble, or at least the fact, is that the method of electing senators has subjected state politics and state welfare to the interests of a national party. And here again is humorously plain the failure of the framers of the Constitution to see into the future and to do what they hoped. They constituted the Senate as it is, for many reasons; but the equal representation of the states was the result of a demand from the delegations of the smaller states, who feared that, unless such representation were allowed, they would be overridden by their larger neighbors or entirely absorbed by the national system. The Senate, it was supposed, would safeguard the interests of the states. But the system of election made it impossible for the Senate to stand for retention of the real autonomy of the states. As soon as national parties were fairly organized, there was evident necessity of electing state legislators on national issues; to preserve the interests of the party, every effort had to be made to keep the legislature in line. A voter must subserve the interests of his national party by electing a legislator of that party, because a senator's election was at stake; and in consequence national issues were at once involved in every state election, and supremely so when the legislature was to elect a senator. The voter, filled with enthusiasm for his party, would be ready to cast his ballot for a scamp or to neglect every measure of local interest in order to save the senatorship.

Thus again through the influence of continental parties, the federal character as distinguished from the national character of the republic tended to disappear. Time and time again a party which had disgraced itself in state management, which was under the influence of a corrupt machine, and which was even acting

in neglect of the most obvious interests of the commonwealth, has been retained in power, lest its defeat injure the party at large. One can understand how the citizens of Pennsylvania, out of regard for the tariff, are content with a corrupt party management, and even smilingly consent to pay for a state house and its furnishings several millions more than they cost; one can understand their placid acceptance of villainy when by such acceptance they assure a stand-pat policy on the tariff, if that is what is most dear to them. But one could not understand such subjection of common morals and of local interests, if there were no intimate connection between the tariff and the state house, and if our political system were so arranged that a state, without pressure from a national system and a national issue, could look after its own housekeeping. The simple unadorned truth is that, because of the stupendous organization of national parties in a so-called federal republic, federalism in its most desirable aspects has largely disappeared, and all local issues are so inextricably connected with national politics and dominated by national issues that the locality can with difficulty freely express itself on its own immediate business.

Some one will say that the people can avoid this subjection of state to national issues, if they so desire; that if the people divide on national party lines in electing aldermen and auditors and constables, it is because they wish to do so. That may be true in a sense. The people of Russia could throw off the power of the czar if they wished to. But my purpose is not to argue or to advocate, but to state facts. To say that the people can cast aside the domination of the national party régime is, however, to disregard the control of a powerful organization, a part of whose strength comes from the very multiplicity of local interests and the commonness of the general interests; to disregard the influence of prejudice and pride and party allegiance; to fail

to reckon with the imagination to which national party leaders and party contests strongly appeal; and, above all, not to estimate correctly the force of inertia and the sheer difficulty of maintaining state or local organizations distinct from the national party system; in short, to say that the people can if they wish is not to see the difficulty in the real affairs of the political world of clinging tenaciously to complicated federalism instead of yielding to the simplicity of highly organized nationalism.

The situation in the South whimsically illustrates the general condition, because in that section forces are working in a direction quite opposite to that of which we have just spoken. The people of the South are confronted with a difficult local problem and they fear the intrusion of one of the national parties. To subserve, therefore, their distinct particular desires, they continue to support a national party with whose purposes in general they may have little or no sympathy; or, to put the case more guardedly, such is undoubtedly the course of a good many men. Were it not for the local issue, the people in Georgia and Louisiana would presumably soon be divided into hostile companies on questions which separate the national organizations, — if it can be said that national organizations are really divided on questions or principles. The people of Pennsylvania, believing it for their benefit to adhere to the tariff party, subject their local politics and internal polity to an organization which is a cog — the fly-wheel more properly — in the general party mechanism. The people of the South, that they may deal with their own local difficulties, adhere to a party in which many of them at least have no particular interest; at all events they work in a party for many of whose tendencies they have no absorbing affection. Partly because local concerns are preëminently significant to them, dwarfing all matters of contention between great organizations, partly because of the force of tradition and the bitter deposit

of memory, they vote solidly with a party with whom on the question of tariff, imperialism, money, or corporate influence they, or many of them, have no essential sympathy. The people of Pennsylvania, because of an industrial condition, and from phlegmatic inertia, subject local politics to a corrupt machine. The people of the South, that they may manage their own politics, accept the economic policy of the national party. If the Democratic party should obtain control of the national government and be in power for a considerable period, — if I may be allowed a humorous suggestion, — if it had general national principles of an industrial significance, and if the Republicans, breaking in on the traditional distrust of the South, could obtain a slight footing in that region, there would then be continuous pressure from the general Democratic organization to induce sturdy partisans to forget local issues and avoid factional struggles, lest the result of a cleavage within the party on some matter of state politics should give standing ground for Republican managers.

Party systems and the natural psychological trend of organization are inevitable. If we wish democratic government, we may possibly discover some scheme for managing the party and for transforming its leaders into servants and for retaining their obedience. That was what was accomplished through centuries of struggle against the kingship and against legal government; the government was made constitutional, and that means that it was controlled and checked by a power without. And perhaps by the accumulation of devices, in the course of time, parties may likewise be made responsive and responsible; we may find a new system of ministerial responsibility within the party. There is evidently an attempt to do this or something like it by recent legislation which

strictly describes local party committees, and the time may not be far distant when the boss will be recognized as an official. At the present time, as in Rhode Island, he may be the government, without holding office. What value has nomenclature under such conditions?

There is, however, no chance of the disappearance of party and of party machinery. Can we not hope for a surcease of the outcry against party management as if it were something that could be done away with by a fit of anger or the sulks? Every movement to overcome it must itself be organized, and, like a party made up to champion an idea, may live to accept reluctantly new ideas to perpetuate itself. At present our self-government depends on our ability to control the party management as best we can, and, when it is evil or too dominating, to administer defeat. In Russia they are said to have despotism tempered by assassination. This is the system of government that we have in some of our states. The extent of the enlightenment of the despots depends on their good nature and the extent to which they fear annihilation or temporary deposition. In the restraining effect of a rebellion lies the value of reform movements, the temporary tempests, which are wont to elicit laughter from the experienced because in the course of a year or two the older organization is once again in the saddle. But let us not suppose that rulers laugh at insurrections. Fear of defeat will make even the local kinglet, safely guarded within his own winter palace, at least offer libations to virtue by presenting clean candidates for office. Surely, however, in the course of time we can do better than this; we ought to be able to work out a scheme of internal control that will make insurrections needless. Some time we shall democratize and constitutionalize parties.

THE FACE OF CLAY

BY ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

DURING the midsummer morning hours, the house, of white plaster, in the neo-Italian style, presented to the garden a sleepy exterior. The green blinds were slanted down over the windows, giving them the appearance of drowsy, heavy-lidded eyes, and making small shadow patches on the walls below. It was the southern exposure; the sunlight bathed the red-tiled roof and the garden, glistened on the fountain in the centre, and lulled the Buddha who looked forever down the box-bordered path. So it was every fair morning in June and July; and after Madelaine had cut her flowers and had made her daily search for rosebugs and had drawn off her gloves, she would sit on the stone seat near the Buddha, under the plum tree, and read or dream. Often she would follow the direction of his eyes and look across beyond the fountain, where the robins were flirting their wings, and beyond the roses and the foxgloves, where the bees were launching themselves from flower to flower. The Buddha had his eyes fixed on the red brick wall that bounded the garden on the farther side; it was high and partly overgrown with grapevines, and against it some prosperous young peach trees were planted. But the object on which, as it seemed to Madelaine, the Buddha concentrated his gaze, was not the grapevine or the peach trees or the slowly seasoning wall. It was the sculptured decoration of a fountain, which issued from a niche in the wall and was smaller than that in the middle of the garden; under the jet of water was the marble statue of a laughing, naked little boy. Gazing upward, he held the inverted goblet from which the shower poured over his shoulders and splashed into his

basin. In the hot sunny mornings Madelaine's first care was to turn on the water and regale him with this bath; his joyousness then seemed more reasonable and appealing.

She had, of late, got into the habit of sitting idly like the Buddha, and gazing like him across at the little laughing bather.

But on a certain July morning the boy of the fountain failed to attract Madelaine's musing eyes. There was a new inhabitant of the garden this morning, a little girl in white marble, of about the age to have been the boy's sister; she was poised on a pedestal at the end of the western path and had a flower basket on one arm and a small bare foot advanced; she was stepping forth with a face upturned as if to survey the morning; over her shoulder was draped her single, fanciful garment. She was a well modeled, graceful little girl; there was an infantile softness of arms and legs expressed in the marble, a beguiling, childish seriousness of face. Altogether this was a more winning bit of sculpture than the boy, whose vivacity — especially when the water was turned off — would have seemed to most persons, though, as it happened, never to Madelaine, a little tiresome. The newcomer in the garden stood where the terraces began; beside her were the wide stone steps which descended to the lake.

Madelaine regarded the bit of sculpture for a while with amused, approving eyes, and then for a while with eyes more wistful and quite as tender. She rose and walked towards the marble image, her slender figure moving along the grassy path with the noiselessness of light. Beside the figure of the little girl she stopped; she looked at it and smiled.

"You are a dear little thing," she said. "I'm surprised that a man could have made you." The little girl looked up with her beguiling childish seriousness — as if she was surprised too and wondered about it all the time.

Madelaine stood off and viewed the statue, walked slowly round it, examining it; and in her eyes the approving light grew warm and on her lips the smile lingered wistfully.

The bees hummed and a yellow-throat sang in the plum tree. It was a fine, drowsy morning. One might sit down again under the plum tree and drowse; or one might be energetic and go after one's knitting.

A rapid succession of dull throbs, as of a resonant oil-can being compressed between a resolute thumb and finger, broke the stillness. From the opposite shore a motor-boat was putting forth on the lake. Madelaine watched it until she was sure that it was making for the foot of her steps — not that she had, for even a moment, been in much doubt about that. Then she decided that whatever else she did, she must not appear to be watching and waiting. It would be better to be energetic and go after the knitting. And when Herbert entered the garden a few minutes later, she was seated under the plum tree, engaged in the manufacture of a red and brown waistcoat.

"Good-morning," she said. "You're not working to-day?"

"I am if you'll let me. See, I've brought a sketch block."

"To do what?"

"Oh, to make a few sketches. Besides I wanted to take another look at the little girl. Do you think she wears well?" He gazed down the path at the new marble statue.

"I think she's lasted well over night," replied Madelaine demurely. "Yes, really, I think she's charming — nicer even than that engaging little boy."

"He's a trifle perky. Besides being in my earlier manner — which is n't at

all good. But you really like the girl?"

"Very much."

"Well enough to let her have a play-mate — on the other side of the steps? One is needed there, to balance —"

"That would be splendid. Only this one must be a commission — not a — not a gift."

"Please! If you only knew what fun it is for me to do these little things! You would n't deprive me of the pleasure of setting them up when they're finished."

"I don't like to have quite such important contributions — the time as well as the expense —"

"Well, if you insist on making it a sordid business transaction, you can. I want to do a figure — I have an idea in mind which I can't tell you about, but I can get suggestions from you, if you'll let me. So just go on knitting and talking and let me draw. That will square the account."

"If I could pay all my debts so easily! What sort of an idea is it?"

"A very nice one, I assure you. But you're to know nothing about it until the whole thing is finished."

"Is it a big piece of work? Will it take a long time?"

"Two or three months perhaps. It's quite big — for me."

He worked for a while in silence; she glanced at him with amusement, interest, and respect — the respect of one unable, as she would say, to draw a line. She studied the way he held his pencil and carefully imitated it with one of her knitting needles; the next time she got a pencil in her fingers she was going to see if there was any magic in that peculiar grip. But her interest was mainly human; she smiled in sympathy when he intently puckered his lips and when the serious frown came between his eyes. He saw her smile and said, "What are you laughing at?"

"I was just thinking," she answered, "how funny that any one who looks so much like a stock-broker should really be an artist."

"Why do I look like a stock-broker?" His tone was aggrieved.

"Dear me, I meant that as a compliment. Don't you know how all the most attractive college boys, the ones with eager eyes and clean-cut chins, go into brokers' offices, to lead useful and remunerative lives? And they always wear such becoming, well-fitting clothes — just like you."

"Is it one of them who is to be favored with that waistcoat?"

"Exactly — one of them. My brother."

"I know a warm heart that would beat even more warmly if it were covered with such a piece of goods as that."

"Dear me! Would you wear one really? I was awfully dubious as to how it might strike the artistic eye. Well, you shall have one. And I can feel that I'm really doing something then to pay for the statue!"

"You're paying for the statue all right. Little you know!"

His blue eyes twinkled at her for a moment; then he became again absorbed in his work. His lips were parted in his earnestness, and somehow, glancing at him over her knitting, Madelaine again had to smile. He cocked his head at his sketch, and then at her.

"That will do temporarily for the front elevation," he observed. "Now if you will allow me, I will cope with your Grecian profile." He changed his seat.

"And I can't look at you now at all?" she asked.

"Oh yes, once in a while you may have that privilege. Just keep on talking naturally — incessantly —"

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and you may throw me a languishing glance now and then. There, don't set your lips like that; that's hopeless. Think of something pleasant. If you won't look at me, look at that pretty little girl — there, kindly preserve that softened expression. But talk, please; you're not a graven image — yet."

"Good gracious, how can I talk when you keep nagging me so!"

"Oh, just babble; what you say is unimportant. Give your opinion of the latest book, or of anything else that interests you. Just prattle along."

"Indeed I shan't be so fatuous. I am perfectly willing to engage in any serious important discussion with you —"

"Aha, now you've done it!" He laid down his pencil and his sketch block and regarded her with mingled satisfaction and reproach. "Now you've done it. The one impossible thing is to make love to you while I work — the one thing you clamor for —"

"Of all the deliberate, willful, impertinent perversions —"

"Come now, be honest; don't dodge. You know that when you announce your anxiety to engage in serious important discussion with me, you compel me to hold forth on my one serious important topic. Very well, since you insist, let's begin; my work must suffer."

"You don't deserve to be anything as nice as a stock-broker. You ought to be a lawyer. Such malicious ingenuity in misinterpreting and misrepresenting a person's innocent remark —"

"It was *not* innocent. It was premeditated."

"You assume altogether too much. As far as that — that disagreeable subject is concerned, I've heard all that is necessary — and I've already said all that I have to say."

"Of course you would begin by saying that, naturally. Now will you promise to be honest and frank?"

"I don't know. I shall very likely just be silent."

"Well, we'll see. You did in the beginning want me to make love to you, did n't you? — You might as well say yes as be silent."

"I object to the expression — 'make love to you.' It's vulgar."

"We won't quibble about phrases. As I have reasoned the thing out, you liked me well enough to want me to make

love to you. You thought that, if I did, it might kindle something responsive inside you. And if it should do that, you were not unwilling. So you built a big fire under me, and got me to boiling and jumping and crying out in the most satisfactory agitation — and you stood by, holding your pulse and watching to see what the effect on it might be. And by the most careful scientific count, you found that its beat was n't quickened by one-sixtieth part of a second. Meanwhile the poor pot went on boiling and rattling its lid and getting its brains all addled; and having found the pulse test a failure you tried other scientific methods, — the blood count, the laboratory test, the capillary attraction test, the telepathic test, and I don't know what else; and when they all failed, you went back again to holding the pulse."

"You must think that I was extremely anxious to discover some symptoms."

"I don't know how anxious you were, but at least you were willing. For mind you — all this time you did n't blow out the fire under the crackling pot."

"I suppose I have been showing you a mistaken kindness —"

"Now, now! Be frank, be honest! It was n't kindness or thoughtfulness for me at all — you know that. It was just that you kept on hoping — on your own account!"

"Of course after a certain age a girl begins to think about getting married — I don't deny that."

"Exactly. So you cast about, and I seemed on the whole worth encouraging — just as a possibility. For a while I think you thought I was indifferent — which piqued you — put you on your mettle. You don't think that any longer, do you? I have made you realize, have n't I, how much I do care?"

"Yes," she admitted. "I think — I'm afraid — you really care."

"You're afraid!" he cried, wrinkling his brow dolorously. "That's the aggravation of it. Here you've coaxed me along and got me into this condition —

you never would have been satisfied until you *had* got me into it — and now you say in that contrite voice you're afraid I am exactly where you've arranged to have me! Well, I suppose it's the sex."

"I don't know what I can say, except that I'm sorry."

"Be truthful; we're talking now as man to man. Don't you honestly feel just a little glad?"

She hesitated, making geometrical figures on the bench with her knitting needle. "No," she said at last. "I don't believe I do. I believe I just feel worried."

"And you don't care for me any more than for any other of your men friends — any differently?"

Slowly she shook her head. "No; there are — well, there's one other; it seems to me I like you both just the same." Then in a sudden burst of confidence she cried, "Oh, I may as well tell you — I'm a disappointment to myself. It's a humiliating thing to confess to any man; I should like to love and be loved. And I can't qualify for the first — I don't believe I have it in me to love any one. I think I must be just a cold, unemotional person; I don't believe I shall ever have the slightest feeling for any one outside of my own family."

"I'm not afraid of that. You've emotion enough — why, don't I see it in your eyes, hear it in your voice! But I suppose I have n't waked you up emotionally — I've got to do it somehow."

"How is a girl to know?" she asked piteously. "I don't know what it is to be in love. How am I ever to know?"

"Without pretending to any great experience," he replied, "I have a few theories. It will be interesting to test their value. Personally I never could understand why or how any girl should fall in love with any man, — we are all so terribly unattractive. I should think a certain degree of possession was necessary before a man could ever convince a girl that she loved him."

"I don't see that this train of thought leads anywhere — except back to barbarism."

"It would seem so," he confessed. "Let's try another. Why did you ever single me out for special encouragement? You must have had a little different feeling for me than for your other friends."

"I did n't single you out — any more than I did — well, suppose we say for the sake of argument, one other. I just like you very much — I like you just as I do my best girl friends."

"In just the same way?"

"Yes. I think so."

"Well, that does seem pretty hopeless," he conceded.

"What makes you think I have such a capacity for emotion?" she asked.

"I've told you one thing — your eyes — the curve of your lips. What's the use of being a sculptor if you can't get at the meaning of lines and curves? Besides — your kindness; no really kind person ever lacked in feeling. The way you stood and talked the other day to the gardener's little girl — while she stood off in the grass with her finger in her mouth and giggled in joy and fright — I saw the smile on your lips and the twinkle in your eyes and I thought you were the sweetest and most human creature I ever saw. I've thought that when I've seen you jolly your brother and put your arm round your mother. I thought it when I watched the look in your eyes as you stood by that little figure there at the steps — the same look that you have when you're watching children playing. Really, Madelaine, I love you just because you're so loving — even though you don't know it."

She shook her head. "It would be nice to hear such things if only I could believe them. But I'm afraid you're mistaken in me. I wonder what I ought to do; I wonder if I ought n't to refuse to see you any more. It might be happier for you —"

He laughed. "If you'd just keep conscience out of this! It's the thing

that keeps feeling the pulse. Some time there's going to be an explosion and conscience is going right up through the ceiling."

"If you mean I'd do anything that I thought was wrong —"

"Of course you never would. And you'll never do anything that's really right until you let yourself go and do it. See here, Madelaine, we're getting on in life — at least I am. Now a man can't be eternally making sheep's eyes at a woman and a woman can't be eternally holding her pulse and wondering if she cares about the man. Did you ever read 'The Statue and the Bust'? Much better for us to take a chance and find we must throw the dishes at each other, than to prolong an existence of utter, fatuous futility. Take advantage of the first impulse — I mean, give me the benefit of it — make the jump. I'll guarantee myself — why, I would n't sell you a horse, would I, that I knew was n't a good, safe horse? Much less would I offer you myself if I did n't think that whatever else I might be I was at least sound and kind. Come on; have n't I waked you up a bit — not the least bit?"

"Please don't!" she entreated. "It does n't do the slightest good. It only worries me."

"Oh, all right." His tone became matter-of-fact and cheerful. "I guess I've wasted enough time this morning. Let's have another whack at that profile."

He took up his sketching implements.

"I make a solemn vow," he declared, "I will not be cajoled, wheedled, led, prompted, or induced to make love to you again for the space of sixty days. You may as well give up all hope of it right now. And thereto I set my firm mouth and my clean-cut stock-broking chin."

"I will try to bear up under the deprivation."

He worked for a while in silence. Then he sighed; she said nothing, and

after a while he sighed even more dolorously. "I'm sorry if it annoys you," he said with resignation. "I shall have to do it every now and then."

"I am glad to have you do anything that affords you the slightest relief."

He finished the sketch. "Rather spiritless, I'm afraid. Oh, well."

"If your heart had been really in your work — in the subject —" she suggested.

He looked at her reprovingly. "Temptress! Your machinations are vain. Good-by."

He gave her a languid hand, and with his sketching materials under his arm walked in a wilted fashion down the garden path.

It was several days before he came again, and then he announced that he desired to make some more drawings. "Details from a Grecian Head — the Escaping Ringlet — the Classic Nose — What! — no, must it be? — well, then, the Slightly Pouting Lip."

"Such nonsense as you talk —"

"You may well say that."

He sighed deeply; he sighed at intervals in heavy gusts, and having finished his work and made a derogatory comment on it, he departed with an air of dejection.

Again he came, bringing an armful of roses for her to hold. "Please look at them as affectionately as possible — as if they meant something to you," he urged; and then, when he saw the mischievous glance in her eyes, he exclaimed, "Don't flatter yourself; I don't mean at all what you think. I want you to put expression into your face for purely artistic reasons. Stand up, please, and hold the roses so — and now look down at them. Oh dear me, don't look at them like that! You surely don't want me to think that you're sentimental, — and now you're even worse! Do mollify that face — I ask it for the roses, not for myself. There, that's better. Oh, you could really be trained into a very good model; I'm getting on quite fast now with the statue."

"I should n't think you could do it entirely from sketches."

The only answer this remark drew was a sigh.

"I shall have another little playmate for the garden soon," he said.

"You're very industrious; but if you'd spend your time working on something that would give you a reputation —"

"Ah, wait till you see the fruit of these labors."

"Joe Morrison's working very hard. Did you know he'd been made president of a bank?"

"Good for Joe. — Please look tenderly at those roses."

"How soon may I sit down?"

"In just a moment. I'm just finishing. There. Thank you."

She dropped into the seat under the plum tree, and picking out one of the roses swayed it musingly back and forth beneath her nose.

"I should think a bank would be a very heavy responsibility for a man as young as Joe," she observed.

"Very. It would certainly be most unwise of him if he sought any additional responsibility."

"But he's a strong man; he carries responsibility lightly — don't you think so?"

"Why should you question me about it? Joe Morrison is a perfectly good friend of mine, and I will not be goaded into aspersing his character or abilities. I bid you a dignified farewell."

A week later he brought his contribution to the garden. He set it up on the pillar opposite that which supported the little girl. Then he went in search of Madelaine, but found only her mother. Madelaine had gone motoring with Joe Morrison, who was making them a visit. So, without mentioning the subject of his errand — for the garden after all was Madelaine's, not her mother's — Herbert returned across the lake. He felt rather dispirited; but he consoled himself by anticipating Madelaine's glad cries through the telephone when she re-

turned from her drive and made the discovery. In fact, the rest of that day he did not go to his studio, because it was too far from the telephone. But the day passed, and the evening, without his being called; consequently he went to bed sulky and despondent. It was possible, of course, that they had not got back from their motoring until after dark — still there was not much comfort to be derived from that thought.

The next day it rained — clearing late in the afternoon. Herbert loitered about the house until eleven o'clock, hoping for some slight word of gratitude. None came, and he repaired to his studio, thinking that in work he might forget his disappointment. But work interested him less than speculation; he would pause to debate with himself from what windows of Madelaine's house the new statue could be seen, what were the chances that any one house-bound by the rain would be drawn to those windows, what were the probabilities that even on such a rainy day some one would not venture into the garden — and so on. Perhaps she did n't telephone because of a mistaken idea that such informality of acknowledgment would seem unappreciative; perhaps she was even at that moment bending over her desk striving to express herself sweetly for his sake!

Charmed and convinced by this idea, he devoted an hour to enhancing the spirituality of a face of clay. It was not a portrait, this face; it was a thing that he could touch and re-touch, alter and remodel endlessly; he wondered if he would ever be satisfied with it. He wished to give the faintest suggestion of a personality — a suggestion so faint that it could never be apprehended by any eye, only by a sympathetic and understanding soul; and there was but one such — his own. To satisfy that with this ideal thing — he felt that he must do it some day, that the solution was just evading him, that he was pressing closer and closer in pursuit.

In the afternoon, when the rain had ceased, Henry Bronson came over and beguiled him into a game of tennis. But after that was ended and Henry had gone home in triumph, gloom enveloped Herbert once more. He had deluded himself with false hopes. If Madelaine had written to him, she would not have intrusted her note to the dilatory post; she would have, she ought to have sent it across the lake at once. Could it be that she did not like the statue and did not know what to say about it? Or perhaps she had taken offense at the subject; if so, it was very silly of her; what else could she expect? Or perhaps — and this was most dismal of all the suppositions — she had definitely made up her mind to shut him off, and so was choosing to be as rude and unlovely in her treatment of him as possible. That might be one of the consequences of Joe Morrison's visit. She had spoken of "one other," and Herbert knew well enough it was Joe. And bank presidents and business men were such forceful persons, always having things their own way.

When the next morning came and still no word, anxiety and gloom gave place to stern resentment. Very well; if she thought he would be Old Dog Tray, she would find herself mistaken. He would wait a little longer, and then perhaps he would write her a cutting note. It would be cold, polite, dignified. Dignity, that was it; because he was a sculptor, an artist, and not a bank president, she probably thought he had no dignity. Just because he had a sense of humor she felt free to expose him to levity and neglect. Yes, it was true that he had a sense of humor; that he would frankly acknowledge; perhaps it would startle her to find that he was master also of a blighting sarcasm. The Old Dog Tray! To think she had adopted that banal conception of the part to be taken by the artist as soon as the emotions of the massive bank president are touched!

At that moment the telephone bell

rang, and Herbert sprang from his chair to answer it.

"Herbert!" There was a pleasing thrill of excitement in her gentle cry. "How long has that bewitching little creature been in my garden?"

He was not going to soften towards her at once — not he. So he said frigidly,

"Oh, three or four days."

"Three or four nonsense! I discovered it only this moment. When did you put it there?"

So she had telephoned in the moment of discovery! How sweet of her! And there was no need of his being stern and resentful after all!

"Why," he said in a most gracious voice, "it has n't really been there long. Only since day before yesterday."

"And I've only discovered it this moment! It's perfectly dear! Do come over and see it and let me thank you! It would be so much more satisfactory to thank you with it right before our eyes!"

"When shall I come?"

"Whenever you can."

"This moment?"

"Oh, do! Joe Morrison will be so glad to see you!"

Herbert jolted the receiver back upon the hook. That was so gratuitous!

However, Joe was not visible when he stepped out of his motor-boat, and Madeline was. In fact she came tripping down the steps to meet him — bare-headed and with a bunch of sweet peas in her belt.

"Oh," she said, "you don't know what a surprise it gave me. I came out into the garden after breakfast, and at first I did n't notice it, and then suddenly it seemed to jump at me. I stood for a moment, and then I ran to look at it; oh, I think it's ever so much better than the little girl. It's beautiful, it is really. And I thought you must have come over and put it up in the middle of the night."

They climbed the steps and stood at the top beside the new statue, the little Cupid; he was drawing an arrow from his quiver and smiling as if at a destined

victim. Yet there was nothing knowing in the smile; he was not a sophisticated young godlet, he was a plump and charming and happy little boy. Madeline stood looking at him with soft eyes, and Herbert stood looking at Madeline.

"You do make adorable children," she said. "It's queer you should, being a man."

"In other words this should be women's work?"

"I think usually it is — it seems more like a woman's work."

"There's a slur in that. You think less well of me because I can do this sort of thing well?"

"Dear me, why do you want to pick a quarrel? I think this is perfectly enchanting. And now that you've finished it, you must turn to and do something big — some subject that will show your vigor and your grasp and your —"

"I see what you mean — something more virile. A bank president or a stockbroker. Well, I'm sorry you think my work is ladylike."

He sulked quite openly, quite dejectedly. She smiled at him and her eyes twinkled.

"Let's go and sit under the plum tree," she suggested. "Joe will be out pretty soon — at least as soon as he's finished writing a poem in the guest-book."

"I guess that will hold him a while," said Herbert with savage satisfaction. "So Joe is leaving to-day?"

"Yes. We did our best to get him to stay longer; we held you out as an inducement — he's sorry to have seen nothing of you. But he has to go back to his old bank. He's told me a lot about his new work; gracious! but he has a responsibility on his shoulders."

Herbert gave a moody assent.

"Joe's very good-looking," she continued. "I was struck by it yesterday, and I thought, 'What a fine subject for a sculptor.' Notice his head especially and see if you don't think it is quite magnificent. I'm sure that if you got

him to sit for you, you'd find him a good subject for inspiring the — the big thing."

"I should n't wonder. He's an able man certainly and a good fellow."

Herbert strove to speak with enthusiasm, but there was a deadness in his voice. When he raised his eyes, Madeline was looking down the path towards the new statue.

"It's the oddest thing," she said after a moment, "that I never noticed the Cupid when I sat out here yesterday afternoon."

This remark aggravated his sense of injury. "If you sat out here, I don't see how you could have helped seeing it," he said.

"I was facing away from it — and Joe does n't notice such things. Besides we got so interested talking — one does, sometimes. I'm afraid you thought me very rude not to have sent you some acknowledgment."

"Oh, no. It was presented so casually that I expected the acknowledgment to be casual."

He spoke stiffly; the thought of that engrossing conversation with Joe Morrison filled him with questions that could not be asked and forebodings that were most disturbing. And just then Joe Morrison appeared. He was as good-looking as Madeline had said, and he came strolling down the garden path with what seemed to Herbert the unconscious grace of a triumphant bank president.

"Hello, Herbert; how are you, old man?" Joe's greeting was cordial — tainted, however, Herbert thought, with a subtle hospitality. Business men had such a way of slipping comfortably into the most ecstatic human relations and taking them as a matter of course. "Been having a good summer? — Quite a productive one, I see. Madeline has had me dabbling in one of your kindred arts."

"Then you've finished your poem?" said Madeline. "Do recite it; I don't want to run after the guest-book."

"It's very short — I guess I can remember it. Herbert, would n't your heart bleed for one who is driven to this:

„I am going away,
And the things urbane
That I would say
Ere I take the train
I find it hard,
Not being a bard,
To embody in verse for Madeline."

"That is merely dodging the issue," said Madeline.

"No, it's coming up to the scratch," said Herbert. "So you're leaving soon?"

"In about half-an hour."

Thereupon Herbert bade him goodbye. He certainly would not intrude upon their last half-hour. The cheerfulness, the masterfulness in Joe's manner, the way in which Madeline had harked back to Joe — it was all conclusive. "She ought to have told me there was definitely some one else," he thought; and then he excused her; no doubt it had just happened — within a few days, a few hours.

At home Herbert sat in his studio and gazed at the figure on which he had been working so hopefully, so happily. The achievement to which his heart had been urging him had been so bound up with the attainment of his heart's desire. He felt that he would never be able to go on with it now. He felt so about it for three days, and then he was seized with a determination to finish it and make it the best thing he had ever done — to finish it, not in the lyrical spirit in which he had begun it, but as a testimony to himself of his character.

"If I can put it through now —" he muttered sometimes while he worked — "if I can put it through now —!"

And so on this test for his own inward eye, heedless of the achievement as it might affect any one else, or as it might affect his own fortunes, he concentrated all his mind and heart. And he soon knew that he was making a thing better than he had dreamed of making.

And all this time he did not once see

Madelaine. She telephoned to him on a Sunday that Joe Morrison had come down for the week-end, and invited him to dinner; but he made an excuse. One afternoon he stood off to look at his work. It was finished.

It was the figure beautiful, ideal — the complete expression of his thought, the utmost creation of his hands and brain; his vision stood there at last all realized before him.

Madelaine came over to see the statue.

"I hope you'll like it," said Herbert. "You remember speaking of 'the big thing' that I ought to do? This is it — as nearly as I can come to it."

"Then I'm sure I shall like it."

She walked with him up through the pergola, which was overhung with clematis in bloom.

"I think I'll tell you before rather than after," he said. "I want to prejudice you in its favor all I can. Harrison was down the other day and saw it; he wants to buy it for the museum."

"Splendid! That's a tremendous honor, is n't it?"

"Pretty good for me."

They passed through the garden brilliant with white phlox and white hollyhocks, and then through an orchard of apple trees. Beyond that appeared the studio, a square white building, with rosebushes planted along the wall. Herbert unlocked the door.

Madelaine entered; before her was the clay image of a young woman holding a baby in her arms; the baby gazed upward, wide-eyed and smiling, and the young woman smiled down at him as if wondering what the baby saw and what thought was pleasant in his brain. But there was more than an amused sympathy declared; there was a joyous isolation and detachment — an unconscious happiness in the fact that there within her arms she held her entire world.

Herbert had been watching Madelaine's face. He saw the look of expectancy lighten into surprised pleasure —

and then, after a moment, darken into doubt. In sudden alarm he looked from Madelaine to the statue.

In that glance the truth stabbed him. Only the faintest suggestion of a personality — and yet — and yet too much! With sickness and sorrow in his heart he turned again to Madelaine; her cheeks were aflame.

He stepped over to the statue, caught up a mallet, and dashed it into the happy, smiling face; and where before had been the joy and pride of motherhood was now merely a blot of clay.

"Oh!"

The girl uttered the involuntary cry, made the involuntary step forward; her face was now white. Before she could draw back Herbert caught both her wrists and held them in tight, trembling hands.

"Madelaine," he said, and his voice trembled like his hands, "I did n't know — till you stood here I did n't realize — I'm sure nobody but you and me could ever have seen — and I did n't — believe me, I did n't, till just now! I'm sorry to have hurt you; it's the last thing I could ever have wanted to do!"

"I'm sorry — I'm so sorry!" Madelaine's voice was piteously appealing, as if she herself had been in some way to blame. "To have to spoil anything that must have cost you so — so much labor —"

"So much love! I never thought — I was possessed with my idea — my ideal, Madelaine." His voice choked for a moment; then he went on. "I thought I knew you better than you knew yourself — I'd seen so much in your eyes, I'd watched you so when you looked at those little children that I'd done — I thought I could prove something to you with this. I was doing it all for you, Madelaine."

"What can I say? Oh, I'm sorry, Herbert." And then, as he still held her wrists, she said, "Please, Herbert — please let me go."

He obeyed at once. "I beg your par-

don." He recovered something of his old light manner. "I was n't aware of what I was doing — just as in the other thing. I hope I did n't hurt you?"

"No, it was n't that — only I must go." But she lingered in the doorway; the light fell on her dark hair and soft eyes, her lips were parted uncertainly — as if she had not said all that in her sympathy she would like to say.

He startled her by stepping forward and exclaiming in a sudden, authoritative voice, "You can't go yet. Give me your hands again." He took them; in her bewilderment she did not resist. "Now then, look at me. Do you remember my saying that I did n't see how any girl ever could love any man until after she had somehow belonged to him? That ruin there — you know now that somehow you belong to me. Madelaine," — he drew her hands closer to him and his eyes shone with a humor

that was nearly all tenderness, — "I dare you to look me in the eyes; I dare you, Madelaine."

She did not respond; her hands were trembling now. "Come," he urged; there was gentle, coaxing laughter in his voice. "I never knew you when you lacked courage, Madelaine. I dare you to look me in the eyes."

Then she met his challenge — with a faint smile on her lips and with eyes that were steady and brave.

"And don't flinch. For you do love me, Madelaine, you do, you do, you know you do!" He bent and kissed her and drew her close, and then held her, murmuring, "Oh, my dear, my dear!"

"Oh Herbert!" She looked up at him with radiant wet eyes. Her lips were trembling; she put one hand on his shoulder and said, "Herbert, I believe — I believe I do," and gently she drew his face down to hers.

A SECOND MOTOR-FLIGHT THROUGH FRANCE

II

BY EDITH WHARTON

POITIERS TO THE PYRENEES

THE road from Poitiers to Angoulême carries one through a country rolling and various in line — a country with a dash of Normandy in it, but facing south instead of west.

The villages are fewer than in Normandy, and make less mark in the landscape; but the way passes through two drowsy little towns, Civray and Ruffec, each distinguished by the possession of an important church of the typical Romanesque of Poitou. That at Civray, in particular, is remarkable enough to form the object of a special pilgrimage, and to find it precisely in one's path

seemed part of the general brightness of the day. Here again are the sculptured archivolt and the rich imagery of Poitiers — one strange mutilated figure of a headless horseman dominating the front from the great arcade above the doorway, as at the church of the Sainte Croix in Bordeaux; but the façade of Civray is astonishingly topped by fifteenth-century machicolations, which somehow, in spite of their later date, give it an air of greater age, of reaching back to a wild warring past.

Angoulême, set on a promontory between Charente and Anguienne, commands to the north, south and east a vast circuit of meadowy and woody undula-

tions. The interior of the town struck one as dull, and without characteristic detail; but on the front of the twelfth-century cathedral, perched near the ledge of the cliff above the Anguienne, detail abounds as profusely as on the façade of Notre Dame at Poitiers. It is, however, so much less subordinate to the general conception that one remembers rather the garlanding of archivolts, the clustering of figures in countless niches and arcades, than the fundamental lines which should serve to bind them together; and the interior, roofed with cupolas after the manner of Saint Hilaire of Poitiers, is singularly stark and barren-looking.

But when one has paid due tribute to the cathedral one is called on, from its doorway, to recognize Angoulême's other striking distinction: its splendid natural site, and the way in which art has used and made the most of it. Starting from a long leafy *cours* with private hotels, a great avenue curves about the whole length of the walls, breaking midway into a terrace boldly hung above the valley, and ending in another leafy *place*, beneath which the slope of the hill has been skilfully transformed into a public garden. Angoulême now thrives on the manufacture of paper, and may therefore conceivably permit herself such civic adornments; but how of the many small hill-towns of France — such as Laon or Thiers, for instance — which apparently have only their past glory to subsist on, yet manage to lead up the admiring pilgrim by way of these sweeping approaches, encircling terraces and symmetrically-planted esplanades? One can only salute once again the invincible French passion for form and fitness, and conclude that towns as well as nations somehow always manage to give themselves what they regard as essential, and that happy is the race to whom these things are the essentials.

On leaving Angoulême that afternoon we saw the first cypresses and the first almond blossoms. We were in the south

at last; not the hot delicately-pencilled Mediterranean south, which has always a hint of the East in it, but the temperate Aquitanian *midi* cooled by the Gulf of Gascony. As one nears Bordeaux the country grows less broken, the horizon line flatter; but there is one really noble impression, when, from the bridge of Saint André de Cubzac, one looks out on the lordly sweep of the Dordogne, just before it merges its waters with the Garonne to form the great estuary of the Gironde. Soon after comes an endless dusty faubourg, then the long stone bridge over the Garonne, and the proud river-front of Bordeaux — a screen of eighteenth-century buildings stretched along the crescent-shaped quay. Bordeaux, thus approached, has indeed, as the guide-book says, *fort grand air*; and again one returns thanks to the motor, which almost always, avoiding the mean purloins of the railway station, gives one these romantic or stately first impressions.

This river-front of Bordeaux is really little more than the architectural screen, a street or two deep, of a bustling, bright but featureless commercial town, which, from the Middle Ages to the close of the eighteenth century, seems to have crowded all its history along the curve of the Garonne. Even the early church of the Holy Cross — contemporaneous with Notre Dame la Grande of Poitiers — lifts its triple row of Romanesque arcades but a few yards from the river; and close by is Saint Michel, a stately example of late Gothic, with the unusual adjunct of a detached bell-tower, not set at an angle, in Italian fashion, but facing the church squarely from a little green enclosure across the street. But these vestiges of old Bordeaux, in spite of their intrinsic interest, are, on the whole, less characteristic, less personal, than the *mise-en-scène* of its long quay: a row of fine old hôtels with sculptured pediments and stately doorways, broken midway by the symmetrical buildings of the Exchange and the Custom House, and

extending from the Arch of Triumph opposite the Pont de Bordeaux to the great Place des Quinconces, with its rostral columns and balustraded terrace above the river.

To the modern traveller there is food for thought in the fact that Bordeaux owes this great decorative composition — in which should be included the theatre unfolding its majestic peristyle at the head of the Place de la Comédie — to the magnificent taste and free expenditure of the Intendant Tourny, who ruled the province of Guyenne in the eighteenth century. Except at such high moments of æsthetic sensibility as produced the monuments of republican Italy all large schemes of civic adornment have been due to the initiative of one man, and executed without much regard to the rights of the tax-payer; and should the citizen of a modern republic too rashly congratulate himself on exemption from the pillage productive of such results, he might with equal reason remark that the tribute lawfully extracted from him sometimes seems to produce no results whatever.

On leaving Bordeaux we deserted the *route nationale* along the flat west bank of the Garonne, and re-crossing the Pont de Bordeaux ran south through the white-wine region between Garonne and Dordogne — that charming strip of country which, because of the brackishness of the river tides, goes by the unexpected name of Entre-deux-Mers. For several miles we skirted a line of white houses, half villa, half château, set in well-kept gardens; then came vineyards, as exquisitely kept, and packed into every cranny of the rocky *côteaux*, save where here and there a little town broke the view of the river — chief among them Langoiron, with its fine fortress-ruin, and Cadillac enclosed in stout quadrangular walls.

The latter place has the interest of being one of those symmetrically designed towns which, toward the close of the Middle Ages, were founded throughout

southwestern France to draw "back to the land" a population depleted and demoralized by long years of warfare and barbarian invasion. These curious made-to-order towns — *bastides* or *villes neuves* — were usually laid out on a rectilinear plan, with a town-hall forming the centre of an arcaded market-place, to which four streets led from gateways in the four walls. Among the most characteristic examples are Aigues Mortes, which Saint Louis called into existence to provide himself with a Mediterranean port, and Cordes, near Gaillac, founded a little later by Count Raymond of Toulouse, and somewhat ambitiously named by him after the city of Cordova.

At Cadillac the specific physiognomy of the mediæval *bastide* is overshadowed by the lofty proportions and high pitched roof of the château which a sixteenth century Duke of Epemon planted in an angle of the walls. The adjoining parish church — itself of no mean dimensions — was once but the private chapel of these same dukes, who have left such a large architectural impress on their small shabby town; and one grieves to learn that the chief monument of their rule has fallen to base uses, and been stripped of the fine interior decorations which its majestic roof once sheltered.

Southwest of Cadillac the road passes through a vast stretch of pine forest with a dry aromatic undergrowth — an outskirt of the great "Landes" that reach inward from the Gulf of Gascony. On and on runs the white shadow-barred highway, between ranges of red boles and sun-flecked heathy clearings — and when, after long hours, one emerges from the unwonted mystery and solitude of this piny desert into the usual busy agricultural France, the land is breaking southward into hilly waves, and beyond the hills are the Pyrenees.

Yet one's first real sight of them — so masked are they by lesser ranges — is got next day from the terrace at Pau,

that astonishing balcony hung above the great amphitheatre of southwestern France. Seen thus, with the prosaic English-provincial-looking town at one's back, and the park-like green *côteaux* intervening beyond the Gave, the austere white peaks, seemingly afloat in heaven (for their base is almost always lost in mist), have a disconcerting look of irrelevance, of disproportion, of being subjected to a kind of indignity of inspection, like caged carnivora in a Zoo.

And Pau, on further acquaintance, utterly refuses to be brought into any sort of credible relation with its great southern horizon; conducts itself, architecturally and socially, like a comfortable little spa in a plain, and rises only by a great deal of hoisting on the part of the imaginative sight-seer to the height of its own dapper brick castle, which it has domesticated into an empty desultory Museum, and tethered down with a necklet of turf and flowers.

But Pau's real purpose is to serve as the hub of a great wheel, of which the spokes, made of smooth white roads, radiate away into every fold and cleft of the country. As a centre for excursions there is no place like it in France, because there is nothing in France that quite matches the sweetness and diversity of the long Pyrenean border. Nowhere else are the pastoral and sylvan so happily mated, nowhere the villages so compact of thrift and romance, the foregrounds so sweet, the distances so sublime and shining.

Whichever way one turns — down the winding southern valleys toward Lourdes and Argelès, or to Oloron and the Eaux Chaudes; westward, over low hills, to the old town of Orthez and the Salies de Béarn; or east, again, to the plain of Tarbes in its great ring of snow-peaks — always there is the same fulness of impressions, always the same brightness and the same nobility.

For a culminating instance of these impressions one might choose, on a spring afternoon, the run to Lourdes by

the valley of the Gave and Bétharram. First rich meadows, hedgerows, village streets; then fields again and hills; then the brown rush of the Gave between wooded banks; and, where the river threads the arch of an ivied bridge, the turreted monastery walls and pilgrimage church of Bétharram — a deserted seventeenth-century Lourdes, giving one a hint of what the modern sanctuary might have been had the millions spent on it been drawn from the faithful when piety still walked with art.

Bétharram, since its devotees have forsaken it, is a quite negligible "sight," relegated to small type even in the copious Joanne; yet in view of what is coming it is worth while to pause before its half-Spanish, half-Venetian church-front, and to obey the suave yet noble gesture with which the Virgin above the doorway calls her pilgrims in.

She has only a low brown church to show, with heavy stucco angels spreading their gilded wings down a perspective of incense-fogged baroque; but the image of it will come back when presently, standing under the big dome of the Lourdes "Basilica," one gives thanks that modern piety chose to build its own shrine instead of laying hands on an old one.

There are two Lourdes, the "grey" and the "white." The former, undescribed and unvisited, is simply one of the most picturesque and feudal-looking hill villages in Europe. Planted on a steep rock at the mouth of the valley, the mountains pressing it close to the west and south, it opposes its unbroken walls and stern old keep to the other, the "white," town sprawling on the river bank — the town of the Basilica, the Rosary, the Grotto: a congeries of pietistic hotels, *pensions*, pedlars' booths and panoramas, where the Grand Hôtel du Casino or du Palais adjoins the Pension de la Première Apparition, and the blue-sashed Vierge de Lourdes on the threshold calls attention to the electric light and *déjeuner par petites tables* within.

Out of this vast sea of vulgarism — the more aggressive and intolerable because its last waves break against one of the loveliest landscapes of this lovely country — rises what the uninstructed tourist might be pardoned for regarding as the Casino of an eminently successful watering-place — as the Grotto beneath, with its drinking-fountains, baths, bottling-taps and *boutiques*, might stand for the "Source" or "Brunnen" where the hypochondriac pays toll to Hygeia before seeking relaxation in the gilded halls above. For the shrine of Bernadette has long since been overlaid by the machinery of a vast "business enterprise," a scheme of life in which every heart-beat is itemized, tarified and exploited, so that even the invocations encrusting by thousands the Basilica walls seem to record so many cases of definite "give and take," so many bargains struck with heaven — *en souvenir de mon vœu, reconnaissance pour une guérison, souvenir d'une prière exaucée*, and so on — and as one turns away from this monument of a thriving industry one may be pardoned for remembering the plane tree by the Ilissus and another invocation: —

"Ye gods, give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the inner and the outer man be one."

But beyond Lourdes is Argelès, and at the first turn of the road one is again in the fresh Pyrenean country, among budding crops, sleek fawn-coloured cattle, and the grave handsome peasantry who make one feel that the devotional *ville d'eaux* one has just left is a mushroom growth quite unrelated to the life of industry to which these agricultural landscapes testify.

There is always an added interest — architectural and racial — about the border regions where the idiosyncrasies of one people "run," as it were, into those adjoining; and a key to the character of each is given by noting precisely what traits have survived in transplantation. The Pyreneans have a certain

Spanish seriousness, but so tempered by Gallic good-humour that their address recalls the perfectly-mingled courtesy and self-respect of the Tuscan peasant. One feels in it, at any rate, the result of an old civilization blent with independence and simplicity of living; and these bold handsome men, straight of feature and limb, seem the natural product of their rich hill-country, so disciplined by industry, yet so romantically free.

Argelès is a charming old hill-town, which has kept itself quite aloof from the new watering-place of Gazost in the plain; but the real object of the excursion lies higher up the valley, in a chestnut forest on the slope of the mountains. Here the tiny village of Saint Savin swarms bee-like about its great Romanesque church — a naked massive structure, like the skeleton of some prehistoric animal half-emerging from the rock. Old as it is, it is rooted in remains of greater antiquity — the fallen walls of an abbey of Charlemagne's building, itself raised, the legend runs, on the site of a Roman villa which once served as the hermitage of Saint Savin, son of a Count of Barcelona.

It has been the fate of too many venerable architectural relics to sacrifice their bloom of *vétusté* to the scrupulous care which makes them look like conscious cosseted old ladies, of whom their admiring relatives say, "Should you ever suspect her age?" — and only in such remote monuments as that of Saint Savin does one get the sense of undisguised antiquity, of a long stolid existence exposed to every elemental influence. The result is an impression of rugged taciturn strength, and of mysterious memories striking back, as in the holy-water basin of the transept, and the uncouth capitals of the chapter-house, to those dark days when Christian civilization hung in the balance, and the horn of Roland sounded down the pass.

But a mediæval church is always more or less in the order of nature: there is

something more incongruous about a mediæval watering-place. Yet the Pyrenees abound in them; and at Cauterets, farther up the same valley, the monks of this very monastery of Saint Savin maintained, in the tenth century, "habitations to facilitate the use of the baths." Of the original Cauterets, however, little remains, and to get an impression of an old *ville d'eaux* one must turn westward from Pau, and strike across the hills, by ways of exceeding beauty, to the Salies de Béarn. The frequentation of these saline springs dates back as far as the monkish charter of Cauterets; and the old town of the Salies, with its incredibly picturesque half-timbered houses, its black balconies and gables above the river, looks much as it must have when, in 1587, a charter was drawn up for the regular "exploitation" of the baths.

Pushing still farther westward one meets the highway to Bayonne and Biarritz, and may thence pass south by Saint Jean de Luz and Hendaye to the Spanish border. But the spokes of the wheel radiate in so many different directions and lead to scenes so extraordinarily varied — from the savage gorge of the Eaux-Chaudes to the smiling vale of Saint Jean Pied-de-Port, from the romantic pass of the Pied de Roland to Fontarrabia perched like a painted Spanish Virgin on its rock above the Gulf of Gascony — that to do them any sort of justice the comet-flight of the motor would have to be bound down to an orbit between Bidassoa and Garonne.

Familiarity cannot blunt the wonder of the climb from Pau to the crest of the hills above Tarbes. Southward the Pyrenees unfold themselves in a long line of snows, and ahead every turn of the road gives a fresh glimpse of wood and valley, of thriving villages and farms, till the last jut of the ridge shows Tarbes far off in the plain, with the dim folds of the Cévennes clouding the eastern distance.

All along the northeastern skirt of

the Pyrenees runs the same bright and opulent country; and at the old market-town of Montrejeau, where the Garonne cuts its way down the vale of Luchon, there is just such a fortunate grouping of hill and river, and distant high-perched ruin, as our grandparents admired in landscapes of the romantic school. It was our good luck to enter Montrejeau on Easter Monday, while the market was going on, and the narrow streets were packed with mild cream-coloured cattle and their lively blue-smocked drivers. Great merriment and general good-humour marked our passage through the town to the big inn with its open galleries and old-fashioned courtyard; and here, the dining-room being as packed as the streets, our table was laid in a sunny old walled garden full of spring flowers and clipped yews.

It seemed impossible that any incident of the afternoon should be quite at the height of this gay repast, consumed in fragrance and sunshine; but we began to think differently when, an hour or two later, we took the first curve of the long climb to Saint Bertrand de Comminges. This atom of a town, hugging a steep wedge of rock at the mouth of the vale of Luchon, was once — and for many centuries — a diocesan seat; and who, by all the spirits of incongruousness, should one of its last bishops be, but the uncle of that acute and lively Madame de Boigne whose memoirs have recently shed such light on the last days of the Old Régime?

By no effort of imagination can one project into the single perpendicular street of Saint Bertrand, topped by its rugged Gothic cathedral, the gallant figure of Monseigneur Dillon, one of those philosophical prelates whom one instinctively places against the *lambris dorés* of an Episcopal Palace hung with Boucher tapestries. But in truth the little town has too old and strange a history to be conscious of so fugitive an incident of its past. For its foundations were laid by the mountain tribes who

harassed Pompey's legions and were driven back by him into the valley of the Garonne; and in due time a great temple rose on what is now the rock of the cathedral. Walls and ramparts presently enclosed it, and the passage of the Vandals having swept the dwellers of the plain back into this impregnable circuit, Comminges became an episcopal city when the Catholic Church was organized in Gaul. Thereafter it underwent all the vicissitudes of barbarian invasion, falling at last into such decay that for five hundred years it is said to have been without inhabitants. Yet the episcopal line was maintained without more than one long break, and in the eleventh century the diocese woke to life at the call of its saintly Bishop, Bertrand de l'Isle Jourdain. Saint Bertrand began the cathedral and built about it the mediæval town which bears his name; and two hundred years later another Bertrand de Comminges, raised to the papacy as Clement V, but still mindful of the welfare of his former diocese, completed the Romanesque pile by the addition of a vast Gothic nave and choir.

It is the church of Clement V that still crowns the rock of Comminges, contrasting by its monumental proportions with the handful of houses enclosed in the walls at its base. The inhabitants of Comminges number at present but some five hundred, and the town subsists, the guide-books tell one, only on its religious festivals, the fame of its monuments, and the fidelity of a few "old families" who are kept there *par le prestige des souvenirs*.

One wonders, climbing the steep street, which of its decrepit houses are inhabited by these interesting devotees of the past. No life is visible save that contributed by a few bleary old women squatted under mouldering arches, and a fire-fly dance of children about the stony square before the church; and the church itself seems withdrawn immeasurably far

into the past, sunk back upon dim ancient memories of Gaul and Visigoth.

One gets an even intenser sense of these distances from the little cloister wedged against the church-flank and overhanging the radiant valley of the Garonne—a queer cramped *enceinte*, with squat arches supported by monster-girdled capitals, and in one case by a strange group of blurred battered figures, supposedly the four Evangelists, one of whom—the Saint John—is notable in Romanesque archæology for bearing in his arms the limp lamb which is his attribute.

The effect of antiquity is enhanced, as at Saint Savin, by the beneficent neglect which has allowed the exterior of the building to take on all the scars and hues of age; so that one comes with a start of surprise on the rich and carefully-tended interior, where a brilliant bloom of Renaissance decoration has overlaid the stout Gothic frame-work.

This airy curtain, masking choir, rood-screen and organ-loft in a lace-work of delicate yet hardy wood-carving, has kept, in the dry Pyrenean air, all its sharpness of detail, acquiring only a lustre of surface that gives it almost the texture of old bronze. It is wonderfully free and fanciful, yet tempered by the southern sense of form; subdued to the main lines of the composition, but breaking into the liveliest ripples of leaf and flower, of bird and sprite and angel, till its audacities culminate in the scaly undulations of the mermaids on the terminal seats of the choir—creatures of bale and beauty, who seem to have brought from across the Alps their pagan eyes and sidelong Lombard smile.

The finger-tailed monster of Chauvigny, the plaintively-real bat of the choir-stall at Poitiers, and these siren evocations of a classic past group themselves curiously in the mind as embodiments of successive phases of human fancy, imaginative interpretations of life.

(To be continued.)

THE COUNTRY BANKER

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

ENTER the small town for almost any purpose, — to sell books, to seek a location, to look up land titles, to write life insurance, to get a news story, to collect a debt, — and early in your visit you will go to the ornate, imposing building on a corner fronting the two busiest streets. You will pass a lattice-crowned counter, and be admitted to a small room large enough only to hold a desk and two chairs. There you will come face to face with the town's financier, the Pierpont Morgan of the community, the banker.

Day after day, year after year, he has sat in that little room, receiving calls from his townsmen and from visitors like yourself. He has devised *coups* that upset plans of a lifetime; he has helped men make fortunes — but very likely has no large fortune himself.

The city bank president is to most of his customers a remote and impersonal figure. He sees only the checks for thousands and tens of thousands. The country banker is close to his patrons — he knows their private lives, their hopes, their fears. Not even the doctor or the preacher is so truly a confidant of the community as is the banker in the small town or village.

This is not because he knows how much money the individual has on deposit — that is the least of his insight into the community life. Not an enterprise, not a considerable business undertaking, is started without consultation with him. The man who sells a farm and wishes to put his money where it will earn interest, goes to the banker. The widow with a few thousand dollars of life insurance — more money than she ever saw together in all her life before — asks the banker how to invest it. It would be better if more of this class would

take the banker's advice when it is given. Then there is the merchant who owes for a large portion of his goods — he comes nervously asking if the bank will "see him through" the dull season. The banker gives assent to one, explains to another, refuses a third, and comes at last to read unconsciously the business record of every man he meets on the street.

"I suppose," said one, "that the doctor thinks of his fellow townsmen's physical condition, and the minister of their souls, but to me every face tells a story of a financial dream, of success or of hardship. Practically every adult citizen in this town has at one time or another confided to me his worldly cares and plans."

The financiers of the city understand this. During a stringency on the "street" it is not uncommon for the millionaire's agents to telegraph to what they term the "interior," asking bankers in the smaller towns, "What is the outlook in your locality?" They know that the opinion of the bankers at twenty typical country communities is practically that of the entire rural section of the nation.

He who thinks the country banker's duty is merely to stand behind the brass-railed counter and cash checks, with now and then a digression in the way of discounting notes at a large profit, sees but part of the banker's life.

"I thought I was out of politics for good when I completed my four-year term and started a bank," remarked a former office-holder, "but I find that I never knew what politics was until I got into the banking business. The many clashing interests to harmonize, the differences between business men to heal, the rivalry for the good accounts

and the distaste for the bad ones, together with the effort to avoid losses without making enemies, give to the country banker's life a piquancy that to the public servant is unknown."

In the first place, banks are thick — too thick in places, the bankers themselves agree. They are thickest in the western states. Nebraska has a bank for every 1750 persons, Kansas one for every 1850 persons. It would seem that a bank for every 350 families is too many, or that it argues a state of unexampled surplus prosperity. The real cause lies deeper. The western states have been yielding wonderful prosperity to the bankers for years. Hundreds of country banks have paid their stockholders fifteen to twenty per cent annually in dividends and surplus. As the debts on the farms have decreased and a savings fund has accumulated, the possessors have sought to invest it where it would return the largest interest — naturally seeking banking as offering great reward. While the farmer's first thought is land, he may be waiting the chance to "buy right" — and in the mean while puts his idle money in bank stock.

When a new town is started there is a rush for the position of banker. It is common to have four or five applications filed for the incorporation of the "First" National Bank before the town-site is fairly ready for settlers. Two or three banks are started when the first train whistles at the unpainted depot. Some of these are little more than real-estate firms under another name; others have actual banking intelligence behind them; time weeds out the poorer ones and strengthens the substantial institutions. A Boston capitalist saw an opportunity to start a bank in a town out near the Colorado line. Some local business men heard of his plan and there was a two-hundred-mile race to the capital to secure a charter. The Boston man won — but there were two new banks in the town.

In the older settled states this does not

occur. There the bank is almost a heritage, kept in a single family or group of families, and he is indeed hardy who ventures to dispute the business monopoly. But there is less profit in the old community, for loans are at a lower rate and demand for them is light.

Yet there has seemed to be plenty of money for deposit in all the new banks. Said the cashier of a little bank, whose stockholders are nearly all farmers, in a town of two hundred and fifty people, two hundred miles west of the Missouri River, —

"When we started five years ago experienced bankers told us we might get \$15,000 in deposits but we could not hope for more; that we might pay 10 per cent dividends, and probably would have some losses. We have \$61,000 deposits, all out of the immediate vicinity, have paid 24½ per cent dividends each year, and have not yet lost a dollar!"

Little wonder that there is a desire to start banks in prosperous western villages!

In the mean while these bankers are doing much to educate their patrons in the proper functions of a bank. Said one, "We have taught many farmers to carry a bank deposit and pay their hired help with checks. In this way we have secured accounts from many hired men. It is surprising, the number of persons who, in the past half-decade, have been educated to modern business ways. At first some hesitated because of their inability to write checks properly, but patience and education are showing them the advantages of the system."

One of the treasured resources of the country banker for years has been the public auction — or "vendue," the Easterner might call it. Sitting by the side of the crier or auctioneer, the banker would accept at a discount the notes given for the stock and implements purchased, and would reap a handsome profit from the day's work.

That is changed. The other day an old-fashioned banker took his assistant's

place and went out to a public sale — for this survival of early custom remains with us throughout the land. He had not done this for years, but remembered the old way. He waited at the table while the sale went on, but was astonished to see buyer after buyer walk up to the auctioneer, give a check for the purchase, and go away. Others paid currency — but very few came to him. The farmers knew his business there and were much amused. Finally one approached him.

"Why did you come out to-day? It's rather cold."

The banker was game. "Oh, I just wanted to see how things were selling — I am glad to know you are so prosperous." He then ordered his livery team and drove back to town.

At many a sale running into thousands of dollars practically every purchase is for cash. The banker of to-day seeks business, rather than selects from an abundance of business offered him, as in the past.

Fortunately for the banker the "interior" has been using a great deal more money of late years than ever before. The many investment enterprises at home, the remarkable growth of western and southern cities, the development of the small town as a business centre and as a residence for retired farmers, the building operations exceeding the ability of contractors and manufacturers, the land boom of the Middle West, the irrigation enterprises of the semi-arid region, all have combined to make a demand on the country banks that has led constantly toward the expansion of credit. When the financial disturbance of last October went, like a paralytic stroke, from the cities of the East to the remotest hamlet of the newer states, it found the country banks with large loans, with heavy balances at reserve centres, and, with few exceptions, compelled to suspend currency payments either altogether or temporarily, or to limit the amount paid over the counter to a single depositor to fifty or one hundred dollars a week. It was

the severest test that ever came to the country banker, and the success with which he met the embarrassing conditions, and his sturdy fight back toward normal conditions, are evidence of the substantial basis of his business.

The country banker exerts his greatest influence on national finance during the crop-harvesting season. Whether it be in the gathering of fruit in California, of cotton in the South, or of wheat in the plains region, the banker comes in direct touch with the worker.

Take the wheat harvest, as covering the widest area and creating the most intense demand during its existence. In a single state twenty thousand harvesters are needed besides those already at work on the farms. Through the labor bureaus and railway departments whole trainloads of workers are secured from states at a distance. These helpers are mostly itinerants and they have no local standing. A grain-raiser went among his laborers one Saturday night, and, asking their names, proceeded to make out checks for the week's work.

"What shall we do with them?" asked one.

"Cash them at the bank, of course."

"Who will identify us?"

The employer saw the point, tore up the checks, and secured currency with which to pay the men. That made a demand on the bank. Scores of other farmers were doing the same thing. Hundreds of other communities did it. The result is that the country bankers draw millions of dollars from the "reserve centres" every harvest, and to some degree change national financial currents thereby.

This outpaying goes on until autumn, and then the farmer begins to sell his grain and the tide turns. It does not turn so rapidly now as it did when the western farmer was heavily in debt. Then he sold all his products as soon as possible and took the check therefor to the bank, where it was applied on his mortgage

notes. Now he has few debts, or at least has them well in hand and can manage them without haste; hence comes about a new condition. From what he sees outside the brass-railed window the country banker can answer the query that has puzzled more than one captain of finance — why does currency disappear so rapidly from circulation in autumn?

The farmer needs money in autumn — clothes to buy, help to pay, preparation for winter. Whether or not he has a bank account, he likes to have plenty of cash at home; so he sells a load of grain or other farm products and secures fifty dollars or thereabouts. This he takes from the bank in currency, putting the bills deep in his capacious pockets.

Supposing that out of the hundreds of farmers surrounding each country bank ten do this in a day — the banker pays through the brass-railed window \$500 in currency, most of which will for a time be carried in pockets or hidden in bureau drawers. Suppose this goes on in two thousand country banks of the agricultural states, and is continued for one hundred days preceding December 15 — it accounts for a vast sum and is one explanation of the "interior's" mysterious absorption of currency each autumn. It is a direct outcome of widespread prosperity, which allows to each farmer the privilege of having his pocketbook bulging with money.

Of course this currency returns. In summer the harvest hand spends some for clothes, some for amusement, some for railroad fare. The farmer buys necessary articles and holiday goods at the local stores, and the money comes back in the merchants' accounts; he pays his tax, and the county treasurer sends it to the bank; he makes his annual settlements and the bank deposits grow — but every year for half a decade the return has been slower and longer delayed. Increasing prosperity has allowed the farmer to carry his pocket money more generally and for a more extended period.

The Western farmer's fiscal year really

ends with the first of March. Then it is that he moves to his new farm; then he settles with his neighbors; in some states that is the date for listing his possessions for taxation. As that time approaches, he begins to arrange for the business of the coming months. If he has a larger amount of grain in store, he sells it; if he has been feeding stock, this is the time when he sends shipments to market; he deposits his surplus in the banks or invests it, which is but another way of sending it on its way to the banker's care; and there is a general readjustment of the financial situation in the grain-raising states. In the older commonwealths and in those communities where the industrial activity overshadows the agricultural, less variation occurs.

As a result of these new conditions the country banker has had each year a larger problem to consider.

It is really a three-fold problem. In addition to furnishing funds for the working period, there is the function of helping the farmer hold his crop when he so desires. The after-harvest prices may be low; it may be advantageous for the producer to hold his corn and wheat. He goes to the local banker. The bank lends its capital and gives its advice in the undertaking, sometimes to its own loss.

Then, too, there is the development of local industries. In every community are certain opportunities, or what are believed to be opportunities, for the profitable use of capital, and there are men, usually without sufficient capital, who wish to test the propositions. The banker has another visitor to the little room behind the brass-railed counter, and upon his advice and promise is the enterprise launched. These enterprises employ local capital, give work to those who are usually compelled to be idle during certain months of the year, bring new families to town, build up the community in wealth and in commercial importance, and altogether are its inspiration. Behind them is usually a country bank and the country banker's advice.

In addition there is the handling of the bank's funds between harvest periods. For a few months there must be a large supply of currency and loanable capital; for another period, little is demanded. This applies to sections where mixed farming is not the general rule. The Eastern and New England states do not have this condition to the same degree as the Middle West, the South, and Pacific Coast states. Thus it is that this problem comes in its most striking form to the newer banking sections of the nation, and is a new feature of the country banker's service.

This very prosperity has compelled the country banker to learn in late years a broader system of financing than he knew in earlier times. The banks of the West's first period of development were freebooters of finance. They "charged what the traffic would stand" to a greater extent than the most predatory railroad manager ever dared. The interest rates were at times confiscatory, and the wonder is that the borrowers were able to pay them without going into bankruptcy. As the conditions of settlement became more stable, the interest rate decreased, the business became systematized, and the banker met his customers on the level.

Then, as there came about yet greater financial independence in the newer states, the bankers of the country towns had to learn another lesson: how to care for their surplus deposits. The farmers were not borrowing, the merchants needed only moderate accommodations, and the bankers sought other means of employing their money safely and profitably.

Out of this situation has grown the western market for "commercial paper," — the notes and short-time loans of great manufacturing and mercantile houses. Every bank of prominence, in country as well as in town, receives daily long lists of offerings of this sort. The interest rate was as low as 4 per cent in 1904 and 1905. It has risen, until 7 and 7½ per cent were offered last summer for

the best securities, the borrower reserving the option of taking up the loan at a premium before maturity. The country banker has learned to buy and to sell this kind of paper, and in the exercise of these broader operations has become familiar with national financial trends and influences in a way that would have been impossible had he served only his immediate community.

Along with the development of the country banker's business has come a new medium of contact with more extended fiscal operations, the "financial drummer." He represents the commercial enterprises that need a great deal of outside money and are not content to wait on the purchases of their securities through the usual method of mail communication. He goes directly to the banker, carrying his offerings, and makes a sale of sixty-day notes as a commercial traveler would dispose of an order of dry goods or clothing. Further, he initiates the banker, unfamiliar with the larger field, into wider interests and so is helpful in many ways.

Perhaps, too, the banker has lost something of his imposing personal influence in this changing attitude of the rural sections toward financial matters and broader knowledge of world events, owing to the reading of daily papers and magazines in remote localities. With the accretion of wealth there is less awe for mere dollars than in early times.

For instance, — in the frontier village the banker was formerly the only man with money. He held the reins of the town; if he had a rival, it was some other banker. Then the little room behind the counter was much more potential than to-day; without the consent of its presiding genius few of the town's enterprises could succeed. A reciprocal honoring of the man who made all this possible came in the electing of the banker to every position of prominence for which he expressed a desire. He was the state senator, the mayor, the Sunday School superintendent, the president of the fair

association, and the chief delegate to the conventions of his party.

When one of these financial Pooh-Bahs failed, paying three cents on the dollar, at his request I prepared for publication a blanket resignation in which he laid down twelve presidencies and civic positions at one swoop. Perhaps, had he been content with a modicum of glory, he might have managed his bank more successfully.

But much of that has passed away. The banker occupies, naturally, a place of prominence in a small town as he does in the large one; but he is in these days merely one of many business men, each independent of his fellows financially and each working for the town's good. The banker works with them hand in hand, lending capital's aid in helping them across the rough places and aiding them in the transaction of the everyday affairs of trade; but he does not assume to patronize and dictate as in the earlier period of greater dependence on his good will.

Of course, if the time comes when there is doubt of the country bank it is a serious thing — much more serious for the banker than is such condition for the city financier. The latter may call on the clearing house to protect him; his fellow bankers may heap gold coins on his counters to reassure the frightened depositors — but the country banker must fight it out alone. The other bank in the town is usually too anxious for its own safety to spare much of its cash, and it may take many hours before assistance can be secured from the nearest city. The country depositors have had sometimes an ugly way of sitting in the bank office with drawn revolvers, guarding their rights, and the town policeman is often unable to regulate matters to the bank officers' desires.

However, those scenes are of the old order rather than of the new.

In eleven Middle West agricultural states, where the development of country banking has been most notable during

the past decade, are seven thousand banks, state and national. Of the state banks over two thousand have a capital of ten thousand dollars or less each, and they are the banks in the small country towns. In all this territory failures during the past decade have been rare, those occurring being due to raciality and special weaknesses rather than to general conditions. To this group of banks, more than to any other, does the East look for financial indications affecting trade and money. Next to them is the South and then the Pacific Coast. Into every financial discussion enter the problems of these country bankers' opinions, their plans and their needs.

The state legislatures are constantly raising the standard of the banks. In few commonwealths can a banking house have less than ten thousand dollars capital. Every legislative session adopts new laws to insure the safe management of banks; many of these laws are so framed that the smaller banks especially will be protected.

In Oklahoma, the newest state of the Union, has been enacted a law, to take effect February 15, 1908, whose operation is intended to insure depositors against loss. It provides that, after rigorous examination, state banks shall be allowed to participate in the benefits of a guaranty fund secured by an assessment of one per cent of the average deposits of the past year. This fund, gathered from all the banks, is in charge of the state banking board and may be increased as necessary by further assessments. When a bank fails, the bank commissioner takes charge of its affairs and forthwith pays off the depositors in full, using money from the guaranty fund for that purpose. He then settles the bank's business as would a receiver, paying his collections to the guaranty fund, which becomes a preferred creditor. If there be more than enough to recoup the fund — in other words, more than enough to settle the depositors' accounts — the remainder is turned over to the

stockholders. Provision is made for similar participation by national banks of the state if the comptroller will allow such action. This is the first guaranty deposit law ever enacted, though similar bills have been introduced in legislatures and in Congress. It is possible that other states will adopt such a measure, both to protect banks on their borders, in close proximity to states which have such a provision, and to restore confidence to depositors who have withdrawn large sums in the closing months of 1907. While there are weak points in such legislation and many bankers do not approve it, the plan appears exceedingly plausible to the average depositor, and its advocates believe that through the allaying of timidity it will bring stability in the volume of local deposits. Hence bankers are watching Oklahoma's experiment with interest.

Little of mystery surrounds tiled floors, shining brass gratings, and polished counters in these latter days, when dozens of persons in the community are as able to possess the fixtures — and the bank, too — as the banker himself. The science of business and investment has become common knowledge in increasing measure, and, though many an undergraduate woefully overestimates his knowledge therein, all have acquired a passing acquaintance with financial methods that tends to sensible and sober dealings rather than to hysterics.

In no one thing has the country banker made greater progress than in the arrangement of his surroundings — his banking-office and its accessories. Once it was thought that any room was good enough for the bank. It might be in the rear of a real-estate office, or in an ordinary storeroom, with cheap fixtures. With the advent of prosperity this has changed, and the banking-rooms, in the newer states particularly, are remarkable for their magnificence.

This is not true alone of the large cities, nor of the boom banks that were built out on the prairies with Eastern-

ers' money. In straggling prairie towns stand some of the latter structures — gorgeous, marble-pillared, ornately frescoed creations, now occupied chiefly by insurance agents and real-estate firms.

These are the exceptions. Far out toward the Rocky Mountains, in the Mississippi Valley, in growing towns, are banking-houses that would surprise the Wall Street capitalist who is wont to think yet of the "American Desert." The floors are tiled, the walls are richly ornamented, the fixtures are brass and marble! — modern safes, adding machines, loose-leaf ledgers, vaults with electric-wired burglar protection reaching to several central points of the town, safety-deposit boxes, electric lights, steam heat, mahogany desks — every convenience and every adornment that go into the office of the city banker's business home is here, though on a smaller scale. It is done both because the banks can afford it and because it has come to be recognized as due to the dignity of the business.

Even in the little towns is an effort to be distinctive. The frame building with the bank and post-office in the front end and living rooms of the cashier in the rear, is exceedingly simple, but into it the modern appliance has made its way, and labor-saving devices and other evidences of touch with the outside world are manifest.

The country banker has had a varied experience in the past decade, — ranging from abundant prosperity, with deposits and profits heaping up faster than loans could safely be placed, to sudden reversal, when everybody looked askance at the bank doors, and for a few weeks caused managers of the soundest institutions sleepless nights and nerve-racking days. Perhaps the sharp corrective was, on the whole, helpful, in that it emphasized the need of caution and preparation in such sensitive financial undertakings. It has also brought about a clearer comprehension of the relations of country banks to the reserve banks of

the cities, and the future ought to see such readjustment in currency volume and movement as shall prevent another similar trial.

With peace of mind brought to his de-

positors, and with his own course so arranged that he can look forward to stability in his own operations, the country banker should have a life of comfort and satisfaction.

ON A SUBWAY EXPRESS

BY CHESTER FIRKINS

I, who have lost the stars, the sod,
For chilling pave and cheerless light,
Have made my meeting-place with God
A new and nether Night —

Have found a fane where thunder fills
Loud caverns, tremulous; — and these
Atone me for my reverend hills
And moonlit silences.

A figment in the crowded dark,
Where men sit muted by the roar,
I ride upon the whirring Spark
Beneath the city's floor.

In this dim firmament, the stars
Whirl by in blazing files and tiers;
Kin meteors graze our flying bars,
Amid the spinning spheres.

Speed! speed! until the quivering rails
Flash silver where the head-light gleams,
As when on lakes the Moon impales
The waves upon its beams.

Life throbs about me, yet I stand
Outgazing on majestic Power;
Death rides with me, on either hand,
In my communion hour.

You that 'neath country skies can pray,
Scoff not at me — the city clod; —
My only respite of the Day
Is this wild ride — with God.

THE POETRY OF LEIGH HUNT

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

THE poetry of Leigh Hunt has more importance historically than actually. Historically, it has its place in the romantic movement, where Leigh Hunt is seen fighting, though under alien colors, by the side of Wordsworth. His chief aim was to bring about an emancipation of the speech and metre of poetry, and he had his share in doing so. The early style of Keats owes much of its looseness and lusciousness to an almost deliberate modeling himself upon the practice and teaching of Hunt. "I have something in common with Hunt," Keats admitted, in a letter written in 1818; and the *Quarterly*, in its review of *Endymion*, defined Keats as a "simple neophyte of the writer of *The Story of Rimini*." That poem had only been published two years, but had already made a small revolutionary fame of its own.

For its actual qualities, this poetry, which seems now to have so slight an existence by the side of the still almost popular prose-writings, is not so easily valued. Infinite tiny sparks flicker throughout, but are rarely alight long enough to set a steady fire burning. One lyric, a few sonnets, an anecdote or two, a few passages of description or of dialogue, — can we reckon up more than these in a final estimate of the value of this poetry as a whole? Yet are not these few successful things, each rare of its kind, themselves sufficient to make the reputation of one who was content to be remembered in whatever "humble category of poet, or in what humblest corner of the category," it remained for "another and wholly dispassionate generation" to place him?

The Story of Rimini as it was published in 1816 is a very different thing from the revised version of 1832, with its

"rejection of superfluities," its correction of "mistakes of all kinds." It may be quite true, as the author protested, that the first edition contained weak lines, together with "certain conventionalities of structure, originating in his having had his studies too early directed towards the artificial instead of the natural poets." Yet, in fact, the second version is much more artificial than the first, and what was young, spontaneous, really new at the time, has given way to a firmer but less felicitous style of speech and versification. Such puerilities, of the kind which Hunt very nearly taught to Keats, as, —

What need I tell of lovely lips, and eyes,
A clipsome waist, and bosom's balmy rise?

are indeed partly, though not wholly obliterated, and for the better; and the terrible line, revealing all Hunt's vulgarities at a stroke, —

She had stout notions on the marrying score,
disappears into the discreet —

She had a sense of marriage, just and free.

Yet what goes, and is ill supplied, is such frank bright speech as, —

A moment's hush succeeds; and from the
walls,

Firm and at once, a silver answer calls, —

which turns into the droning, —

The crowd are mute; and from the southern
wall,

A lordly blast gives welcome to the call.

The simple country landscape is changed, because the author has seen Italy, to the due citrons and pine-trees; but such evocations of the fancy cannot be done twice over, and the freshness goes as the "local color" comes on. Even more inexcusable are the moral interpositions, such as the tears and explanations of Francesca at the fatal moment, by which

Dante and the picture are spoiled. "The mode of treatment still remains rather material than spiritual," Hunt admits, without fully realizing how much he is losing in material beauty, and how incapable he is of replacing it by any kind of spiritual beauty.

Byron, to whom *The Story of Rimini* is dedicated, said of it in a letter, "Leigh Hunt's poem is a devilish good one — quaint here and there, but with the substratum of originality, and with poetry about it that will stand the test." It has not stood the test, and is now quoted nowhere but in the footnotes to Keats; but it is full of those suggestions which lesser men are often at the pains of making for the benefit of their betters. All its "leafy" and rejoicing quality, its woodlands and painted "luxuries," were to have their influence, direct or reflected, on much of the romantic poetry of the century.

Before writing *The Story of Rimini*, Hunt had published a satire in verse, called *The Feast of the Poets*, which he was to rewrite and republish at intervals during his life. It was the first of what was to be a series of bookish poems, in which he expressed the most personal part of himself, but that part which was best fitted perhaps for poetry. Few men have loved literature more passionately and more humbly than Leigh Hunt, or with a generosity more disinterested. Books were nearer to him than men, though he sought in books chiefly their human or pleasing qualities. But his poetry about books never passes from criticism to creation, as when Drayton writes his letter to H. Reynolds, and Shelley his letter to Maria Gisborne. We shall find no "brave translunary things" and no "hooded eagle among blinking owls." He tells us that what the public approved of in *The Feast of the Poets* was a "mixture of fancy and familiarity;" but the savor has only gone out of it. The criticism in the twenty-five pages of the poem is superficial and obvious, and the verse jingles like the

bells on a fool's bauble. The criticism in the one hundred and twenty-five pages of the notes has still interest for us, if not value. There is always, in Leigh Hunt's criticism, something of haste and temporariness, and it is generally revised in every new edition. Here, the recognition, on second thoughts, that Wordsworth is the chief poet of the age, together with the good-natured, superior, and impertinent advice which he gives him for the bettering of his poetry, has something more than curiosity as coming from Leigh Hunt, and in 1814. The scorn of Southey, who "naturally borrows his language from those who have thought for him," remains good criticism, and there are phrases in a somewhat unjust estimate of Scott which are not without relevance; as when we are told that "he talks the language of no times and of no feelings, for his style is too flowing to be ancient, too antique to be modern, and too artificial in every respect to be the result of his own first impressions." He is reasonably fair to Crabbe, though with evident effort, and sees through Rogers without effort. But the accidental qualities of his taste betray themselves in the sympathetic praise of Moore, in the preference for "Gertrude of Wyoming," as "the finest narrative poem that has been produced in the present day," in the contemptuous reference to Landor as "a very worthy person," and to "Gebir" as "an epic piece of gossiping," and in the uncertainty and apparent distaste of what is meant to be said not unfavorably of Coleridge. In the final edition, nearly fifty years later, Coleridge, "whose poetry's poetry's self," is promoted to the place of Wordsworth.

Hunt's miscellaneous mind was active, sympathetic, foraging; he made discoveries by some ready instinct which had none of the certainty of the divining rod; he was a freebooter, who captured various tracts of the enemy, but could not guard or retain them. He was among the first to help in breaking down the eighteenth-century formalism in verse, in let-

ting loose a free and natural speech; but his influence was not always a safe one. In 1829 Shelley writes to him, in sending the manuscript of "Julian and Maddalo:" "You will find the little piece, I think, in some degree consistent with your own ideas of the manner in which poetry ought to be written. I have employed a certain familiar style of language to express the actual way in which people talk with each other, whom education and a certain refinement of sentiment have placed above the use of vulgar idioms."

It was just that proviso that Leigh Hunt neglected. What he really brings into poetry is a tone of chatty colloquialism, meant to give ease, from which, however, the vulgar idioms are not excluded. He introduces a new manner, smooth, free, and easy, a melting cadence, which he may have thought he found in Spenser, whom he chooses among poets "for luxury." The least lofty of English poets, he went to the loftiest among them only for his sensitiveness to physical delight. His own verse is always feminine, luscious, with a luxury which is Creole, and was perhaps in his blood. He would go back to such dainty Elizabethans as Lodge, but his languid pleasures have no edge of rapture; the lines trot and amble, never fly.

Hunt mastered many separate tricks and even felicities in verse, and acquired a certain lightness and deftness which is occasionally almost wholly successful, as in an actual masterpiece of the trifling, like "Jenny kissed me." But he did not realize that lightness cannot be employed in dealing with tragic material, unless it is sharpened to so deadly a point as Byron and Heine could give to it. It is difficult to realize that it is the same hand which writes the line that delighted Keats, —

Places of nestling green for poets made, —
and, not far off, these dreadful lines, —

The two divinest things the world has got,
A lovely woman in a rural spot.

The ignoble quality of jauntiness mars almost the whole of Hunt's work, in which liberty cannot withhold itself from license. The man who can wish a beloved woman

To haunt his eye, like taste personified,
cannot be aware of what taste really is; and, with a power of rendering sensation, external delicacies of sight and hearing, which is to be envied and outdone by Keats, he is never quite certain in his choice between beauty and prettiness, sentiment and sentimentality.

In his later works Hunt learned something of restraint, and when he came to attempt the drama, though he tried to be at the same time realistic and romantic, was more able to suit his manner to his material. The *Legend of Florence* has his ripest feeling and his most chastened style, and more than anything else he did in verse reflects him to us as, in Shelley's phrase, "one of those happy souls

Which are the salt of the earth."

The gentle Elizabethan manner is caught up and revived for a moment, and there is a human tenderness which may well remind us of such more masterly work as "A Woman killed with Kindness."

Hunt was convinced that "we are more likely to get at a real poetical taste through the Italian than through the French school," and he names together Spenser, Milton, and Ariosto, thinking that these in common would "teach us to vary our music and to address ourselves more directly to nature." Naming his favorite poets, he begins with "Pulci, for spirits and a fine free way." To acquaint English taste with Italian models he did many brilliant translations, Dante being less perfectly within his means than Ariosto or Tasso. He was best and most at his ease in rendering the irregular lines of Redi, whose "Bacchus in Tuscany" he translated in full. In this, and in the version from the Latin of Walter de Mapes, there is a blithe skill which few translators have attained. It was through his fancy for Italian bur-

lesque that Hunt came to do a number of his characteristic and least English things, like the laughing and lirting verses which sometimes, as in "The Fairy Concert," attain a kind of glittering gayety, hardly mere paste, though with no hardness of the diamond. There is some relationship between this verse and what we call *vers de société*; but it is more critical, and has something of the epigram set to a jig. So far as it is meant for political satire, it is only necessary to compare even so brilliant a squib as the "Coronation Spilloquy of George IV" with Coleridge's "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter," to realize how what in Hunt remains buffoonery and perhaps argument, can be carried to a point of imagination at which it becomes poetry.

Hunt has a special talent, connected with his feeling for whatever approached the form of the epigram, for the writing of brief narrative poems. Can it be denied that so masterly an anecdote as "Abou ben Adhem" has in it some of the qualities, as it seems to have some of the results, of poetry? Read the same story in the French prose of the original: nothing is changed, nothing added; only the form of the verse, barely existent as it is, has given a certain point and finish to the prose matter. Here and in the two or three other stories there is a very precise and ingenious grasp on story-telling, worthy of Maupassant; and there is a kernel of just, at times of profound, thought, which suggests something of the quality of an Eastern apologue. Was it the more than half prose talent of Hunt that gave him, when he concentrated so tightly his generally diffuse and wandering verse, this particular, unusual kind of success? When, as in blank verse pieces such as "Paganini," he tried to get a purely emotional effect, not by narrative but in the form of confession, his failure was complete; all is restlessness and perturbation. But, once at least, in a little piece called "Ariadne Walking," there is something of the same happy concentration, the same

clean outlines; and the poem may be paralleled with a lovely poem of Alfred de Vigny. The technique, as in almost, or, perhaps, everything of Hunt, is not perfect; and there are words of mere prose, like "the feel of sleep." How was it that a man, really poetically minded, and with so much knowledge of all the forms of verse, was never quite safe when he wrote in metre?

A stanza in a poem on poppies may be compared, almost in detail, with a corresponding sentence in prose, which occurs in a rambling essay. They both say the same thing, but the verse says, —

We are slumberous poppies,
Lords of Lethe downs,
Some awake and some asleep,
Sleeping in our crowns.
What perchance our dreams may know,
Let our serious beauty show.

And the prose says, "They look as if they held a mystery at their hearts, like sleeping kings of Lethe," and comes nearer to poetry.

From the epigram to the sonnet there is but one step, and Leigh Hunt's finest and most famous line, —

The laughing queen that caught the world's
great hands, —

is found in a sonnet on the Nile, written impromptu in rivalry with Keats and Shelley, and more successful, within its limits, than its competitors. And the sonnet, written against Keats, on the subject of "The Grasshopper and the Cricket," would be good as well as characteristic if it were not flawed by words like "feel" and "class" and "nick," used to give the pleasant charm of talk, but resulting only in a degradation of refined and dignified speech. Three sonnets called "The Fish, the Man, and the Spirit," which might easily have been no more than one of Hunt's clever burlesques, seem to me for once to touch and seize and communicate a strange, cold, inhuman imagination, as if the very element of water entered into chill communion with the mind. Lamb might have shared the feeling, the epithets are

like the best comic Greek compounds; the poetry, which begins with a strange familiarity, ends with a strangeness wholly of elemental wonder:—

Man's life is warm, glad, sad, 'twixt love and graves,

Boundless in hope, honoured with pangs austere,

Heaven-gazing; and his angel-wings he craves:
The fish is swift, small-needing, vague yet clear,
A cold, sweet, silver life, wrapped round in waves,

Quickened with touches of transporting fear.

There, at least, Leigh Hunt speaks the language of poetry, and with a personal accent.

ROSE MACLEOD¹

BY ALICE BROWN

XVI

Electra felt very much alone in a world of wrongdoers. To her mind moral trespassing was a definite state of action fully recognized by the persons concerned in it. She made no doubt that everybody was as well able to classify obliquity as she was to do it for them. She had stated times for sitting down and debating upon her own past deeds, though she seldom found any flagrant fault in them. There was now and then an inability to reach her highest standard; but she saw no crude derelictions such as other people fell into. It was almost impossible for her to think about grandmother at all, the old lady seemed to her so naughty and so mad. Billy Stark, too, though he was a man of the world, admirably equipped, was guilty of extreme bad taste or he could never have asked Madam Fulton to marry him. Why was he calling her Florrie and giving her foolish nose-gays every morning? Rose and Peter, when it came to them, seemed pledged to keeping up some wild fiction beneficial to Rose; only Markham MacLeod was entirely right, and so powerful, too, that his return must shake all the warring atoms into a harmonious conformity with Electra and the moral law.

Moreover she had the entire programme of the club meeting to recon-

struct. Nothing, she inexorably knew, would tempt her to allow for a moment any further consideration of her grandmother's pernicious book. Yet the club was to meet with her, the honorable secretary, and it had no topic to whet its teeth upon. In her dilemma, she put on her hat and walked over to inquire of Rose when her father was to return. MacLeod's bubbling kindliness seemed to her so generous that she made no doubt he would talk to them for an hour, or even allow her to give him a reception.

Rose was in the garden, as usual, in the long chair, and Peter was painting. Ostensibly he was painting her, but the mood escaped him and he was blurring in a background. Electra remembered, as she went up the path, that still nothing had been said to her about Peter's painting. He might have been any sort of young 'prentice for all she heard about his work; and here it was beginning incidentally, like an idle task, with no reference to her. She had thought painting was something to be carried on gravely, when one had reached Peter's eminence. There ought to be talk of theories and emotions inspired by pictures in the inception, not merely this prosaic business of sitting down to work and characterizing beauties with a flip-pant jargon of words misused. "Very nice," "stunning"—that was what she

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had heard Peter say even of sunsets that ought to have moved him to the skies. He had a delicate-fingered way of touching everything, as if the creative process were a little one, of small simplicities: not as if art were long.

When she appeared that morning, behind the hollyhocks, Rose was about to spring up, and Peter did stand, expectant, with his charming smile. Electra at once made proper disclaimers and insisted that the sitter's pose should not be broken and that it would be an immense entertainment to see the work go on. Peter brought a chair out of the arbor, and she sat down, erect and handsome, while Rose sank back into her unconstrained reclining. Rose wore the simplest dress, and her slender arms were bare. There were about her the signs of tasks abandoned, even of pleasures dropped and not remembered — the book half closed upon her finger, the rose and fan. Her great hat with its long feather lay beside her on the ground, and Electra, justly appraising its picturesqueness and value, thought, with brief distaste, that it looked as if it might belong to an actress. She asked her question at once and Rose answered. No, her father would not be here in time for the important meeting. She had no doubt he would indeed have said more than a few words, since the entertainment had fallen through. Here Electra interrupted her delicately and challenged the use of that term for so serious an issue. It could hardly be called an entertainment; they had simply been unable to consider the topic fixed upon, and it was necessary to find a substitute.

"Let me do something," said Rose, with her appealing grace. "I'll sing for them."

That accounted for her again, Electra thought, the unconsidered ease, perhaps the boldness. She belonged to public life; yet as such she might well be taken into account.

"What do you sing?" she asked.

Rose forgot all about her picture and

sat up, looking quite in earnest. Peter held his brush reproachfully poised.

"I tell you what I can do," she said, after a moment's thinking. "I can give a little talk on contemporary music — what they are doing in France, in Germany. I can give some personal data about living musicians — things they would n't mind. And I really sing very well. Peter, boy, tell the lady I sing well."

"She sings adorably," said Peter. "She has a nightingale in her throat: —

Two larks and a thrush,
All the birds in the bush.

You never heard anything more sympathetic. I never did."

The "Peter, boy," had spoiled it. Electra grew colder. She wished she were able to be as easy as she liked; but she never could be, with other people perpetually doing and saying things in such bad taste.

"The club is composed of ladies who know the best music," she heard herself saying, and realized that it sounded like a child's copy-book.

Rose was still sitting upright, Peter patiently looking at her, evidently wishing she would return to her pose, and yet quite as evidently enriching his attention with this new aspect of her. She had turned into a vivid and yet humble creature, intent on offering something and having it accepted. The thought that she had something Electra wanted seemed for the moment the next best thing to knowing that Electra tendered her kinship and recognition.

"Please like me," her look begged for her. "Please tolerate me, at least, and take what I have to give."

The end of it was that Electra did accept it, and that Peter's painting was quite forgotten while Rose ran eagerly over the ground she could cover. One moment of malice she did have. While Electra was hesitating, she looked up at her with a curious little smile.

"You can introduce me," she said, "as you always have, as 'the daughter

of Markham MacLeod.' That will give your afternoon an added flavor."

Electra answered seriously, "Thank you," and resolved to do it. Madam Fulton, she thought, would have the decency not to break the situation by her intemperate "Mrs. Tom's." Electra had no experience of contrition in her grandmother, but she could but feel that any woman who had done what that old lady had might be trusted to observe the decencies for at least a week thereafter.

"That was my public name," Rose added hastily, as if she had invalidated her claim. "I sang for eight months or more as Rose MacLeod."

It was a new triumph for her, Electra realized when the day was over. The ladies came down from the city and, in perfect weather, sat about on the veranda and in the two front rooms, while Rose, at the piano, sang to them and then gave them a charming talk. Electra, who could do no creative work, could not take her eyes from the young creature, all eager brilliancy and dressed in a perfect Paris gown. The dress, Electra knew, was no finer than she herself could amply afford to buy in her own country. Only it was worn with a grace, the air of a woman born to be looked at, and used to fervid tributes. The other women, too, were worshipers of notability, and Rose knew she had raised a wave of admiration. To her, unused to the American woman's passion for new things, it was a real tribute, something she could count upon to-morrow after the epoch of to-day; and the afternoon left her exhilarated and warm in momentary triumph. The women crowded about her with intemperate comment and question. They wanted to know as much about her father as they did about her. They were all eager to show their converseance with the Brotherhood, its aims and potencies, and they were more than ready to besiege her father and to entertain her. Some of them even wanted to make dates for the coming autumn, and Rose found herself the recipient of

a score of visiting cards, all pointing to new alliances. She slipped away before the afternoon was over, to spare Electra the pains of thanking her, and going home, found Markham MacLeod at the gate. Immediately her hopes died. She had forgotten the issues she had to reckon with in him. From these no ladies' club could save her.

He was affection itself in greeting her.

"I have just come," he explained.

"Peter is in town and Mrs. Grant is taking her afternoon rest. Let us walk a little way."

"I have n't my hat," she demurred.

He looked at her sufficient parasol and took her hand, turning her toward the road again.

"Come. We'll walk along to that grove. It is shady there. I want to see you before we meet the others."

She yielded, and presently they stepped in at the bars to the field where the grove invited. Under the trees she furled her parasol, and sat down on a stone. She looked involuntarily toward the plantation, below them to the west. There were the little clumps of nursery trees, the green patches of seedlings, and, dotted through the working area, men with backs bent over the rows. She wondered if Osmond were there, and the thought gave her, if not courage, at least the defiance that answers for it. MacLeod threw himself on the ground, and her eyes came back to him. He looked so strong, so much a part of all living things, that he seemed to her invincible. He spoke quite seriously, as if there were matters between them to be gravely settled.

"I have been wondering about the bearing of these people toward you. What explanation did you make when you came?"

"I made no explanation."

"What attitude did you take?"

"Peter introduced me to her. He went in advance, to tell her I was coming."

"Electra?"

"Yes, Tom's sister."

"What did Peter tell her?"

"He told her I was her brother's wife."

"Ah! and she accepted you?"

"No, she has never accepted me."

"What!"

He glanced sharply up at her, and she met the look coldly. Her cheeks were burning, but there was nothing willingly responsive in her face. She repeated it: "Peter told her Tom had married me. I have reason to think she told him she did not believe it."

"Has Peter said that to you?"

"No, but I think so."

"Did she send for you, to go to see her?"

"No, I went without it."

"Now, how did she receive you?"

His voice betrayed an amiable curiosity. He might have been interested merely in the vagaries of human nature, and particularly because Electra, as a handsome, willful creature, had paces to be noted. Rose laughed a little, in a way that jarred on him. He liked mirth to sound like mirth.

"She was civil to me. But she has never once given me Tom's name, nor has she allowed me to introduce myself by it."

"The old lady used it."

"That was because I followed an impulse one day and told her. She followed an impulse and used it. She is a naughty old lady."

"Ah!" He considered for a moment.

"If she did believe you, is it your impression she would expect you to — inherit?"

"I would n't have it." Her face quivered all over. "I never thought of that for a moment. Can't you see why I came? I was beside myself in Paris. There were you, hurrying back from the East and bringing — him."

"The prince?"

"You had written me he would come with you. When he saw me again, you said, he would not take 'no.' Peter was going home. Kind Peter! He said, 'Why don't you come with me?' He

said Electra was beautiful, quite the most beautiful person in the world. I thought she would receive me. I could tell another woman — and so kind! — everything, and I could settle down for a little among simple people and get rested before —" She stopped, and he knew what she had meant to say: "Before you and your prince began pursuing me again."

But he did not answer that. It was a part of his large kindness never to perpetuate harsh conclusions, even by accepting them.

"I shall go to see your Electra at once," he said.

She raised a forbidding hand.

"Do nothing of the kind. I insist on that."

But he was again reflecting.

"That puzzles me," he said at last: "that she should receive you at all if she does not believe you. Why?"

She looked at him steadfastly for a moment, a satirical smile coming on her face. These emotions he was awakening in her made her an older woman.

"I really believe you don't know," she said, at length.

"Certainly I don't know."

"Why, it's you!" He stared at her. It was, she saw, an honest wonder. "She adores you. They all do, all her ladies. They meet and talk over things, and you are the biggest thing of all. I am the daughter of Markham MacLeod. That is what she calls me."

"I see." He mused again. "I must go over there to-night."

"No! no! no!" It was an ascending scale of entreaty, but he did not regard it. He got up and offered her his hand.

"Come," he said. "Peter will be back. By the way," he added, as she followed him laggingly, "does Peter know why you came to America?"

"Peter thought it the most natural thing in the world to wish to be with Tom's relations."

"You have n't told him about the prince?"

"I have been entirely loyal to you — with Peter. Don't be afraid. He, too, adores you."

They walked on in silence. At the house they found grannie, now in her afternoon muslin, cheerfully ready for a new guest, and Peter in extreme delight at seeing him.

Markham MacLeod, once in his own room, sat down and stretched his legs before him. As he ruminated, his face fell into lines. Nobody ever saw them, — even he, — because in public, and before his glass, he had a way of plumping himself into cheerfulness. His tortuous thoughts were for his inmost mind. Whatever he planned, no one knew he was planning; only his results came to him in the eye of the world.

XVII

AFTER supper, which had been, grannie thought, a brilliant occasion, MacLeod took his hat and said to Peter with an air of proposing the simplest possible thing, "I am going over to pay my respects to your neighbor."

Peter stared frankly.

"She was so kind as to invite me to luncheon, you know," MacLeod explained from the doorway. "I want to call at once."

"I'll go with you," said Peter.

"No, no! It's a first occasion. She'll want to catechise me, and you've heard all the answers. I rather depend on her putting straight questions."

It was not the custom to wonder at MacLeod. Whatever he did bore the stamp of privilege. He was "the chief." So he walked away through the summer dusk, and Peter and Rose, on the veranda, talked Paris while grannie listened, in a pleasant daze, not always sure, through age's necromancy, whether all the movement and action of their tone and subject belonged to the reality they knew, or to her own dream of a land she never saw.

Electra, the lights turned low, was

sitting at the piano, nursing her discontent. She could hear the murmur of Madam Fulton's voice from the next room, broken by pauses when the old lady waited for Billy Stark to laugh. It all made Electra feel very much alone. Perhaps she had gone to the piano in a tacit emulation of the mastery Rose had shown, to see if, by a happy miracle, she also could bring to birth some of those magical things she never knew she felt until she heard others expressing them. But when she struck a chord, it was no richer and no more responsive than she remembered it in her old practicing days. Then she tried singing a little: —

Drink to me only with thine eyes.

And all the time she was recalling the liquid flow of another voice, its restrained fervor and dying falls. A thing so beautiful as this song, so simple, had its root, she began dimly to feel, not in happy love but in despair, and as it often happened with her, she seemed to be timidly reaching out chilled fingers toward emotions she feared because they were so unrestrained, and yet which had to be reckoned with because the famous people made them of such account; they were like the earth where all creative power has life.

Electra had given carefully apportioned time to music. She knew something of harmony, in a painstaking way; but at this moment she felt more than ever outside the house of song. She was always having these experiences, always finding herself face to face with artists of various sorts, men and women who, without effort, as it seemed, could coax trees out of the ground and make them blossom before your eyes. And sometimes she had this breathless feeling that the incredible might happen and she, too, might do some of these amazing things. Often, it seemed to her, she was very near it. The turning of a key in the lock, a wind driving through vapor, and she might be on the stage of the world, no longer wondering but making others wonder. These were real hungers. She wanted great acknowledged supremacies, and her own

neat ways of action had to end ingloriously.

And at the moment MacLeod came up the steps, without hesitation she went to meet him. Any one that night might have been a messenger from the richer world she coveted. She saw him there smiling at her in the dim hall light, and the old feeling came back that she had known him before and waited for him a long time. They had touched hands and he had gone with her to the sitting-room before she realized that such silent meetings were not the ordinary ones.

"Did Peter come with you?" she asked unnecessarily.

"No. He wanted to."

"I am glad to see you!"

MacLeod spared no time.

"You have been very kind," he said, "to my little girl."

Rose, as any sort of little girl, implied an incredible diminishing; but the phrase served in the interest of conversational ease. Electra's eyes were on him, absorbed and earnest. There was nothing she believed in so much, at that moment, as the clarity of MacLeod's mind and heart. It seemed belittling him even to withdraw into the coverts of ordinary talk, and, if she wanted his testimony, to surprise it out of him by stale devices. She was worshiping the truth very hard, and there was no effort in putting her question crudely:—

"Mr. MacLeod, was your daughter married to my brother?"

He met her gaze with the assurance she had expected. It seemed noble to her. At last, Electra reflected with a throb of pride, she was on the heights in worthy company.

"Yes," he said, not hesitating, "she was his wife."

Electra drew a long breath.

"Then," she answered, "I shall know what to do."

He bent toward her an embracing look. It promised her a great deal: comprehension, sympathy, almost a kind of love.

"What shall you do?" he asked.

Electra choked a little. Her throat hurt her, not at the loss of what she was going to relinquish, but at the greatness of sacrifice with somebody by to take cognizance of the act. He would not, like Madam Fulton, call her a fool. He might even see where the action placed her, on ground he also had a right to, from other deeds as noble.

"I supposed I had inherited my brother's property," she said, in a low and penetrating voice. "I shall make it over to her."

MacLeod put out his hand, and she laid hers within it. When he spoke, it was with a moved restraint.

"That is a good deal to do."

"It is incumbent on me — ethically."

At that instant she had a throb of high triumph in remembering that he, at least, would not gird at her choice of terms.

"It is what you would do," he said warmly. "It is exactly what you would do."

"I cannot do otherwise."

They seemed to be engaged in antiphonal praises of abstract right. It gave Electra a solemn satisfaction. She could hardly leave the subject. "I wish to do everything in my power," she announced. "I cannot ask her to live here, because I may not be here long myself."

"You will marry Peter and go away!"

Electra felt her face growing warm in the dusk, and an unreasonable vexation possessed her against any one who should have mapped out her purposes and given him the chart. He might know her. He was evidently destined to, she intemperately thought, better than any one else, but she could herself induct him into the paths of intimacy. There was no pleasure in feeling that he was bound to prejudge her through cognizance of this other tie she had for the moment forgotten.

"Did Peter tell you that?" she asked.

"I'm afraid I guessed it."

His frankness put her back on their

pleasant ground of intimacy; it even brought them nearer.

"Why did you guess it?"

Here was foolish talk, she following upon the heels of his venture, as if there were something in the very dust of his progress too precious to be lost. But MacLeod, who cared nothing about inanities once their purpose was served, whirled her away from further challenge and reply.

"You must come to Paris," he said; "with or without Peter, you must come."

Her heart warmed and her voice trembled as she answered, —

"I should like it. I should like nothing better."

"You have been in Europe?"

"Oh yes, for a year at a time. Three times in all."

"Lately?"

"No, the last time I was very young."

"You will see things with different eyes."

He seemed to be promising her something, in the fervor of his speech. Some one had said of him once that, in talking to women, he always said "you" as if it meant "you and I." It may not have been to women alone. Young men felt that in the reconstruction of the earth it would not be merely MacLeod who led the van, but MacLeod and each one of them.

"I should like," she dared, "to see the things you are doing. I should like to know — the Brotherhood."

"You shall know it. There are as many women in it as men. When the starving citizens marched up to Paris to ask King Louis for bread, the women's voices were loudest, I fancy. There is no distinction in our membership. Men and women serve alike."

"When could I join it?"

"Not too fast, dear lady." He was smiling at her. That warm tone of personal consideration soothed her through the dusk. "It involves hardship, the laying down of self. Are you ready for that?"

"I am ready," said Electra. Her heart beat high. At last life seemed large enough and rich enough to satisfy her.

"Your entire allegiance and a tenth of your income," he went on. "Do not pledge it unless you can keep the pledge."

"I promise. I pledge it, myself and all I have."

In her uplifted state, it seemed as if some spell had been laid upon her, and she sought to recall her lost composure. The occasion, she knew, was a very large one, and she must not, she earnestly thought, deprive it of dignity. He rose.

"Stand up," he said; and she also was upon her feet, with a swift compliance. "Give me your hand." She laid her hand in his. "Do you believe in the Brotherhood of Man?"

To say "yes" was not enough. She repeated the words, —

"I believe in the Brotherhood of Man."

They stood so for a moment, and then he released her hand.

"That is all," he said.

Electra felt as if she had sworn allegiance not only to some unknown majesty, but to him, and she was ineffably exalted. They two seemed to be together in a world of wrong, pledged to right it, and taking the highest delight in their joint ministrations.

"When do I —" she hesitated — "when do I pay in — money?"

"Twice a year," he answered cheerfully. "Peter will tell you those things, if I am not here."

If he were not there! Her wings of pleasure drooped. It seemed as if he were always to be there. And Peter! he looked like a small and callow personage seen through the diminishing end of a glass, compared with this great presence.

"I must go," he said, and Electra pulled herself out of her maze. "May I tell my daughter you accept her?" He made it all very delicate and yet prosaic, as if he quite understood Rose could hardly expect to be received without dif-

ficulty, but as if Electra had made it magnificently possible. Still she felt a little recoil.

"I can't talk about it," she faltered, "to her. I could to you. Let me settle all the details, and my lawyer shall submit them to you. Would that satisfy you?"

She spoke humbly, and Markham MacLeod, the chief of the Brotherhood, bent over her hand and touched it with his lips. Then he was gone, and Electra was left standing with that incredibly precious kiss upon her hand. She was poor in imagination, but at the instant it flashed into her mind that this was actually the touch of the coal red from the altar.

Markham MacLeod, walking with long strides through the summer night, drew in deep breaths, and delighted, for the moment, in the voluptuousness of his own good health and the wonder that he had been able to carry youth on into middle age. He had not been accustomed to think about the past or what might come. It was enough to recognize the harmonious interplay of his muscles and the daily stability of a body which until now, and that briefly, had shown no sign of revolt. What insurrection there was he meant to quell, and meantime to forget its possibility, as a chief may, for the time, ignore rebellion. MacLeod was plagued neither by unsatisfied desires nor by remorse. In his philosophy, to live meant to feed upon the earth as it appeared to the eye and to the other senses. He believed, without argument, that all the hungers in him were good lusty henchmen demanding food. Now, in spite of certain grim warnings he had had of late, he was filled with the old buoyant feeling that his body was a well-to-do-republic with his own impartial self at the head of it. Justice should be done to all its members that they might live in harmony. If discomforting forces assailed the republic, they must be crushed. Some of these he might have recognized as regrets, the sort of spectre that was ready to visit

Napoleon on a night after the campaign in Egypt. They were, he thought, inseparable from great power and the necessities attending its administration. But they were enemies of the republic, and he killed them. So his voice was always hearty, his eye clear, and his cheek that healthy red.

Peter he found in fits of laughter, and Rose mimicking certain characters known to them in Paris. It was encouraging, he judged, to find Rose out of her dumps. But she was only keeping Peter by her until MacLeod should come and help detain him. Peter had said something in the early evening about going down to find Osmond, who had of late, he averred, been off at night on his deep wood prowls. "No," Rose wanted to say, — and there would have been a choking triumph in her throat, — "he has been in the playhouse waiting for me." And because she could not go that night to the wide liberty of the fields, she would not have Peter wandering off that way and hunting up her playmate, breaking spells and spoiling wordless messages. MacLeod had not seen her so gay, not since the days in Paris before she met Tom Fulton, when she had been one of a changing wave of artist life, made up of students delirious with possibilities and all bent toward the top notch of reputation. He joined her and Peter now in precisely their own mood, his laugh and voice reinforcing theirs. Rose warmed more and more. Not all her dreary memories could keep her from delighting in him. He carried her along on that high wave of splendid spirits, oblivious for the moment to all his faults. Thus, she paused to remember again, it had been in her too-wise childhood when, seeing her mother wan with tears, she had yet put her little hand in his and gone off with him for an hour's pleasuring, though he was the fount of grief as well as gayety. He compelled her, the sheer physical health of him.

Peter rose finally, to give them a moment alone, and wandered off down the

garden, singing a light song and then whistling it farther and farther into the dark. Something constricted the girl's throat. She remembered, in the silence fallen between them, that she was alone with the enemy of her peace, and felt again that old passionate regret that he had not allowed her to keep the beauty of her belief in him. He had swept away something she had thought to be indestructible. That, more than any deed, was the wrong he had done—he had set his foot upon the flower of hope. But MacLeod, his forehead bared to the night air, hummed to himself the song Peter was singing and then spoke with a commonplace assurance:—

"She asked me the question."

"Electra?"

"Yes. She asked me plainly whether he married you."

"She asked you! How could she?"

"She did it without preamble. It was really rather magnificent."

"Did you answer without preamble?"

"I think so. At all events, it contented her. I said, 'yes,'—not much more, if anything."

There was a long silence, and he felt her determination to remain outside the issue, even to the extent of denying herself the further news he brought. When that became apparent, he spoke again, rather lightly:—

"She took my assurance without question. She said she should know what to do."

"What will she do?"

"The simplest thing possible—make over Tom's money to you. She does n't consider, apparently, whether you are entitled to the whole of it, any more than she had previously guessed that, if your claim were just, you could have pushed it without her concurrence. She is a very intemperate person."

Rose did not intend to comment on the situation, however warmly she might express herself over Electra's personal standpoint.

"Electra did not strike me as intem-

perate," she said. "She seemed to me very collected, very cold and resolute."

"Yes, but her reactions! they'd be something frightful. I can fancy that pendulum swinging just as far the other way. They are terrifying, those women."

"How are they terrifying?"

Governing the wild forces in herself at that minute, she felt as if all women were terrifying when they are driven too far, and that all men might well beware of them. MacLeod rose, and stretched himself upward in a muscular abandon.

"Good-night, my dear," he said. "I'm going upstairs. I will see her again to-morrow. You need give yourself no uneasiness about the outcome. You need n't even concern yourself with the details. I shall arrange them with her."

Rose was quickly upon her feet. She felt more his equal so than when he towered above her at that height.

"If you see her," she threatened, "I will overturn everything."

"No, no, you would n't. Run upstairs now and go to bed. You are overwrought. This whole thing has been a strain on you."

"Yes." She spoke rapidly and in a low tone, fearing grannie's window above. "It has been a strain on me. But who brought it on? I did it myself. I must meet it. But I will not have you meddling with it. I will not."

"Not to-night, at least," said MacLeod, with unblemished kindness. "Don't do anything intemperate. But you won't. I know you too well."

After a good-night she could not answer he went in and up the stairs. She could hear him humming to himself that gay little song. She stood there quite still, as if she were in hiding from him and he might return to find her. When the door closed above, she still stood there, her nails clasped into her palms. And for the instant she was not thinking of herself, but of Electra. It seemed to her that it would be necessary to protect Electra from his charm. Then she heard Peter whistling back again. She stepped down

to the end of the veranda and stole across the orchard into the field. The night was still, yet invisible forces seemed to be whispering to one another. In the middle of the field she stopped, tempted to call to Osmond, knowing he was there. But because it was late, and because her thoughts were all a disordered and protesting turmoil, she turned about and fled home.

XVIII

The next night Rose went early to her own room, and when she heard Peter and MacLeod on the veranda, their voices continuing in a steady interchange, she took her cloak, locked the chamber door behind her, and ran downstairs and out by the long window to the garden, the orchard, and the field. The night was dark and hot, and over in the south played fitful lightnings. In spite of the heat, she wrapped her cloak about her for an invisible shield: for now that MacLeod had come, she felt strangely insecure, as if eyes were everywhere. It was apparent to her that these meetings might be few, and as if this even might be the last; so it must not be interrupted. When she was once in the field, the hush of the night, the heat, and her own uneasy thoughts bewildered her. She stopped in doubt. His voice assured her.

"This way, playmate."

"I am coming," she found herself answering, not once but twice, and then, as she reached the seat he had ready for her, it came upon her overwhelmingly that such gladness was of the scope and tumult to bear two creatures to each other's arms, to mingle there, face to face and breast to breast.

But the quick thought neither threw her back in shame upon herself nor forward to his side. The night and the things of life together were too great to admit of fine timidities or crude betrayals. It was not of so much avail to consider what was done as whether the deed was true. She sat down, in deep relief at finding herself near him.

"Playmate," she said, "things are very bad indeed."

"Are they, my dear playmate?"

Her breath came in a sob, his voice sounded so kind, so altogether merciful of her, whatever she might do.

"Dreadful things are happening," she said.

"The prince?"

"Not the prince, this time. Worse things."

"Tell me, child."

She had ceased to be altogether his playmate. Deeper needs had called out keener sympathies, and she found some comfort even in his altered tone. She waited for a time, listening to the summer sounds, and vainly wishing she had been a more fortunate woman and that these sad steps need not be retraced in retrospect, before life could go on again.

"You will have to listen to a long story," she said, at last. "And how am I to tell you! Ask me questions."

"How far shall I go back?"

"To the beginning—to the beginning of my growing up. Before I met Tom Fulton."

"When you meant to sing?"

"I did sing. But you must n't think that was what I wanted. I never wanted anything but love."

"Go on." To him, who, in his solitude, had never expected to find close companionship, it was inconceivable that they should be there speaking the unconsidered truth. She, too, who, in the world, had tasted the likeness of happy intercourse, only to despair of it, had found a goal. Here now was the real to which all the old promises had been leading.

"You must understand me," she said, in a low voice. "I'm going to tell you the plain truth. How awful if you did n't understand!"

"I shall understand. Go on."

"I don't know how it is with other girls, but always I dreamed of love, always after my first childhood. I thought of kings and queens, knights and ladies.

They walked in pairs and loved each other."

"What did you mean by love?"

"Each would die for the other. That was my understanding of it. I knew the time would come some day when a beautiful young man would say to me, 'I would die for you,' and I should say to him, 'And I would die for you.' It was a kind of dream. Maybe it would not have been, except that I was never much of a child when I was a child. I had ecstatic times with my father, but I was lonesome. The lover was to change that, when he came."

"When did he come?"

"He came several times, but either he was too rough and he frightened me, or too common and he repelled me, or—"

"And Tom Fulton came!"

"Yes, walking just the right way, neither too fast nor too slow, and all chivalry and honor. Oh, my heart! my heart!" She was sobbing to herself.

There was a long pause.

"So you married him," Osmond reminded her.

"Osmond!" At last she had said his name. She knew it with her mind, but how did her heart have it so ready? To him it seemed natural that she should use it, until he thought of it next day. She continued in that hurried voice that pleaded so, "I must make you see how I had thought of those things always."

"What things, dear child?"

"Loving and being loved. It was like your plants, coming to flower. There was to be one person who would give me a perfect devotion. There would be music and dancing and bright weather, day after day, year after year. That was coming to flower, like your plants."

"A rose in bloom!" he murmured.

"It was a kind of possession with me. I can't tell you what hold it took on me. There were years when I tried not to have a wrong thought or do an ugly act, so that I could be beautiful to him when he came."

"Behold, the bridegroom cometh!"

mused the voice, in involuntary comment, as if it responded to the man's own wondering mood.

"He came. He made himself irresistible to me. He knew my father first."

"Were they friends?"

"My father has no friends — not as you would understand it. He touches people at one little point. They think they have everything; but it is nothing. Still, they understood each other. My father sold me to him."

There was silence from the darkness under the tree; only she heard him breathe.

"I was to blame, too," she cried. "But I did not see it then. I truly did not see it. My father told me it was nobler and purer to go with my lover so. Marriage, he said, had been profaned a million, million times. Where was the sacrament, he asked, in a church that was all rotten? He told me so, too — Tom Fulton I went with him. I never married him." She paused for the answering voice, but it delayed. The silence itself constrained her to go on. "Do you know what Tom Fulton was?"

"He was a handsome beast."

"You never knew the half. But my father knew. He knew men. He knew Tom Fulton. And he delivered me over to the snare of the fowler. I lived a year with him. I left him. He had the accident, and I went back. He died. I thanked God."

Osmond had not often, to his remembrance, formulated gratitude to any great power, but he also said, —

"Thank God!" In a way he did not understand, she seemed to him austere in her purity and her rebellion against these bitter facts. There was no hesitation and no shame. She had only wrong to remember, not willful sin. One thing he had to know. He asked his question.

"Was Fulton — kind to you?"

"At first. Not at the last."

"How was he — not kind?"

That, too, she was apparently thinking out.

"I can hardly tell you," she said, at length. "He seemed to hate me."

"You!"

"I have seen the same thing twice, with other men and other women. You see, it was a terrible blow to him — his vanity, his pride — to stop loving me."

"I don't understand."

"You may not, ever. But he had had unworthy things in his life, attachments, those that last a short time. When he cared for me, he thought he cared tremendously. He believed it would last. But it did n't. He had nothing left to give me."

"He had gambled it away!"

"I think it hurt his pride. He could only justify himself unconsciously — it was all unconscious — by finding fault with me. By proving I was not worthy to be loved. Do you see?"

"You are a strange woman to have guessed that. You must be very clever."

"No, oh, no! It was because I thought so hard about it. For a long time, night after night, I thought of nothing else. When it died — what he called love — I thought the world died, too."

"My dear good child!"

"When he was dead, what was I to do? I thought I should sing. But my father was coming from the East with another suitor, the prince. The prince had seen me here and there for a couple of years. I had always been known as Madame Fulton. I called myself so at first, proudly, honestly. Then other people called me so, and even when I had left him, I let them do it. Peter stepped in then, honest Peter in his ignorance. He wondered why I did n't come here to Tom's people. Electra was a kind of goddess. I came. That is all." She paused.

Osmond spoke musingly.

"So you were not his wife! And Electra knew it."

"She did not know it."

"But she suspected it. She refused to own you."

"She suspected me because she knew

Tom too well. I believe he had shocked her and frightened her until his world was all evil to her. There was another reason." This was a woman's reason, and she was ashamed to have put her finger on it. Electra's proud possession of her lover and her instant revolt at his new partisanship, what was it but crude jealousy? Yet there were many things she could not even dimly understand in Electra's striving and abortive life — the emulation that reached so far and met the mists and vapors at the end. "But there was one thing I did not want," Rose cried, "their money. I never thought of it. I only thought how I might come here for a little and be at peace, away from my father. Then when Electra hated me, I had to stay, I had to fight it out. Why? I don't know. I had to. But now it's all different."

"How is it different?"

"Because she has accepted me."

"But you wanted her to accept you."

"Ah, yes, on my own word! I believe I had it in my mind to tell her the next minute, — to throw myself on her mercy, the mercy of the goddess, and beg her to see me as I was, all wrong, but innocent. It is innocent to have meant no wrong. But when she met me like an enemy, I had to fight."

"And now she has accepted you."

"Yes." The assent was bitter. "On my father's word."

"His word?"

"Yes. He stands by me. He confirms me. She asked him if I had been married to her brother. 'Yes,' said my father."

"Why?"

"The money. Always that — money, position, a pressure here, a pull there."

"Then" — his tone seemed to demand her actual meaning, "your case is won. Electra owns you."

She was on her feet gripping the back of her chair with both hands. The rough wood hurt her and she held it tighter.

"Range myself with him — my father? Sell myself in his company? No! When I was fighting before it was from bravado,

pride, mean pride, the necessity of the fight. But now when he confirms me — no, no, no."

"We must tell the truth," she heard Osmond murmuring to himself.

To her also it looked not only necessary but beautiful. There were many things she wanted to say to him, at that moment, and, as she suddenly saw, they were all in condonation of herself. Yet the passionate justice in her flamed higher as she remembered again that it was true that others had marked out her way for her. When she walked in it, it had been with an exalted sense that it was the one way to go.

"I cannot understand about the truth," she said. "I can't, even now."

"What about it?"

"Once it seemed as if there were different kinds. He told me so — my father. He always said there was the higher truth, and that almost nobody could understand. Then there were facts. What were facts? he asked. Often worse than lies."

"I don't know," said Osmond. Whatever he might say, he was afraid of hurting her. It seemed impossible to express himself without it. "Facts are all I have had to do with."

She seemed like a bewildered creature flying about in a confined space.

"You would n't say what my father does," she concluded miserably. "You would n't feel we have a right to the higher truth, if we feel great desires, great hungers the world would n't understand?"

"I only know about facts," said Osmond again. "You see, I work in my garden, all day, nearly every day in the year. I know I must sow good seed. I must nourish it. I know nature can't lie. I did n't suppose things were so incomprehensible out in the world — or so hard."

"Have n't they been hard for you?"

"For me!" He caught his breath, and immediately she knew how the question touched him. It was as monstrous as his

fate. But he answered immediately and with a gentleness without reproach, —

"Things are different for me in every way. But I should have thought you would reign over them like a queen."

"A queen! I have been a slave all my life. I see it now. A slave to other people's passions — Tom Fulton's cruelty, my father's greed."

"His greed for money? I don't always understand you when you speak of him."

"For money, power, everything that makes up life. My father is one great hunger. Give him the world and he would eat it up."

Images crowded upon her. It seemed to her that here in the silence, with the spaces of the dark about her and that voice answering, her thought was generated like the lightning.

"Do you see," she asked suddenly, "how I blame those two men, and not myself? I am the sinner. The sinner ought to own his sin. I don't know whether I have sinned or not. I believed in love, and because I believed in it, those two men betrayed me. That was how I was taught not to believe in anything."

"Don't you believe any more?"

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know!" It was a despairing cry. "There is kindness, I know that. Peter is kind. Your grandmother is the kindest person in the world. But that one thing I dreamed about — why, Osmond, that one thing was the most beautiful thing God ever made."

"Tell me more about it."

"You have thought about it, too. We can't be so much alike, you and I, and not have thought the same things."

"Are we alike?"

It was a wistful voice. She laughed, a little sorry laugh.

"Well," she said, "at least we are in our playhouse together."

"Ah!" He seemed to speak in spite of prudence. "That's not because we are alike. It is because we are different." But he went on at once, as if to keep her

from interrogating that, or even perhaps remembering it. "I have forbidden myself to think of some things. When they came upon me, I went out and dug them into the ground."

She was filled that night with an imperative sense of life. It made her forget even him and his claim to be heard. The great resolve in her to be for once understood was like a crowning wave drenching the farthest shore.

"I have never had enough of life, life," she avowed passionately. "I have always had the appearance of it, the promise that the next minute the cup would be given me. But the cup was never there. Or if it was, there was muddy water in it. The lights have never been bright enough, the music has never gone on long enough. Why?" She seemed frightened. "Is that like my father? Do I get that from him?"

"It is because you are young," said Osmond. "And because you are beautiful and the world ought to be yours — to put your foot on it."

The passion of his voice recalled her.

"No," she answered humbly. "Not to put my foot on anything. No! no! no! Playmate," she added, "you are the dearest thing in all the world."

The voice laughed out harshly. The man was lying prone at full length where she could not see him, his hands upon the earth he loved, his fostering, yet unheeding mother that had saved his life for her own service. At that moment, it seemed to him, his eye turned inward upon himself, as if there were foolish irony in that friendly comment. He looked to himself rather one of the earth forces, supremely strong, waiting for some power to guide it.

"Elemental things are no good until they are harnessed and made to work," he heard himself saying, as in a trance; and then it was apparent she had not noticed, for she went on, —

"To be able to speak to any one as I speak to you! Playmate, it seems to me men might as well kill a child

as kill women's innocent faith in love."

"But men love, too," he heard himself answering her.

"If I thought that! But when anything so beautiful turns into something base, and the creature we worshiped laughs and says it is always so, he kills something in us. And he can't bring it to life again. Neither he nor any other man can make it live. It is a dream, and the thought of it hurts us too much for us even to dream it over again. — What is that?"

Out of his web of pain he could only answer, —

"What, playmate?"

"Something sweet in the air."

That recalled him to his dear garden and the homely sanities that awaited him. He sat up and brushed the wet hair from his forehead.

"It is the lily field," he said. "A wind has risen. The flowers have been coming out to-day, and you get their scent." He laughed a little, tenderly, as at a child. "You said you never had enough of anything. You would have enough of them if you were there."

"Why should I?"

"The fragrance is so strong. You can make yourself drunk with it."

"Come, playmate! Take me there. Let us walk through them in the dark and smell them."

"No!"

"Why not?"

"It is n't good for you." He spoke seriously. "I know all about the preservatives of life, the medicines that keep us sane. I know we must n't go and smell strong lilies at ten o'clock at night. We must go home and say our prayers and brush our hair and go to bed."

"Do you say your prayers?"

"Not exactly."

"But almost?"

"Well, since I have known you, I say something or other to the heathen gods at night about making you safe and sleepy."

"The heathen gods?"

"Well, not precisely. Grannie's unknown God, I guess it is. Unknown to me!"

"Why do you say we must brush our hair?"

He laughed a little, yet soberly.

"I read it in a novel, the other day. There were two young women talking together while they brushed their hair. Then I thought of yours and how it must hang down your back like a golden fleece."

"That's in Shakespeare."

"It's in me, too. A golden mane, then."

"Do you like novels?" Suddenly she had back her absorbing curiosity over him.

"Not much. I have n't read many."

"Why?"

"It's best not. They make me discontented. Seed catalogues are better."

"But you are reading them now!"

"That's because you have come."

"What's that to do with it?"

"For the manners and customs. I want to know how young women behave."

"You know how Electra behaves."

"Electra behaves like a Puritan's god. If an early colonist had hewn him a deity out of stone, it would be like Electra."

"Poor Electra!"

"Yes. You're far happier, all fire and frost."

"But why do you read novels to find out about me? Why don't you observe me?"

"Because I don't see you in the light."

"But you will."

"Never!"

"Never, playmate? You hurt my feelings. What if we should meet face to face in the lily field at twelve o'clock to-morrow?"

He answered sternly, and she believed him.

"I should never speak to you again. You must keep faith with me, or we shall both be sorry."

"Why, of course!" Rose said it

gently, as if she wondered at him. "Of course I shall keep faith with you."

She heard him rising from his place.

"Now," he said, "you must go home."

"Why must I? The little side door is never locked."

"No, but you have been through a good deal. We must take care of you."

"I feel as if I had all the strength in the world. I could waste it and waste it and then have enough to waste again."

"It is n't altogether strength. It's fire — the fire of youth. Bank it up and let it smoulder, or it will burn you up."

"How are you so wise, playmate? You are as wise as dear grannie."

He stretched up his hands in the darkness. The face he lifted to the shrouded heavens only the unseen citizens of the night could see, the beneficent powers that nurse and foster.

"It has been my study," he said, in a tone of awe, as if he had not before thought how strange it is never to squander. "All these years I have done nothing but think of my body, how to build up here, how to husband there. So much exercise, so much sleep, so much turning away from what burns up and tears. Well, I have done it. I have made myself into something as solid as the ground, as enduring as the rocks."

"Has it been — easy?" she ventured.

"Have you liked to do it?"

"No, I have not liked to do it." Afterwards, in her own room, she thought of that question and understood the answer better. "I have never lavished anything," he said. "As soon as I saw what grannie was about, trying to give me a body to live in, I began to help her. We have done it. Sometimes I think she did it sitting there in her chair and praying to her God. I have n't done any spending. It has been all saving. But when the time comes, I shall spend it all at once."

She felt very far away from him.

"How, playmate?" she asked timidly.

He roused himself. "Never mind," he said. "That's not for us to think

about to-night. Now run home, child, and go to bed."

"But we have n't decided about me. What must I do?"

He was silent for a moment and then he said, —

"A long time ago, grannie told me what to do. She said, 'Do the thing you think God wishes you to do.'"

"But I don't know anything about God."

"Nor I, playmate. But I think very often about what grannie said."

"Have you tried to do it?"

"I have kept it in my mind."

It was her turn to brood in silence. Then she said to him, —

"It does n't seem to mean anything to you, — that thing — I told you."

"Everything you tell me means more than anything else in the world."

"But about Tom Fulton. I was not married to him. I lied about it. It is n't possible that I seem — the same — to you."

"You would always seem the same to me," he answered, — and she found herself smiling at the beauty of his voice. "How could you be different? These things are just things that happen to you. Should I like you less if you were caught in the rain, or got your pretty dress muddy?"

"How do you know it is a pretty dress?" she asked irrepressibly.

"Because it's your dress. Run home, now, and brush your hair."

She went at once, and, in spite of her doubts, lightheartedly. He made her feel, as the night did, that here in this present life, as in the outer universe, are great spaces still unexplored. Everything had possibilities. Sprinkle new pollen on a flower, and its fruit would take on other forms. Stretch out a hand and you might be led into unguessed delights, even after you were dulled with pain. Sleeping in the air even were forces to nourish and revive, dormant only because we do not call upon them. She smiled into the night, and her heart called believingly.

XIX

Madam Fulton sat on the veranda, in the shade of the vines. It was rather early in the morning, and Electra was about her methodical tasks. Billy Stark sat reading the paper, but nevertheless not failing, from time to time, to look up and give his old friend a smile. Madam Fulton could not answer it. She felt estranged in a world where she had failed to learn the values.

"Billy," she said, at length, "do you think she is right?"

"Who?"

"Electra. She says the money I got out of that pesky book is tainted money. Is it?"

Billy folded his paper and hung it over the veranda rail. His face began to pucker into a smile, but, gazing at Madam Fulton, it became apparent to him that she was really troubled. She even looked as if she had not slept. Her faint pinkness was overlaid by a jaded ivory. Her eyes interrogated him with a forlorn pleading. All his chivalry rose in arms.

"Hang the book, Florrie!" he said. "Forget it. You've had your fling with it. You wanted fun and you got it. Stop thinking about it."

"But," she persisted, "is it really true? Have I done a shocking thing, and is it monstrous to use the money?"

"You've been exceedingly naughty," said Billy. He eyed her with anxiety. "You ought to have your hands slapped, of course. Electra's done it, so far as I can see. So now let's get over crying and go out and jump rope."

"It is n't so much the book nor the money nor Electra. It's because I can't help wondering whether I'm a moral idiot. Do you think I am, Billy?"

"I think you're the gamest old girl that ever was, if you want to know. Let me have the horse put into the phaeton, Florrie, and we'll go out and jog awhile."

But she was musing. Suddenly he saw how old she looked.

"It's always been so, Billy. I never

was able to see things as other people saw them. These rules they make such a pother about never seemed so vital to me. It's all a part of life, seems to me. Go ahead and live, that's what we're in for. Growing things just grow, don't they? They don't stop and take photographs of themselves on the twenty-third day of every month. Now, do they?"

"Florrie," said her old friend, still watching her, "I'll tell you what you do. You just run away with me and come to London. We've got fifteen good years before us yet, if we take 'em soberly."

She seemed to be considering. Her face lighted.

"I could almost do it," she owned. "Electra's having me here helps out a lot, but I could almost do it — on my polluted gains."

Billy Stark looked into the distance. In his earlier years he had loved to ride and take his fences well, even when they loomed too high. He could not remember many great challenges in life; but what he had recognized, he had not refused. Everything he had met like an honest gentleman.

"Florrie," he said, "I shan't want to leave you here in Electra's clutches. You come — and marry me."

She laughed a little. It was sadly done, but the pink came back into her cheeks.

"As true as I am a living sinner, Billy," she said, "I'd do it, if I were half sure how we were coming out."

"Coming out?"

"Yes. If I thought I should be pretty vigorous up to the end, and then die in my chair, like a lady. Yes, I'd do it, and thank ye, too. But a million things might happen to me. I might be palsied and helpless on your hands, head nodding, deaf as a post — damn, Billy! I could swear."

"I might give out myself," he said generously. "You might be the one to tote the burden."

The old lady laughed again.

"The amount of it is, Billy, we're afraid. Own up. Now are n't we?"

Billy thought it over.

"I'm not so sure of that," he said contentiously. "I'm not prepared to say I'm afraid. Nor you either, Florrie. Come on, old girl. Chance it."

"I'll think it over," said Madam Fulton. The brightness had come back to her eye. So much was gained, at any rate, Billy told himself. "There's that handsome girl coming, Tom's widow. — Electra!"

Electra's scales were beginning, with a serious emphasis.

"I love to see them together," Madam Fulton said. "She makes Electra mad as hops."

Rose was coming very fast. She had the walk of women well trained, for the stage perhaps, the spring and rhythm of art superadded to nature's willingness. She wore no hat, and the sun made her bright hair brighter and brought out the tragic meaning in her face. She had been thinking in the night, and this morning forbade herself to falter. All through her fluctuating moods there had been a division of joy and dread. The perplexing questions of her past lay heavily upon her, but when she thought of Osmond, she was light as air. He made everything easy, his simplicity, his implied truth. She felt a great loyalty to what seemed good to him. Her conscious life throughout the night and morning became a reaching out of hands to him in the passionate asseveration that she would be true.

Electra came, in answer to Madam Fulton's call. She, too, was grave, but with a hint of expectation on her face. She had been looking for MacLeod. Since their meeting, she had done nothing but wait for him again. Rose was running up the steps. She glanced from one to another of them with a recognizing swiftness, and when Billy Stark rose and placed a chair for her, she thanked him with a word, and took her place behind it, her hands upon it, so that she faced them all. There was a momentary hush. Madam Fulton put up

her eyeglasses and gazed at her curiously, as if she were a species of tableau arranged for notice. Billy Stark felt uneasily as if this were one of the occasions for him to take himself away. Rose spoke rapidly, in her beautifully modulated voice, but without emotion.

"I want to tell you something. I was not his wife."

Electra was the one to show dramatic feeling. She threw her hands up slightly.

"I knew it." Her lips formed the words. Her triumphant glance went from one to another saying, "I told you so."

Rose stood there with perfect self-possession, very white now and with the chilled look that accompanies difficult resolution. She glanced at Madam Fulton, and the old lady met her gaze eagerly with an unbelieving query.

"For heaven's sake!" she ejaculated, "Electra, why don't you speak?"

"I lived with Tom Fulton as his wife," said Rose, in the same moving voice. She might have been engaged in the rehearsal of a difficult part. No one looking at her could have said whether she duly weighed what she was announcing. "I called myself his wife because I thought I had a right to. Other people would have called me a disgraced woman."

Billy Stark now, without waiting to find the step, walked off the edge of the veranda and was presently to be seen, if any one had had eyes for him, lighting a cigar in the peaceful garden. Madam Fulton had spoken on the heels of these last words. She brightened into the most cordial animation.

"This is the most extraordinary story I ever heard in my life," she commented, with relish. "Sit down, my dear, and tell us all about it."

"There is nothing more to tell," said Rose. Her eyes traveled to Electra's face, and stayed there, though the unfriendly triumph of it shook her resolution. "I had to say this because I must say, too, that I do not want money and I will not take it. I do not want to be

known as Tom Fulton's wife. I was not his wife."

"You wanted it a week ago," said Electra involuntarily. She had made up her mind not to speak, not to be severe, not to be anything that would destroy the picture Markham MacLeod must have of her in his own mind; but the words escaped her.

"That was before —" Rose stopped. She had almost said it was before her father came, but it was borne floodingly in upon her that this was not alone the reason. It was before she had felt this great allegiance to Osmond Grant.

"Your father confirms you," said Electra, yielding to her overpowering curiosity. "He says you were my brother's wife."

"My father —" Rose held her head higher — "I have nothing to do with that," she concluded. "It is the truth that I was never married."

Electra turned away and went into the house. They heard her step in the neighboring room. She had paused there by the piano, considering, in her desire to be mistress of herself, whether she should not go on with her music as if nothing had happened. But the thought of Rose and her mastery of the keys forbade that, as display, and she turned away and went upstairs, with great dignity, though there was no one by to consider the fashion of it. There she sat down by the window, to watch for Markham MacLeod. Madam Fulton had been regarding Rose with an exceedingly friendly smile. The girl looked tired, though her muscles had relaxed with Electra's going.

"Come here, my dear, and sit down," said the old lady, indicating a chair. Rose shook her head. Then, as she found herself trembling, she did sit down, and Madam Fulton laid a hand upon her knee. "You are a very interesting child," she said, with an approving emphasis. "Now what in the world made you fall in love with Tom Fulton? Did he seem very nice to you?"

"I can't talk about him," said Rose.

It seemed to her as if now his shadow might be lifted from her. "It is over. He is dead."

"Of course he's dead. It was the best thing he could do. Well, well, my dear! What made you come over here and play this little comedy for us?"

The girl's eyes had filled with tears.

"I can't tell you," she answered. It was easy to defend her cause to Osmond; not to this eager creature who wanted to read her like a curious book. But Madam Fulton was almost whispering. She looked as if she had something of the utmost importance to communicate.

"I ask you, my dear, because I am thoroughly bad myself, and it's beyond me to understand why it's so important whether we are bad or good. And I thought maybe if you could tell me — did you know you were bad before you came and Electra found you out?"

Rose was looking kindly into the vivid face.

"No," she said, "I did n't think I was bad."

"That's it!" cried the old lady, in high triumph. "We don't any of us know it till they find us out. My dear, it's the most awful system — now, is n't it? You go on as innocent as you please, and suddenly they tell you you're a criminal. It's as if you made up your mouth to whistle, walking along the road, and somebody pounces on you and tells you whistling's against the law and claps you into jail."

Rose was smiling at her now, forgetful, for the moment, of her own coil, Madam Fulton seemed to her so pathetically young and innocent of everything save untamed desires.

"What under heavens does it mean?" Madam Fulton was insisting, with the greatest irritation.

"I must go now," said Rose. "I had to tell you."

Madam Fulton kept the detaining hand upon her knee.

"But where are you going?" she insisted. "Back to France?"

"No, I shall stay in America. I shall sing."

"Do you think anybody'll want to hear you?"

"They'll love to hear me!"

Madam Fulton eyed her smilingly.

"You're a brazen hussy," she said.

"But of all things, why did you come here with your little comedy in your hand, if you did n't mean to play it out?"

"I did mean to play it," said Rose, laying her head back against the high rail of the chair. She closed her eyes, for again she felt the tears coming. "But I — got sick of it."

Madam Fulton nodded confirmingly.

"That's precisely it," she agreed.

"We do get sick of it. We get sick of conduct, good or bad. They don't, the good ones. They go on clambering, one step after another, up that pyramid, and peering over the edge to see us playing in the sand, and occasionally, if they can get a brick, they heave it at us."

"Who are the good ones?" Rose asked languidly. "Electra?"

"Electra? She's neither hot nor cold. But she's of the kind that made the system in the first place."

"Grannie is good," said Rose absently.

"Bessie Grant? Yes, she's God's anointed, if there is a God. My dear, I love to talk with you, almost as much as with Billy Stark. You come and stay with me next winter."

Rose smiled.

"There's Electra," she reminded her.

"Bless you, Electra and I don't live together! I only visit her here half the year, to save my pocket-book. That's another proof of my general unworthiness. I flout her and mad her all the time. She would n't do that to me, but she'd drive me to drink trying not to. No, I've got a little apartment in town, like a hollow tree, and I crawl into it in the winter. You come, too, and I'll introduce you to all the people I know, and you can make 'em listen while you sing."

Rose was looking at her in a moved warmth and wonder.

"How kind you are!" she breathed.

"No! no! Only when you said you were a liar, and worse, I suddenly felt the most extraordinary interest in you. I feel as if you might speak my language. I don't know that I want to do anything bad, but I don't want to be kept so nervous trying to decide whether things are bad or not. You come, my dear — unless I marry Billy Stark. I may do that. I must, if it will plague Electra."

Rose gave her a quick glance, at once withdrawn, and while she allowed the last possibility to sink into the depths of her mind, Madam Fulton was interrogating her again.

"You don't think it is possible," she was urging, with the insistence of one who sees incredible good fortune, "you don't suppose you have n't any moral sense?"

She seemed to hang upon the answer. Rose, in spite of herself and the unhappy moment, laughed.

"I hoped I had," she rejoined, "but I don't believe I ever thought much about it."

Madam Fulton nodded quite gayly.

"That's it!" she cried. "Don't you see you have n't? When they have it, they're always thinking about it. It's like a cinder in the eye. My dear, you're just as bad as I am, and I thank my stars I've met you."

But all this touch and go was a strange, poor sequel to the task of that confession. It had all turned out very small beer indeed, except so far as Electra was concerned. Electra, Rose was convinced, in a moment of sadly mirthful fancy, was upstairs setting her judgments in order and decorously glad to have been proved right.

"I'll go now," she said, rising. She felt very tired with it all. "I've told you."

"But come again, my dear," the old lady insisted. "Be sure you come again. You are so understanding, I shall miss you sadly. Come every day."

Rose went down the garden path and noted, with some irony, that Billy Stark, still smoking, turned away into the grape arbor. It looked like the shyness of decorum. She could hardly know that Billy felt unable to bear any more revelations from womenfolk. And now she said to herself, "I shall have to tell grannie and I shall have to tell Peter."

Opportunity was easy, for Peter was at that moment coming whistling along the road on the way to Electra's. When she saw him, her purpose failed. He looked so boyish, so free and happy-hearted. How could she give him a sordid secret to keep, in place of their admiring comradeship?

"Where is my father?" she asked him, when they met and Peter had pulled off his hat and salaamed before her.

"Gone down to the plantation to see Osmond."

She took fright.

"To see Osmond! How does my father know anything about him? How does he dare —"

"Osmond sent for him," said Peter, turning to walk with her. He was tossing up his stick and catching it, in love of the day. "It's the first human being Osmond has expressed an interest in. But I don't wonder. Everybody wants to see the chief."

"Why should he have sent?" she repeated to herself.

"I'll tell you something," continued Peter. "The chief will tell you when you see him. He has been summoned."

"My father?"

"Yes. He is needed."

"Where?"

"He won't tell me. But it's urgent. It means canceling his engagements here. Of course there's but one supposition."

"Russia?"

He nodded.

"I wish I could go with him," he said impetuously.

She looked at him, and his face was glowing. She had seen that look so many

times on other faces, that wistful longing for the unnamed beautiful. It was what Markham MacLeod was always calling out in faces. They might be young, they might be the faces of those who had suffered long experience, but always it was those who were hungry, either with the hunger of youth or the delay of hope, the cruelty of time. He seemed to be the great necromancer, the great promiser. Could such promises come to naught?

"To leave here?" she suggested. "To leave —" she hesitated.

"I should n't leave Electra," said Peter simply. "When I met you I was going to ask her to go with me."

She stopped and held out her hand to him.

"Go," she said. "Go to her and ask her. I wish you luck, Peter — dear Peter!"

He did not look altogether a happy lover, as he stood holding her hand. He gazed at her, she thought, sadly, as if he dreamed of things that could not be. What was it in youth that made everything into twilight, even with the drum

and fife calling to wars and victories? She was impatient with it, with deceiving life itself that promised and then lied. She took her hand away.

"Good-by, Peter," she said again, sadly now in her turn, because it occurred to her that after Peter should have seen Electra he would never again be her own good comrade. He would know. She left him standing there looking after her, and then, when he found she would not turn again, he went on his way. But Peter did not toss his stick up now. He walked slowly, and thought of what he meant to do.

They seemed to be walking with him, one on each side, Rose and Electra. It was chiefly the thought of Electra, as it had moulded him from year to year while he had been absent from her; but it was the delicate presence of the other woman, so wonderful by nature and so equipped with all the arts of life that the pleasure of her was almost pain. They seemed to keep a hand upon him, one through his fealty to her and the other by compelling and many-sided beauty.

(*To be continued.*)

A CURE FOR WINTER

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

FOR, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone —

yet the snow lies white upon the fields, the little river huddles under the ice, and a new calendar hangs against the faded wall. But the storm is spent, the sun is out, there is a cheery *drip, drip, drip* from the eaves, eggs are sixty cents a dozen, and I am writing to the golden cackle of my hens. New Year's Day and winter gone! No, not quite gone, with eggs at such a price; still, it must be plain to every one that I can have but little of

winter left: eggs are liable to come down any day.

It would be different, of course, were I buying eggs at sixty cents — all the difference between a winter-sick and a winter-well condition. Selling eggs for sixty cents is a cure, though not for poverty when one has only thirty hens; but it is a cure for winter. The virtue, however, is not in the sixty cents. There is no cure for winter in mere money. The virtue is in the eggs, or, perhaps, it is really found in keeping the hens.

Keeping the hens, and the two pigs, the horse, the cow, the four boys, and the farm, for the year around, is a sure cure for winter, and for a great many other ills. In addition to the farm, one must have some kind of a salary, and a real love for nature; but given the boys and the farm, the love will come, for it lies dormant in human nature, as certain seeds seem to lie dormant in the soil; and as for the salary, one must have a salary — farm or flat.

The prescription, then, should read:

R

A small farm of an acre or more,
A small income of a thousand or more,
A small family of four boys or more,
A real love of nature.

Sig: morning and evening chores; to be taken daily, as long as winter lasts.

This will cure. It is an old-fashioned household mixture that can be compounded in any country kitchen. But that is the trouble with it — it is a *home* remedy that cannot be bought of the apothecary. There is more trouble with it, too, largely on account of the regularity with which milking time returns and the dose of chores. But it is effective. A farm and congenial chores are a sovereign cure for uncongenial time.

Here on the farm the signs of coming winter are not ominous signs. The pensive, mellowing days of early autumn have been preparing the garden and your mind for the shock of the first frost. Once past this and winter is welcome; it becomes a physical, spiritual need. The blood reddens at the promise of it, the soul turns comfortably in and finds itself, and the digging of the potatoes commences, and the shocking of the corn, the picking of the apples, the piling up on the sunny side of the barn of the big golden squashes.

A single golden squash holds over almost enough of the summer to keep a long winter away from the farm, and the six of them in the attic, fling the rafter-room with sunshine, never allow the

hoary old monarch to show more than his face at the skylight. Pie is not the only thing one brings in with his winter squashes. He stores the ripe September in their wrinkled rinds, rinds all ridged and bossy with the summer's molten gold.

To dig one's own potatoes, to shock one's own corn, to pick one's own apples, to pile one's own squashes at one's own barn! It is like filling one's system with an antitoxin before going into a fever-plagued country. One is immune to winter after this, provided he stays to bake his apples in his own wood fire. One works himself into a glow with all this digging and picking and piling that lasts until warm weather comes again; and along with this harvest glow comes stealing over him the after-harvest peace. It is the serenity of Indian summer, the mood of the after-harvest season, upon him, — upon him and his fields and woods.

The stores are all in: the acorns have ripened and lie hidden where the squirrels will forget some of them, but where none of the forgotten will forget to grow; the winged seeds of the asters have drifted down the highways, over the hillsides and meadows; the birds are gone; the muskrats' lodge is all but finished; the hickories and the leaf-hid hepatics are budded against the coming spring. All is ready, all is safe, the stores are all in. Quiet and a golden peace lie warm upon the fields. It is Indian summer.

Such a mood is a necessary condition for the cure. Such a mood *is* the cure, indeed, for such a mood means harmony with earth and sky, and every wind that blows. In all his physical life man is as much a part of nature, and as subject to her inexorable laws, as the fields and the trees and the birds. I have seen a maple growing out of the pavement of a city street, but no such maple as stands yonder at the centre of my neighbor's meadow. I lived and grew on the same street with the maple; but not as I live and grow here on the farm. Only on a

farm does a man live in a normal, natural environment, only here can he comply with all the demands of Nature, can he find a cure for winter.

To Nature man is just as precious as a woodchuck or a sparrow, but not more. She cares for the woodchuck as long as he behaves like a woodchuck; so she cares for the sparrow, the oyster, the orchid, and for man. But he must behave like a natural man, must live where she intended him to live, and at the approach of winter he must neither hibernate nor migrate, for he is what the naturalists call a "winter resident." It is not in his nature to fly away or to go to sleep, but, like the red squirrel and the muskrat, to prepare to live up all the winter. So his original, unperverted animal instinct leads him to store.

Long ago he buried his provisions in pits and hung them up on poles. Even his vocabulary he gathered together as his word-hoard. He is still possessed of the remnant of the instinct; he will still store. Cage him in a city, give him more than he needs for winter, relieve him of all physical necessity, of all possibility of want, and yet he will store. You cannot cage an instinct nor eradicate it. It will be obeyed, if all that can be found in the way of pit and pole be a grated vault in the deep recesses of some city bank.

Cage a red squirrel and he will store in the cage; so will the white-footed mouse. Give the mouse more than he can use, put him in a cellar, where there is enough already stored for a city of mice, and he will take from your piles and make piles of his own. He must store or be unhappy and undone. One got into my cellar last winter and found it, like the cellar of the country mouse in the fable,

*Full benely stuffit, baith but and ben,
Of beirris and nuttis, peis, ry and quheit —
all of it, ready stored, so that*

Quhen ever scho list scho had aneuch to eit.

Enough to eat? Certainly; but is enough to eat all that a mouse wants? So far from being satisfied with mere meat was

this particular mouse, that, finding herself in the cellar in the midst of plenty, she at once began to carry my winter stores from where I had put them, and to make little heaps for herself in every dark cranny and corner of the cellar. A pint, or less, of "nuttis" — shagbarks — she tucked away in the toe of my hunting-boot. The nuts had been left in a basket in the vegetable cellar; the boots stood out by the chimney in the furnace-room, and there were double doors and a brick partition wall between. No matter. Here were the nuts that she had not yet stored, and out yonder was the hole, smooth and deep and dark, to store them in. She found a way past the partition wall.

Every morning I shook those nuts out of my boot and sent them rattling over the cellar floor. Every night the mouse gathered them up and put them snugly back into the toe of the boot. She could not have carried more than one nut at a time — up the tall boot-leg and down the oily, slippery inside. I should like to have seen her scurrying about the cellar, looking after her curiously difficult harvest. Apparently, they were new nuts to her every evening. Once or twice I came down to find them lying untouched. The mouse, perhaps, was away over night on other business. But the following morning they were all gathered and nicely packed in the boot as before. And as before I sent them sixty ways among the barrels and boxes of the furnace-room. But I did it once too often, for it dawned upon the mouse one night that these were the same old nuts that she had gathered now a dozen times; and that night they disappeared. Where? I wondered. Weeks passed, and I had entirely forgotten about the nuts when I came upon them, the identical nuts of my boot, tiered carefully up in a corner of the deep, empty water-tank away off in the attic.

Store? The mouse had to store. She had to, not to feed her body, — there was plenty in the cellar for that, — but to satisfy her soul. A mouse's soul, that something within a mouse which makes

for more than meat, may not be a soul at all, but only a bundle of blind instincts. The human soul, that thing whose satisfaction is so often a box of chocolates and a silk petticoat, may be better and higher than the soul of a mouse, may be a different thing now; but originally it, too, had simple, healthful instincts, and among them, atrophied now, but not wholly gone, may still be found the desire for a life that is more than something to eat and something to put on.

To be sure, here on the farm, one may eat all of his potatoes, his corn, his beans and squashes before the long lean winter comes to an end. But if squashes to eat were all, then he could buy squashes, bigger, fairer, fatter ones, and at less cost, no doubt, at the grocery store. He may need the squash, but what he needs more, and cannot buy, is the raising of it, the harvesting of it, the fathering of it. He needs to watch it grow, to pick it, heft it, and have his neighbor heft it, to go up occasionally to the attic and look at it. He almost hates to eat it.

A man may live in the city and buy a squash and eat it. That is all he can do with a boughten squash, for a squash that he cannot raise, he cannot store, nor take delight in outside of pie. And can a man live where his garden is a grocery? his storehouse a grocery? his bins, cribs, mows, and attics so many pasteboard boxes, bottles, and tin cans? Tinned squash in pie may taste like any squash pie; but it is no longer squash; and is a squash nothing if not pie? Oh, but he gets a lithograph squash upon the can to show him how the pulp looked as God made it. This is a sop to his higher sensibilities; it is a commercial reminder, too, that life even in the city should be more than pie,—it is also the commercial way of preserving the flavor of the canned squash, else he would not know whether he were eating squash or pumpkin or sweet potato. But then it makes little difference, all things taste the same in the city — all taste of tin.

There is a need in the nature of man

for many things — for a wife, a home, children, friends, and a need for winter. The wild goose feels it, too, and no length of domesticating can tame the wild desire to fly when the frosts begin to fall; the woodchuck feels it; carry him to the tropics and still he will sleep as though the snows of New England lay deep in the mouth of his burrow. The partridge's foot broadens, at the approach of winter, into a snowshoe; the ermine's fur turns snow-white. Winter is in their bones; it is good for them; it is health, not disease — with snowshoes provided and snow-colored fur.

Nature supplies her own remedies. Winter brings its own cure — snowshoes and snowy coats, short days and long nights, the narrowed round, the widened view, the open fire, leisure, quiet, and the companionship of your books, your children, your wife, your own strange soul — here on the farm.

Where else does it come, bringing all of this? Where else are conditions such that all weather is good weather, — the weather a man needs? Here he is planted like his trees; his roots are in the soil; the changing seasons are his life. He feeds upon them, works with them, rests in them, yields to them, and finds in their cycle more than the sum of his physical needs.

A man lives quite without roots in a city, like some of the orchids, hung up in the air; or oftener, like the mistletoe, rooted, but drawing his life parasitically from some simpler, stronger, fresher life planted far below him in the soil. There he cannot touch the earth and feed upon life's first sources. He knows little of any kind but bad weather. Summer is hot, winter is nasty, spring and autumn scarcely are at all, for they do not make him uncomfortable. The round year is four changes of clothes — and a tank-sprinkled, snow-choked, smoke-clouded, cobble-paved, wheel-wracked, street-scented, wire-lighted half-day, half-night something, that is neither spring, summer, autumn, nor winter.

A city is a sore on the face of nature; not a dangerous, ugly sore, necessarily, if one can get out of it often enough and far enough, but a sore, nevertheless, that nature will have nothing kindly to do with. The snows that roof my sheds with Carrara, that robe my trees with ermine, that spread close and warm over my mowing, that call out the sleds and the sleigh-bells, fall into the city streets as mud, as danger on the city roofs, — as a nuisance over the city's length and breadth, a nuisance to be hauled off and dumped into the harbor as fast as shovels and carts can move it.

But you cannot dump your winter and send it off to sea. There is no cure for winter in a tip-cart; no cure in the city. There is consolation in the city, for there is plenty of company in the misery. But company really means more of the misery. If life is to be endured, if all that one can do with winter is to shovel it and suffer it, then to the city for the winter; for there one's share of the shoveling is small, and the suffering there seems very evenly distributed.

There is neither shoveling nor suffering on the farm, no quarrel with the season. Here you have nothing to do with its coming or going further than making preparation to welcome it and to bid it farewell. You slide, instead, with your boys, do up the chores early in the short twilight, pile the logs high by the blazing chimney, and — remember that there is to be a lecture to-night by the man who has said it all in his book; there is to be a concert, a reception, a club dinner, in the city, sixteen blissful miles away — and it is snowing! You can go if you have to. But the soft tapping on the window-panes grows faster, the voices at the corners of the house rise higher, shriller. You look down at your slippers, poke up the fire, settle a little deeper into the big chair, and beg Her to go on with the reading.

And She reads on: —

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,

Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.

And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

But you will be snow-bound in the morning and cannot get to town? Perhaps; but it happened so only twice to me in the long snowy winter of 1904. So twice we read the poem, and twice we lived the poem, and twice? yes, a thousand times, we were glad for a day at home that was n't Sunday, for a whole long day to pop corn with the boys.

A farm, of all human habitations, is most of a home, and never so much of a home as in the winter when the stock and the crops are housed, when furrow and boundary fence are covered, when earth and sky conspire to drive a man indoors and to keep him in — where he needs to stay for a while and be quiet.

No problem of city life is more serious than the problem of making in the city a home. A habitation where you can have no garden, no barn, no attic, no cellar, no chickens, no bees, no boys (we were allowed *one* boy by the janitor of our flat), no fields, no sunset skies, no snow-bound days, can hardly be a home. To live in the fifth flat, at No. 6 West Seventh Street, is not to have a home. Pictures on the walls, a fire in the grate, and a prayer in blending zephyrs over the door, can scarcely make of No. 6 more than a sum in arithmetic. There is no home environment about this fifth flat at No. 6, just as there is none about cell No. 6, in the fifth tier of the west corridor of the Tombs.

The idea, the concept, home, is a house set back from the road behind a hedge or trees, a house with a yard, with

flowers, chickens, and a garden — a country home. The songs of home are all of country homes: —

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood

When fond recollection presents them to view:
The gutter, the lamp-post, the curb that ran by it,

And e'en the brass spigot that did for a well.

Impossible! You cannot sing of No. 6 West Seventh, fifth flight up. And what of a home that cannot be remembered as a song! It is not a home, but only a floor over your head, a floor under your feet, a hole in the wall of the street, a burrow into which you are dumped by a hoisting machine. It is warm inside, She is with you, and the baby and your books. But you do not hear the patter of the rain upon the roof, nor the voice of the wind in the trees; you do not see the sun go down beyond the wooded hills, nor ever feel the quiet of the stars. You have no garden, no harvest, no chores, — no home! There is not room enough about a city flat for a home, nor chores enough in city life for a living.

For a man's life consisteth not in an abundance of things, but in the particular kind and number of his chores. A chore is a fragment of real life that is lived with the doing. All real living must be lived; it cannot be bought or hired. And here is another serious problem in city life — it is the tragedy of city life, that it is so nearly all lived for us. We hire Tom, Dick, and Harry to live it; we buy it of the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker. It is not so here on the farm, for here one has the full round of life's chores, and here, on a professor's salary, one may do all the chores himself.

We may hire our praying and our thinking done for us and still live; but not our chores. They are to the life of the spirit what breathing and eating and sleeping are to the life of the body. Not to feed your own horse is to miss the finest joy of having a horse, — the friendship of the noble creature; not to "pick up" the eggs yourself, nor hoe your own

garden, nor play with your own boys! Why, what is the use of having boys if you are never going to be "it" again, if you are not to be a boy once more along with them!

There are some things, the making of our clothes, perhaps, that we must hire done for us. But clothes are not primitive and essential, they are accidental, an adjunct, a necessary adjunct, it may be, but belonging to a different category from children, gardens, domestic animals, and a domestic home. And yet, how much less cloth we should need, and what a saving, too, of life's salvage, could we return to the spinning-wheel and loom, as we go back to the farm and the daily chores!

She, harvest done, to char work did aspire,
Meat, drink and twopence were her daily hire.

And who has not known the same aspiration, — has not had a longing for mere chores, and their ample compensation? It is such a reasonable, restful, satisfying aspiration! Harvest done! Done the work and the worry of the day! Then the twilight, and the evening chores, and the soft, peaceful closing of the door! At dawn we shall go forth again until the evening; but with a better spirit for our labor after the fine discipline of the morning chores. The day should start and stop in our own selves; labor should begin and come to an end in the responsibility of the wholesome, homely round of our own chores.

Summer is gone, harvest is done, and winter is passing on its swiftest days. So swift, indeed, are the days that morning and evening meet, bound up like a sheaf by the circle of the chores. For there is never an end to the chores; never a time when they all are done; never a day when the round of them is not to be done again. And herein lies more of their virtue as a winter cure.

Life is not busier here than elsewhere; time is not swifter, but more enjoyable, because so much of life is left unfinished and time is thrown so much more into the future. There is no past on the farm;

it is all to come; no sure defeat, but always promise; no settled winter, but always the signs of coming spring.

To-day is the first of February, snowy, brilliant, but dripping with the sound of spring wherever the sun lies warm, and calling with the heart of spring yonder where the crows are assembling. There is spring in the talk of the chickadees outside my window, and in the cheerful bluster of a red squirrel in the hickory. No bluebird has returned yet: spring is not here; not quite, I hope, but it is coming, and so near that I shall drop my pen and go out to the barn to put together some new beehives, for I must have them ready for the spring. Winter! The winter is almost gone. Why, it is barely a month since I brought my bees into the cellar, and here I am taking them out again — in prospect.

The hives have just come from the factory "in the flat:" sawed, planed, dovetailed, and matched — a delightful set of big blocks — ready to be nailed together. You feel a bit mean, keeping them from the children. But the oldest of the boys is only six, and he had a walking bear for Christmas. Besides, when you were a *little* boy you never had many blocks, and never a walking bear. So you keep the hives. And how suddenly the February day goes! You hammer on into the deepening dusk, and the chickens go to roost without their supper. You would have hammered on all night, but the hives ran out. Five hives won't last very long; and you sigh as they stand finished. You could wish them all

in pieces to do over again, so smooth the stock, so fragrant the piny smell, so accurate and nice the parts from cover to bottom board!

Winter! with January gone, and February two days short! It is all a fiction. You had dreams of long evenings, of books, and crackling fires, and days shut in. It still snows; there is something still left of the nights; but not half enough, for the seed catalogues are already beginning to arrive.

The snow lies a foot deep over the strawberry bed and the frozen soil where the potatoes are to be. Yet the garden grows — on paper? No, not on paper, but in your own eager soul. The joy of a garden is as real in February as in June.

And so the winter goes. For if it is not the garden and the bees, it is some of a thousand other chores that keep you busy and living past the present — and past the present is the spring.

I am watching for the phoebes to return to the shed — they are my first birds. I long to hear the shrill piping of the March frogs, to pick a blue hepatica from beneath the pines — for these are some of the things, besides cheaper rent, more room, more boys, fresh air, quiet, and a cow, that one lives for here on the farm. But I am not waiting, winter-sick, for I have stored the summer in attic and cellar; I am already having my spring — in prospect; and as for the actual winter, the snow-bound days are all too few for the winter-joys of this simple, ample life, here in the quiet, among the neighbor fields.

THE ULTRA-VIOLET MICROSCOPE

BY HOLLIS GODFREY

To that rude scientist in dim historic time who first acquired the knowledge of a simple lens, how strangely must have come the wizardry of magnifying-glass. Before his wondering eyes his hand was doubled, blades of grass grew great, an insect seemed a monster. And when one day a brilliant dragon-fly fluttered within the microscopic field, what startled awe must have arisen in the gazer's soul to find upon its wings slight cords and filaments, veinings and colorings never before conceived. Yesterday our microscopic lore had reached a boundary, set fast as that which held mankind before those first experiments with light released the world until then hidden from the naked eye. The microscope of glass, with sunlit field, had come as near perfection as the hand and brain of man could reasonably achieve. To-day a single leap into the unknown dark gives new and living empires up to light, doubles the power of any microscope ever produced, revolutionizes the study of the infinitely small. A new aid to scientific discovery has done all this, a microscope with quartz lenses, using light far beyond all visible light, that of the ultra-violet.

Light comes to us in spherical waves which rise and fall like the restless waves of the sea. Still clinging to the old nomenclature, we speak of it as coming in rays as well as in waves. A convex lens, such as a burning glass, holds from its shape the power to take the light rays of the sun and bring them to a focus. So the camera, by use of a similar simple lens, takes the image of a summer landscape, transfers the light waves which proceed from tree or rock, and prints them on a plate covered with sensitive film. In both these cases the object is comparatively distant from the lens.

Used thus, the simple lens converges light and concentrates its power. Change the distance between the object and the convex glass, bring it close, and the simple microscope results, which, like a reading glass above a printed page, diverges light from every letter and magnifies each word to twice or thrice its size. Instead of concentration, such usage gives diversion, and the printed word beneath the lens has, to our eye, swollen, widened and lengthened. If we combine these powers, and, having placed one lens to concentrate our light, use another like it to enlarge the image given by the first, we have a compound visual microscope. This microscope possesses in its simple form two lenses only: one placed directly above the object to be magnified and taking from that cause its name, "objective;" a second, the "eye-piece," below the eye, which magnifies yet more the object which the first has thrown into its range.

The light for such a microscope comes from the white light of the sun, or from its substitutes, the artificial lights of daily life. The rays which reach the instrument from window or from arc are caught on a reflector which directs them upward, passing them through a transparent slide on which the specimen rests. This object, being opaque, is seen through the lenses by reason of its contrast with the light around.

Two factors determine what a microscope can do: the light illuminating the object to be seen, the lenses, mirrors, or prisms which transmit its rays. Given the light most favorable for magnification, — given, too, the substance which will most perfectly transmit that light, — and the ideal microscope comes nearest to attainment. The microscope from which have come the vast advances of the

years past used sunlight, transmitted through, and by means of, glass. The microscope of the future, the ultra-violet, uses waves invisible to mortal eye, and transmits them through fused quartz.

To recognize the reasons for the change from old to new, we must understand that the crux of the problem, the reason why one microscope is better than another, lies in the resolving power of the instrument, its ability to separate two points closely together. Simple enough this seems, an act which we unconsciously perform every time we read a letter from a friend, separating *a* from *n* and *d* from *l*. Carry the matter further and new conditions rise. Take a beetle shining with gold and crimson armor. To the naked eye it shows a broad design. A simple lens gives definition to each varied part. Here are ridges, lines, and tracteries. More powerful microscopes take up the work. Tiny crevasses now appear. Small differences in size and shape before unnoted suddenly spring into view. Each microscope, more powerful than the one before, presents new wealth of vision clarified! And as each latest, greatest telescope gives myriads of new stars to add to our known universe, so each increase in microscopic power gives realms unknown before, and all because of one supremely simple fact, — two points so close together that man has never seen them as two points before stand now distinct and separate.

Bit by bit, step by step, the cunning polishers of glass, the wise men who by mathematics figured out each lens, advanced on microscopic lines. Decade after decade showed microscopes revealing more, till in these latter years the limit of the instrument which used our common light was practically achieved. To pass that limit, new theories of construction must be opened, using the new beliefs in light transmission for which Abbé and others had done so much. Wonderful indeed are those conceptions which were ready for the worker's hands.

The gleaming wonder of the spectrum,

shown by the filmy rainbow arch or cast by prismatic glass on wall or floor, had sorely puzzled many a philosopher ere Newton, with his master mind, took up the task of elucidation. He placed a prism so that it barred the path of light rays from the sun. They entered white. They emerged broken into a million wavering bands which ranged upward from red through orange, yellow, green, blue, and indigo, to violet. That showed that white light must be made from all those parts. But Newton went still farther. He took the glimmering strands of color just achieved and passed them through a lens. Issuing from the rounded glass, the light came forth pure white as when it first entered the prism. So Newton proved that white light broken down gives all the colors of the spectrum, and conversely showed that all the colors of that spectrum joined produce white light. On the swiftness with which the light of any color reaches the eye depends the color sensation which we feel. A crimsoning sunset and the light green of the spring woods differ only, in color, by the rapidity of the waves. Red is the slowest color of the spectrum. Violet is the swiftest. Down far below the lowest wave of red we know that energy of similar kind exists, a light invisible, the infra-red. At the other end of the spectrum, far above the shimmering violet, range yet other invisible light waves, the waves of the ultra-violet. These are the shortest and the swiftest waves of all. It is a fact easily susceptible of proof that the swifter or shorter the wave, the greater the resolving power of any microscope, the closer together the points which it can separate. On that fact rest the principles which underlie the discovery of the new instrument.

White light is far slower than much of the ultra-violet light. It was not long, therefore, before scientific research began to turn towards the upper regions of the spectrum, seeking a source of illumination which should produce a new microscope. The experimenters who entered

upon this work were not many in number, but the chief centre of investigation was one known for its microscopes from Tokio to St. Petersburg, and from Buenos Ayres to San Francisco, — the house of Carl Zeiss of Jena. Dr. A. Köhler of their scientific staff designed the apparatus. Dr. M. von Rohr, another member of their staff, worked out the difficult computation of the objectives. At first the work progressed along the lines of violet light, which contains the shortest visible waves of the spectrum. As the research went on, however, it turned gradually but certainly towards the use of the ultra-violet. No simple problem lay before the workers. Microscopes had always depended upon the sun for light, and the use of a new illuminant meant an overturn of the work of many years. To obtain a microscope which should successfully substitute ultra-violet for white light, required a whole series of changes and developed new requirements which appeared in succession.

It was of the first importance to secure a source of energy which would give a constant unvarying supply of ultra-violet waves. Fortunately there was such a source at hand. If we pass an electric current between two poles made up of either metallic cadmium or magnesium, that is to say, if we form either a cadmium or a magnesium arc lamp, there will be given off a number of light waves, visible and invisible. Among these latter waves are some of the shortest and swiftest, and, as a result, some of the most useful of the ultra-violet. One serious difficulty with white light has always been what is known as chromatic aberration, its constant tendency to break down into its component colored parts. Look at an ordinary pin through a common lens, and see the red, yellow, or blue of the spectrum appear around it. The lens, unable to transmit the white light from the pin as a whole, has broken it down into its component parts as it passed through. For that reason, the matter of chromatic aberration has been a fruitful and con-

tinual source of trouble in glass lenses. It seemed especially advisable to do away with mixtures of colors in this new microscopic work, and to get rid of illumination made up of waves of different rapidity. That could not be done with white light or composition light, but it could be accomplished by taking a wave of a single length out of the ultra-violet. If that could be achieved, a light of a single tone would be obtained which could not break down when passed through lens or prism, because there was nothing for it to break into.

To separate out such a monochromatic ultra-violet light, to get it where it would illuminate the object below the microscope, and to pass it through the microscope itself, some substance other than glass had to be used. Glass, permeable as it is to white light, is opaque to ultra-violet waves. Place a bit of glass across the path of such rays and you raise as complete a barrier as if you raised a wall of iron. The search for some substance which would transmit these waves was long and arduous. It was ultimately found. Fused quartz would let the waves pass through. With that discovery, the two major difficulties were practically settled. The ultra-violet source of illumination was certain to give a far greater resolving power than white light had ever given. It would pass through quartz as white light does through glass. By quartz prisms the experimenter separated out a single-toned wave of ultra-violet light, passed it up to a quartz reflector, sent it from there through a slide, and finally through quartz lenses. At the slide where the object to be examined rests, be that object what you will, a colony of typhoid germs, or a group of blood corpuscles, opens a whole new set of difficulties. As ultra-violet waves are invisible to the human eye the appearance of an object illuminated by that light makes the word "illuminated" seem a misnomer. We see nothing but blackness. That lack of visual power might years ago have been a barrier, but now photo-micrography,

the art of photographing with a microscope, is so advanced that it offers an easy solution of that question. Photography can be accomplished without white light. Not only can it be accomplished, but it is far easier when done with ultra-violet waves, since the essential rays of white light which break down the chemical salts, and impress the image on a photographic plate, are the so-called actinic rays. These are found in greater quantity in the waves above the violet than in those below it. Photo-micrography, which uses the ultra-violet, gives beautifully sharp, clearly-defined images.

There is, however, another lion in the way before this process can be used. A camera or a microscope must be focused, the lenses must be so placed as to give a clear sharp image on the plate. When the eye can bring a sharp image from a blurred outline, focusing is a simple matter; but here, when the eye is of but little avail, it becomes a tedious and difficult process. An approximate focus can be obtained from that property of the ultra-violet waves by which they impart a glow, fluorescence, to uranium glass. In focusing by this process, a piece of uranium glass is placed on the slide on which the object is to rest, the light is turned on, and the microscope adjusted as the glow sharpens or grows dull. This is, however, more or less of an expedient. For more careful work, a series of films are exposed in succession. The focus is changed and noted for each exposure, and the one giving the sharpest image is chosen.

More than one microscopic tool which has proved a useful servant in the past becomes with ultra-violet light a serious hindrance. The ordinary microscopic slide on which the specimen rests is of glass, sealed with Canada balsam, a substance through which light passes exactly as it does through glass. Such a slide placed beneath an ultra-violet microscope instantly cuts off all illumination. None of the waves will pass through. Therefore the slides, like everything else

through which the ultra-violet waves pass, were necessarily made of quartz. The old liquids which held the specimens were likewise impassable to the rays. To obviate this, a mounting fluid, a substance which would afford a food and home for germ growths, was prepared by using a solution of salt with agar (a nutrient), in distilled water. This mounting fluid gave nutrition, non-distortion, and, most of all, transparency to the rays.

When all these changes had been completed, a microscope was obtained of practically the shape and construction of a compound microscope, having eyepiece and objective of fused quartz instead of glass, having quartz prisms for transmission instead of glass mirrors, and slides of quartz instead of glass. The source of illumination had become short, swift, single-toned waves of ultra-violet, instead of long complex waves of white light. What will this instrument do? It will do just double what the old can accomplish. It will show an image of objects just half the size of the smallest the most powerful visual microscope in the world can show. Reduce it to that essential necessity already stated, the ability of the microscope to separate two points near together, and the figures show the tremendous advance. With glass lenses and visible light, the ultimate boundary for separating two such points is one twenty-thousandth of a centimeter. With quartz lenses and ultra-violet waves it is half that, one forty-thousandth of a centimeter. At one bound the new microscope has added one hundred per cent to the power of the old.

If the new microscope did nothing more than that it would be one of the great advances of the century, but there inheres in it another power which promises great future use to medical and biological science,—its action on organic tissue and micro-organic life. The science of microscopy, much as it has given to the world of knowledge which has to do with body-building, with disease, and with the infinitesimal inhabitants of our

world, has been at best a science of dead things. As the astronomer gazes at a dead world on the moon, so the microscopist has gazed through his lenses at a bacterial world made up of dead microorganisms, and of organic tissue hardened and distorted from its natural form. With the visual microscope such conditions were inevitable. The light of day would not show tissue properly until it had been so hardened and fixed by the fluids used in preparation that its normal appearance was gravely altered. It would not show cavity or bacterial form until some colored liquid which mapped out the specimen was injected into it. Such liquid perforce killed the specimen, yet it was essential to proper examination. To recognize the necessity for this, suppose for a moment that we desire to study the structure of a jelly fish. As we hold the semi-transparent mass up to the light, the cavities within by no means show their whole structure or extent. If, however, we could inject into them some brilliant crimson fluid which would fill every channel, we can readily imagine that every tube and hollow would stand out, mapped in red upon the yielding surface. So staining, for microscopic use, mapped out the specimen in the slide and gave clear definition, but as it gave that definition it killed or changed the substance.

As the experimenters carried on the new work and at last forced the light of the ultra-violet through every part, they first tried specimens prepared as for the visual microscope, but, to their surprise, they found that every kind of treatment, such as hardening, mounting, staining, made the specimen absolutely opaque to the rays. No result could be obtained. They went from prepared specimens back to fresh and live specimens. Right there developed one of the most interesting features of the whole matter, the fact that ultra-violet light is selectively absorbing. Just what does that mean? Simply this, that this light is so extremely sensitive to minute

changes in the thickness of any substance through which it passes, that the slightest difference in density makes a marked difference on a photographic plate exposed to that light. Every hollow, every cavity of tissue must have a boundary wall to separate it from the flesh or tissue about it, and those walls must be thicker than the surrounding mass. With rays far more potent than those of white light the ultra-violet maps out the whole interior of a specimen, and shows the boundaries of every part. In like fashion a red staining fluid might map our jelly-fish example, or would map a microscopic specimen. That opens instantly, not only the world of organic tissue, unhardened, unmounted, and unstained, but it also opens a wide untrodden field, the study of the living bacteria. Sunlight would not reveal the history of the living germ. The ultra-violet can trace that history from its beginning to its end.

With the new microscope we can imbed a typhoid bacillus in a solution where it can live its allotted time of existence under constant observation. We are able to study germ processes of growth, methods of reproduction, the spread of disease, and the effects of inoculation. The winding way of the blood corpuscles, of those myriad travelers which carry with them disease and cure, can be traced as never before. The struggle between the toxins and the anti-toxins opens to our view. Once more, the ultra-violet microscope has not opened up a single road. It has opened up a new world.

No advance in science moves with ordered ease. Each new achievement comes from constant struggle, from a persistent overcoming of obstacles. The new microscope has been no exception to this rule. The effect of ultra-violet light upon living matter seemed at first a barrier which might check the onward movement. It was claimed that these rays, having serious physiological effects, would kill protoplasm and render it opaque to the short waves of light. This theory has now been proved incorrect. In recent experi-

ments typhoid bacilli were exposed to ultra-violet rays without harm for some forty minutes, an exposure distributed through a period of three hours. The focusing still remains a serious obstacle. Whether it be done by fluorescence, or by the taking of a series of photographs, the two methods already described, the process is long and vexing. The preparation of specimens has been difficult in the extreme, and the evolution of satisfactory mounting media, a matter of recent development, is still under discussion.

Until we have one vital piece of evidence, complete proof of what this microscope can do will be impossible. For that we should possess a complete series of comparison pictures, showing numerous instances of the same subject taken by ultra-violet and by white light under precisely similar conditions. An apparatus which will give us such an ocular demonstration is now under process of construction, and we shall in time have plates which show the exact relative values of old and new. Then pictures will tell the tale. Until that time we

shall have to do our best with words.

So ends the beginning of the story. Only the beginning, for years of patient labor, tens and hundreds of researches, will not complete the tale. Yet a great thing has been done. The black spots on the earth-maps that stand for unexplored countries are growing smaller and smaller. The light is vastly greater than the shrinking dark. Few strange lands are left for the geographer to chart or for the explorer to search out. But in another world, the world of science, all about the light of the explored hang heavy clouds of the unexplored. Not a science but is inclosed by a blackness of unknown extent, which hides many of the basic truths of each individual branch of the study of nature and her laws. What is electricity? What is the ultimate composition of matter? What is life? How that list could be extended! Every now and then by patient search a key is found that unlocks a door in the black wall, and a great new country is opened to the explorer. Such a key has been found in the ultra-violet microscope.

UPON READING AN APPRECIATION OF ALDRICH

BY HARRISON S. MORRIS

FROM the hard clamor of the brazen throat,
Man's moving legions in the metal street, —
How shall we find the tranquil old retreat
With thatchen quiet and the robin's note?
How shall we fly from millionaires that bloat
The yellow acres into pits of wheat,
Distilling commerce from the crocus sweet,
Straining a profit from the Shepherd's oat?

Ah, into thy cool close of verdurous verse,
Aldrich, I turn and find a green recess
Where the pure simples of Parnassus nurse
Mine ear offended, and my heart's distress —
Where rumble of the inevitable hearse
Stirs not a leaf of life's seclusiveness.

THE REVIVAL OF THE POETIC DRAMA

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

THE divorce between poetry and the drama is acknowledged to be most unfortunate for both parties to the matrimonial contract; and those of us who have a warm regard for either of them cannot help hoping that they may be persuaded soon to make up their quarrel and get married again. The theatre is flourishing more abundantly than ever before; and the prose-drama of modern life, dealing soberly and sincerely with the present problems of existence, has at last got its roots into the soil, and is certain soon to yield a richer fruitage. Perhaps it is even not too much to foresee the possibility of a speedy outflowing of the drama in the next half-century, in the English language as well as in the other tongues. In all the earlier epochs of dramatic expansion, in Athens, in London, and in Madrid, in France under Louis XIV and again under Louis Philippe, the masterpieces of the art have been truly poetic, in theme and in treatment. Have we any reason to suppose that our coming drama will also be poetic, both in essentials and in externals?

If the law of supply and demand were as potent in the arts as it is in commerce we should be justified in expecting that return of the poetic drama which is eagerly awaited by all who cherish the muses. But when we station Sister Anne on the watchtower and when we keep on asking if she sees any one coming, we ought to have in our own minds a clear vision of the rescuer we are looking for. When we cry aloud for the poetic drama, what is it that we stand ready to welcome? Of course, we do not mean that bastard hybrid, the so-called closet-drama, the play that is not intended to be played. A mere poem in dialogue, not destined for performance by actors, in a theatre, and be-

fore an audience, may have interest of its own to the chosen few who can persuade themselves that they like that sort of thing; but it is not what the rest of us want. The poetic drama, in its most splendid periods, has always been adjusted to the playhouse of its own time. It has always been dramatic, first of all, and its poetry has been ancillary to its action. In the theatre, and not only in the library, do we desire now to greet the noble muse of tragedy with her singing robes about her.

The closet-drama is like poverty in that it is always with us; and it is far removed from the poetic drama which we hoped to see revived in our language. But what is the exact nature of this poetic drama that we long for? It is not — or at least it ought not to be — a sort of dramatized historical novel, full of high deeds and pretty words, a costume-play in blank verse, as empty of true poetic inspiration as the *Virginius* of Sheridan Knowles or the *Richelieu* of Bulwer-Lytton. In the illuminating address on "Literature and the Modern Drama" which Mr. Henry Arthur Jones delivered at Yale in the fall of 1906, he asserted that playgoers on both sides of the Atlantic have a notion that a costume-play, with its scenes laid anywhere except in the last half-century and its personages talking "a patchwork diction, compounded of every literary style from Chaucer to a White-chapel costermonger," has a literary distinction and a profound significance "which rank it immeasurably above the mere prose play of modern everyday life," and which give to the ravished spectator an elevation of mind and "a vague but gratifying sense of superiority."

Probably this notion is to be found in the heads of not a few playgoers, pleased

with the belief that they are revealing themselves possessed of fine literary discrimination when they pay their money to behold a costume-play in blank verse. But the clothes of long ago and the lines of ten syllables have no power in themselves to confer literary merit, even when they are united. These are but the trappings of the muse, often laid aside when she warms to her singing. They may deck a play wholly artificial, unreal, false to life, — and therefore wholly devoid of literature. It ought to be evident to all of us that an unpretending farce, which has happened to catch and to fix a few of the foibles of the moment, is really more worthy of serious critical consideration than a tawdry melodrama, bombasted with swelling sonorities and peopled by heroes strutting in the toga or stiff in chain-armor. It ought to be evident also that this farce, in so far as it has its roots in reality, is a better augury for the future of the drama and may have even more of the genuine literary quality than the more pretentious costume-play in blank verse, illumined by no gleam of the light that never was on land or sea.

Poetry, essential poetry, is not a matter of versifying only. Many a play in verse is prosy, whether written in French alexandrines or in English pentameters. Many a play in humble prose is shot through and through with the radiance of poesy. Perhaps the most truly poetic dramas of the end of the nineteenth century are the little pieces of M. Maeterlinck; and neither the *Intruder* nor *Pelleas and Melisande* is in verse. Certainly the most poetic plays of the middle of the nineteenth century are the delicious fantasies of Alfred de Musset; and *On ne badine pas avec l'amour*, and its fellows, did not need the aid of verse. And it would be easy to give many another example. Aldrich's *Judith*, for instance, which is in verse, is not only less dramatic, it is in a way less poetic than his *Mercedes*, which is in prose. More significant still is the fact that the most charmingly lyric of all the comedies of Shake-

speare, *As You Like It*, filled with the fragrance of young love and of perennial springtime, is very largely in prose. So is the sleep-walking scene of *Lady Macbeth*, tense with tragic emotion 'lifted to the loftier altitudes of poetry.

It may not be too bold to suggest that Shakespeare knew what he was about. He had the right instinctive feeling; and he varied his instrument as the spirit moved him. Nothing will better repay study than the skill with which Shakespeare, in *Julius Cæsar*, for example, commingled blank verse and rhythmic prose and the plainer speech of every day, giving the verse to his nobler characters, Brutus and Cassius and Antony, letting the cadence of balanced sentences fall from the lips of those less important, and bestowing the simplest words on the mob of ruder citizens. A modern dramatic poet could scarcely have refrained from sustaining the whole of *As You Like It* and *Macbeth* and *Julius Cæsar* at the higher level of blank verse. And even Shakespeare's contemporaries had not his instinctive art. Massinger, for one, often used verse in plays of contemporary life, such as the *New Way to pay Old Debts*, which demanded rather the realistic directness of prose. This has led astray so many of the later imitators of the Elizabethans, — Sheridan Knowles, for example, whose *Hunchback* is in the blankest of verse.

The dramatic poets of the other modern languages have sometimes fallen into the same error. Augier's *Paul Forestier* deals with a highly emotional situation in modern life; but it loses more than it gains from its verse. Ibsen eschewed verse after he had written *Love's Comedy*, which is the least significant of all his modern plays; and he declared that prose was not only more appropriate to plays of contemporary character but incomparably more difficult. And who would venture to deny the title of poet to Ibsen? There is a stern and austere poetry even in *Ghosts*, while *When We Dead Awaken* is an almost ethereal alle-

gory. To recall these instances is to suggest a question. Do we not need to broaden our conception of poetry and at the same time to narrow it? We ought to be able to see that *When We Dead Awaken* and the *Intruder* and *On ne badine pas* are truly poetry, although in prose, whereas *Richelieu* and *Virginius* are emphatically prose, although in verse. It is not the cowl that makes the monk, said the mediæval proverb. Perhaps it may seem like bad manners to look Pegasus in the mouth; but it is good sense to see that he is entered for the right race before we bestride him.

Although the dramatic poets of other modern languages have also made the mistake of employing verse when prose would have served their purpose better, it is the dramatic poets of the English language who have most often been guilty of the blunder. And this is due, no doubt, to the weight of the example set by the Elizabethan dramatists. What these earlier poets did spontaneously, the later bards have striven to do by main strength. Most of the Elizabethans used blank verse indiscriminately, whether their theme was poetic or not. Even Shakespeare employed it in handling subjects essentially unpoetic, as in *All's Well* and *Measure for Measure*. It is a question whether the overwhelming influence of the Elizabethans has not hampered the true development of a later English poetic drama. They set a standard; and they have been copied in their defects no less than in their virtues. Indeed, their defects have proved far easier of imitation than their finer qualities. Many of these failings are due to the fact that the Elizabethan drama is not really modern; it is semi-mediæval, being composed in accordance with the primitive conditions of the theatre of those spacious days, only a little more advanced than the platform in the market-place that served for the clumsier mysteries.

Our modern theatres, for which our poets must write, since the semi-mediæval playhouse has ceased to be, are very

different; they are roofed and lighted; they have a stage set with painted scenery and seen through a picture-frame; and they impose conditions on the modern playwright very different from those which the Elizabethan playhouse imposed on the Elizabethan playwright. This may be a gain or it may be a loss; beyond all question it is a fact. Just as the drama of the Athenians would have been a bad model for the Elizabethans, so the drama of the Elizabethans is a bad model for the poets of to-day. This is not only because the earlier English plays were conditioned by the earlier English theatre but also because certain mediæval traditions survived, with the result that much that was not truly dramatic was tolerated in a play, and even expected. The stage might then be on occasion a pulpit or a lecture-platform, and the play might be also a rival of a dime novel or of a yellow journal. The absence of scenery tempted the poet to passages of pure description, just as the presence of actors who had been choir-boys tempted him to lyrics introduced often for their own sake. Nowadays the drama has shed these extraneous elements and is sufficient unto itself. The actors of our time have very rarely had a training as singers also; and the scenery of our time renders it needless for a poet to indulge in description.

The drama has cast out all that is undramatic and it has now no room for anything but the action and the characters. It is compacter than ever before; and it rejects not only description but also narrative. Its duty is to show what was done and the consequences of the deed; and it has neither time nor space for narrative for its own sake, however beautiful in itself. Here is one weakness of modern poets who write plays, — Mr. Stephen Phillips, for one. His verse is often epic or lyric or idyllic rather than dramatic. He is felicitous in polished narrative and in suggestive description, but he more rarely achieves the stark boldness of vital drama, when the speaker has no time and

no temper for fanciful comparisons or adroit alliterations, and when his phrase ought to flash out suddenly like a sword from its scabbard. His lines have often a beauty of their own, but it is a conscious and elaborate beauty, out of place when the action tightens and a human soul must be bared by a word. They lack that unforced simplicity, that colloquial ease, that inevitable naturalness which grip us in the great moments of Shakespeare.

How unadorned are the words of Viola and how full of meaning and of melody also, when she has told the Duke of her alleged sister's unspoken love. He asks,

But died thy sister of her love, my boy ?

And she answers, —

I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too; and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady ?

Consider also how free from fine language and phrase-making, how completely devoid of simile and metaphor, and yet how vitally poetic, is the parting of Romeo from Juliet: —

Juliet. I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Romeo. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Juliet. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,

Remembering how I love thy company.

Romeo. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.

The poetic drama which we are hoping for is not the closet-drama; it is not the mere costume-play in blank verse; it is not the empty imitation of the Elizabethan formula. Then what is it, if it is none of these things? It is a play composed in accordance with the conditions of the modern theatre, whether in verse or in prose matters little, but poetic in theme and poetic in treatment, as well as dramatic in theme and dramatic in treatment. It is a play at once truly poetic and truly dramatic, — only this and nothing more. It will not be a play like several of Hugo's, in which a framework

of melodrama is draped with lyric splendor. It will not be a play with a commonplace subject decked with fine phrases and stuccoed with hand-made verses. It must be lifted up into poetry by the haunting beauty of its story. It cannot be made vitally poetic by any merely lyrical decoration. The story need not be strange or exotic or unusual; it may even be a tale of to-day and of every day, one of the old, old tales that are forever renewing their youth. Dramatic art has a right to follow the practice of pictorial art, when, in Whistler's sincere words, it was "seeking and finding the beautiful in all conditions and all times, as did her high priest Rembrandt when he saw picturesque grandeur in the Jews' quarter of Amsterdam and lamented not that its inhabitants were not Greeks."

The poetic drama which we are awaiting eagerly must be keenly dramatic and truly poetic; but it must not plead its poetry as an excuse for mere foolishness, and it must not give us characters who are not governed by common sense at the crucial moments of the action. The principle by which the dramatic poet must always be guided has been clearly laid down by Professor Lounsbury in his illuminating analysis of *A Blot in the Scutcheon*: "The plot may be what you please. The story upon which it is based may be so far from probable that it verges on the impossible. But this, while objectionable, can be pardoned. What is without excuse is to find the characters acting without adequate motive; or, if the motive be adequate, to find them acting in the most incomprehensible way for rational beings." The acute critic then pointed out that Shakespeare is almost always unerring in his observance of this dramatic propriety. "The plot of his play may rest upon a story which is simply incredible, as is notably the case in the *Merchant of Venice*. All that Shakespeare asks is that the story shall be one which his hearers are willing to accept as likely to happen, whether in itself likely or not. This granted, there is no

further demand upon our trust in him as opposed to our judgment. We say of every situation: This is the natural way for the characters as here portrayed to think and feel and act. The motives are sufficient; the conduct that follows is what we have a right to expect."

When this test is applied to Browning's play we are told that "the characters throughout scrupulously avoid doing what they might reasonably be expected to do; while the things they might naturally be expected to avoid are the very things which they do not seem to conceive the idea of refraining from doing. The play consequently violates every motive which is supposed to influence human conduct; it outrages every probability which is supposed to characterize human action." In other words, Browning in *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* has a perfectly possible story, which he has chosen to people with characters arbitrarily unnatural in their conduct, whereas Shakespeare in the *Merchant of Venice* has an almost impossible story, carried on by characters unflinchingly natural. In Browning's play, "we are in a world of unreal beings, powerfully portrayed; for the situations are exciting, and the pathos of the piece is harrowing. But the action lies out of the realm of the reality it purports to represent, and therefore out of the realm of the highest art," — that realm of the highest art which easily includes Shakespeare's play in spite of the incredibility of its story.

Abundance of poetry, of power, of pathos will not excuse paucity of common sense in the conduct of the personages of the play. No bravura fervor of phrase will palliate sheer foolishness of deed. This defect may be more or less hidden from us when we read the play in the library, but it stands out undisguised and naked when we see the story bodied forth on the stage. There is then no excuse for any effort to apologize for it or to gloss it over. It is fatal, for the massed spectators in the theatre have sharp eyes and plain tongues and they resent every

effort to make them admire a play which they find revolting to their everyday knowledge of human nature.

Nothing is more unfortunate for the future of the poetic drama than the frequent attempts of "superior persons" to dragoon the ordinary playgoer into the theatre to behold a play which he is certain not to enjoy. He resents being berated for not admiring that which has annoyed him by its artificiality or bored him by its clumsiness.

The attitude taken by many merely literary critics after performances of *Pippa Passes* or the *Sunken Bell* is distinctly harmful to the cause they have at heart. If these performances wearied the spectator, as they indisputably did, and if the spectator is scolded because he has failed to appreciate these alleged poetic dramas, the spectator is very likely to stay away the next time these merely literary critics seek to browbeat him into the theatre to see another poetic drama. Perhaps it is just as well for us all to remember not only that the playgoer knows what he likes, but also that he knows very definitely what he does not like. When he goes to the playhouse he wants to see a play peopled with recognizable human beings and affording him the kind of pleasure he expects in the theatre. He has no objection to poetry, if poetry is added to the play. He rejects poetry unhesitatingly, when he finds it proffered as a substitute for a play. He is in the present very much what he was in the past. The playgoers of Shakespeare's time did not have to be coerced into paying to see *As You Like It* and *Hamlet*; they went gladly, for they had been told that they would get their money's worth. The playgoers of Mr. Barrie's time have flocked to see *Peter Pan*, a truly poetic play, compounded of fantasy and reality.

And the example of Mr. Barrie is suggestive; he has succeeded on the stage because he has mastered its mysteries. We cannot expect a rebirth of the poetic drama until our poets turn playwrights or our playwrights develop into poets.

The poets must go to school in the theatre and learn the craft of the playmaker in his own workshop, as Mr. Barrie has done and as Victor Hugo did when he set himself to spy out the secret of the success attained by the melodramatists of the unliterary theatres. For a poet to compose a poem in dialogue, and then expect that some adroit stage-manager can lick it into shape and make an actable play out of it, — this is very much as if he should ask the monthly nurse to put a backbone into the baby after it is born. A poetic play must be dramatic in its conception, or it will never be a play at all. The fundamental principles of dramaturgy are not really difficult to acquire; and if a poet has it in him to be a playwright he ought to be able to get hold of the essentials of the new art without a prolonged apprenticeship. But he needs to feel, first of all, that it is an art, a very special art, closely connected with the actual theatre. If he begins by assuming an attitude of haughty disdain, he is not likely to find profit in his venture.

While some poets will choose to master the craft of the playwright, some playwrights will prove themselves possessed of the faculty divine. We are accustomed to consider the great dramatists primarily

as poets, and we do not often look closely enough into their careers to observe that some of them began as playmakers, pure and simple. Shakespeare, for one, and Molière for another, were at first merely professional playwrights, composing their earliest pieces to please contemporary playgoers and revealing in these earliest pieces scarcely a foretaste of the abundant poetry which enriches their later and greater plays. No examination of the firstlings of their muse would have warranted any prediction of their extraordinary development in their riper years. And perhaps some of the professional playwrights of the twentieth century will rise to loftier heights as they grow in power and in ambition. They may burgeon into verse when the fascination of a truly poetic theme shall some day seize them.

But whether the revival of the poetic drama shall be due to the development of the playwright into a poet or to the education of the poet to be a playwright, it will not come unless all who are anxious to hasten its arrival firmly grasp the fundamental fact that whenever and wherever a poetic drama has existed it has been both dramatic and poetic, and that it has also been dramatic even more than it has been poetic.

CONFESSIONS OF A RAILROAD SIGNALMAN

II

BY J. O. FAGAN

THE problem of safety in railroad travel has been discussed, from widely differing points of view, by many conscientious investigators. The methods of these writers in marshaling facts and drawing conclusions are usually identical. The formula consists of a variety of accidents, a variety of causes, and a variety of possible or proposed remedies. For results, up to date, we have a library of information but not a suspicion of improvement in the record of preventable fatalities. Meanwhile, in the public mind there is confusion of ideas and considerable doubt as to the practical outcome of all this discussion. This is a natural state of affairs, for the reason that the only factor in the situation which is constant, and about which there is no difference of opinion, is the impotency of railroad people in coping with the difficulties.

Now, after all that has been spoken and written on the subject of efficient and safe railroad service, the problem remains, as at the beginning, essentially personal, social, and ethical in its nature. Nearly all questions in regard to it must, sooner or later, be thought out in this direction by railroad employees and managers. We may continue to work over and reconstruct our rules and to multiply our safety devices until we compel trains to creep from station to station; yet the problem will remain unsolved, the needless and disgraceful sacrifice of life will continue, until trainmen, enginemen, and managers put their heads together and agree to adopt a new code of railroad morals. My meaning when I allude to railroad morals should be clearly understood.

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On nearly all railroads a given rule is obeyed at one point and disregarded at another, on account of different sets of conditions. This conduct leads to accidents when men who have habitually disobeyed the regulations at points where such action is harmless undertake to behave in the same way under conditions when a strict observance of the rules is vitally important. Generally speaking, managers are cognizant of this state of affairs, and thus in a measure they are morally to blame for it; but I do not think that they realize the extent of the evil, for the reason that any organized out-of-door supervision is unknown, and thus the report of an accident, that is to say, the result of these practices, is usually the first and only information on the subject that reaches the manager's office. The blame for accidents that happen in this way cannot be said to rest upon any particular class of employees or to depend upon their intelligence or length of service. Among the culprits you will find some of the oldest and most experienced men as well as some of the greenest. This goes to show that the trouble is inherent in the system, and a part of the everyday life and character of armies of railroad men.

But in a straightforward investigation of this nature it is particularly desirable to get hold of all the facts that can be used in any way to throw light on the situation, and there is only one method, as yet untried, for properly securing and emphasizing these facts. Let us call this the confessional method. In the hands of a competent witness it can be depended upon to furnish us with all the information necessary for a thorough

comprehension of our subject. This confessional method has nothing to conceal. It has no axe to grind, no interests to protect. It is born of a heartfelt appreciation of the seriousness of the situation on our railroads. Mindful of the ever-increasing and lamentable loss of life caused by the unstudied indifference and negligence of employees, as well as by the blindness of the authorities to the real issues and dangers, it approaches and takes hold of the problem somewhat in the spirit of the King in Hamlet, when in an agony of remorseful retrospection he exclaimed, "Try what repentance can: what can it not?"

That there is an urgent call for this confessional method of supplying the facts in this railroad business is capable of easy demonstration. When an accident takes place on a railroad, some kind of an explanation or reason for its occurrence is immediately called for. Consequently there is a lining up of opposing interests. A certain management has to be vindicated, certain employees to be defended. In the investigation that follows, an array of facts defensive and otherwise is brought forward in the interests of the opposing parties; but evidence and facts that are likely to reflect on both men and management, and perhaps on the handling of the case or of other cases by the Board of Railroad Commissioners, are studiously avoided. The facts that are suppressed in this way usually contain the heart of the whole business and are the very points in which the public is profoundly interested. An illustration in point will make this doubly clear.

About a year ago, in an accident near Troy, N. Y., five passengers were killed and many were injured. A special passenger train crashed into the rear of a regular passenger train. There is a sharp curve in the track a short distance above the scene of the collision. Had the special been handled carefully round this curve instead of recklessly, the accident would not have occurred. Caution, of course, is necessary in running round sharp

curves, and the rules on all railroads are plain and emphatic on the subject. But the authorities who investigated this accident treated it as an isolated instance of individual carelessness. Within a period of six months these gentlemen are called upon to pass judgment on probably twenty wrecks, every one of them bearing the same earmarks of disobedience as this disaster near Troy, yet no one ever dreams of hunting up a common cause for dozens of accidents that are exactly similar and brought about in the same way. To be precise, this accident at Troy was the result of a habit. At a glance we perceive that the public is a hundred times more likely to be interested in the uprooting of such a bad habit as running recklessly round curves than it is in placing the responsibility or punishing the offender in any particular instance. Yet who ever heard of a verdict that placed the blame for an accident on a habit? The reasons for the oversight are obvious. A dangerous habit, long continued and unchecked, is a decided reflection on men and management, and, indeed, on the Railroad Commissioners, whose vigilance it has escaped; and consequently no evidence or facts in regard to these bad habits are ever permitted to find their way into investigations. It will be evident therefore that the confessional method can be profitably employed in supplying a few missing links in our knowledge of actual conditions and methods of operation on the railroads.

To begin with, it will be well to take note of an estimate, made after a careful study of the figures, that fully eighty-five per cent of the fatalities that occur on our railroads can be directly traced to the negligence of employees. Regardless of the accuracy of this estimate, it certainly points to a very serious state of affairs. In studying the nature of these accidents and the conditions under which they take place, one cannot help being impressed with the fact that almost every possible way in which trouble can occur on a

railroad is foreseen and provided for by some rule or safety device. So carefully has the ground been studied and worked over, that in every case of preventable accident it can almost be taken for granted that an employee is to blame. That is to say, the management of a railroad is always found to be impreguably protected by the rules and regulations from any direct responsibility. But after all, this is only one side of the shield, for clearly the moral responsibility of a railroad manager cannot be said to cease with the printing of a batch of rules or the erection of a system of signals. It is not only necessary that rules should be plain and sufficient in themselves to prevent accidents, it is also equally essential that reasonable and systematic efforts should be exerted to enforce them. On a railroad, as elsewhere, the means employed for the supervision of personal conduct and for the enforcement of necessary rules are all included in the term discipline. Without some organized and effective system of discipline no industrial establishment of any kind can be successfully administered. On railroads in particular, the department of discipline is intimately related to the interests of the traveling public. Let us then examine in a practical manner the nature and methods of the discipline that is in force at the present day on what may be considered the most important railroad in New England. A little personal experience will throw the necessary light on the subject.

Some time ago, happening to notice that important regulations were being habitually ignored by a certain class of employees, the writer called the attention of the management to the matter. In this way, from time to time, many cases of simple negligence, which had no serious consequences, were reported to superintendents. Thinking it all over, the writer finally became anxious to find out just what disposition was made of these reports. For it must be apparent to any thinking person that the practical

value of any system of discipline must always depend upon the efforts that are put forth and the success that is achieved in checking and in preventing the repetition of these instances of what may be called trouble in the bud. The reports to which I refer were acknowledged by the management, and there the matter ended. But as I happened to be studying the subject at the time in a systematic manner, I was by no means satisfied with this abrupt conclusion. So I made an investigation on my own account, and easily discovered that practically all other interested employees were unaware of and had not been notified in regard to the violation of these rules because, as the men explained, nothing had happened. That is to say, it was necessary to hurt somebody or smash up a few carloads of freight before any efforts could be exerted according to the rules to put a stop to the negligence. This became very clear to me, when, upon making further inquiries, I was informed that the men had been disciplined to the full extent of the rules. Now my object in the investigation was not to get at the nature or the amount of the discipline, but simply to be able to arrive at an estimate of its value in checking and restraining others from committing similar mistakes. In this way I soon arrived at the conclusion that a system of discipline that works in the dark in this way is of no practical value whatever. It is a weakness of management which positively undermines the operating department and leads the way to all sorts of disaster and loss of life. Its continued existence in practical railroad management is a standing menace to the safety of the traveling public. As a matter of fact, lives are still being frequently sacrificed and much property is almost daily being destroyed as direct tribute to this almost incomprehensible system of discipline.

The exact method by which this system is put into operation, and the regulations which govern employees in regard to it, will be understood from the follow-

ing extracts from general orders on the subject, issued by what is sometimes considered one of the best managed railroads in the country:—

"The System of Discipline by Record having proved beneficial both to the road and to employees, it has been decided to extend the same by the addition of merit marks. . . .

"Each employee will be promptly notified of unfavorable entries made in the record book opposite his name. He will upon request be shown his record at any time, but will not be permitted to see the record of another person.

"*Bulletins, omitting name, date, train, and location*, but containing facts and conclusions and such comment as is applicable, will be issued from time to time if considered necessary."

The significance of this general order to employees should be thoroughly understood. Practically interpreted it means that when an employee commits a mistake or is guilty of negligence that endangers life and property, the affair is to be looked upon as a secret. This interpretation is correct according to the actual operation of the system on the railroads. Neither in the interests of the public safety nor for any other reason can the facts in the case, as regards date, name, location, and train, be utilized or published for the prevention of future accidents of a similar nature. This is the law of the road, and while it remains in force any employee can claim the full benefit of its provisions. The practical illustration in my own experience given above is fully explained and accounted for by this general order. But the most astonishing feature in relation to it is that with the records before us it should continue to be considered and heralded as "beneficial" either to the railroads or the employees, not to mention the public. For a full explanation of this peculiar state of affairs we must turn to another quarter.

It is a well-known fact that the American railroad man, the trainman and engineman in particular, has deep-rooted

objections to being "posted" in any way. We have consistently emphasized our objections from the time, years ago, when our likes and dislikes first began to cut a figure in the plans of the management. So to-day we are prepared to go to almost any extreme rather than submit to any system of discipline that will publish our mistakes and advertise us personally by name as examples, even although such action can be shown to be absolutely indispensable for the proper safeguarding of life and property. With all the facts against us we think we can be trusted to render the best service and to live up to the rules without the assistance of publicity in any form. We consider discipline to be a private matter, to be settled between ourselves and the management, and thus the workings of the system have been arranged without any reference whatever to its effect on the interests of the millions of people whose lives are placed in jeopardy by its arrangements. As a matter of fact, then, the system of discipline which I have described is the result of long-continued pressure and consequent concessions by the management to the demands of employees. These concessions have been granted for the most part in the interests of harmony. What the exact nature of this force or pressure is, which, acting on behalf of railroad employees, has been able to influence railroad legislation and management to the total exclusion of the public interests, calls for the closest investigation.

A short time ago, in a report issued by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, President Mellen stated that so far as his system of roads was concerned, increase of pay had invariably been followed by decreased efficiency. Mr. Mellen, of course, has the reports and the figures to substantiate his opinion. The statement is plain enough, although its meaning is somewhat obscure. That decrease in efficiency has been the natural sequence and effect of higher wages, or that men lose interest in their

callings or grow more careless in their habits with every addition to their material prosperity, is manifestly absurd. Mr. Mellen has not informed us that he looks upon the matter in this light, although his words may reasonably be considered to bear some such interpretation. Be this as it may, he certainly calls attention to a very uncomfortable coincidence. In effect Mr. Mellen's words may be taken as a direct challenge to railroad men to come forward and explain a state of affairs that has the appearance of being very much to their discredit. The implied challenge can be immediately and concisely replied to in this way. The efficiency of the service rendered by employees to the New Haven road has by no means been impaired or decreased by any consideration of wages whatsoever. Nevertheless, the power or pressure that induced Mr. Mellen and other railroad managers to add large sums to their pay rolls is also responsible, by the exercise of its influence in other directions, for the decreased efficiency. *Increase of pay and decrease of efficiency are both indications of loss of grip by the management.* Hidden away in this simple statement there is a whole world of significance. Here are fundamental facts, from a fearless consideration of which we shall be able to derive a logical and clean-cut explanation of the present situation on American railroads.

The force or influence to which I call attention is of course the Railroad Labor Organization. But it should be clearly understood that my conclusions in regard to these unions are not to be taken as a reflection on their character and work while acting in legitimate channels. The debt we railroad men owe to our organizations admits no question. The beneficial results are before us in almost every department of the railroad business. They have established a fraternal feeling among us. On all sides they have aroused a spirit of mutual helpfulness. They have also succeeded in advancing wages and in this way contributed to the

comfort and prosperity of almost every man in the service. Furthermore, they have been particularly active in inciting legislation for the protection of life and limb among workers. These facts must not be forgotten or minimized, for they are worthy of all commendation. But in this matter of the personal conduct and efficiency of railroad men in relation to these terrible railroad accidents, we have first of all to consider the paramount interests of society; and while humanity has no quarrel with the unions while they attend to their legitimate business, it certainly can be said to have a grievance against them that calls for prompt attention and remedy. This grievance consists in the fact that for a great many years, the influence of the railroad labor organizations has been consistently exerted, not only to raise wages and to improve conditions, which of course is perfectly proper and justifiable, but also to nullify discipline, to destroy personal management and authority, and to obliterate from all schedules and working agreements any reference to or consideration for the paramount interests of the traveling public. It is not necessary to quote paragraphs from these agreements, which for the most part are secret documents. Given two angles of a triangle, it is an easy matter to calculate the dimensions of the third. Similarly, given the actual conduct of the men and the behavior of the management in relation to it, we can derive very accurate conclusions in regard to the work and power of the organizations.

Yet let no one imagine that this interference with the management in the matter of discipline is brought about by design or is directly intentional. On the contrary, in a very natural way, it has grown out of a system whose main object has been to secure justice and equal rights for every individual employee. But unfortunately, in pursuing these personal ends and objects, the rights of the community have been forgotten. It is easy to demonstrate that in the railroad business

this fair play to the individual frequently means a sacrifice of the public interests. In the operating department of a railroad illustrations of this point meet us at every turn.

In any ordinary business establishment there is at all times a certain amount of weeding going on for the good of the business. This is done on the personal judgment and initiative of the manager. In this way a high average of efficiency is attainable in all departments. But in the railroad business no such personal action on the part of a superintendent would be tolerated for a minute. It is surely reasonable that among the thousands of men who enlist in the railroad ranks there will be many who after a while will give evidence of unfitness for the service. Regardless of the power of the superintendent in theory, these men, if they are members of an Order or Brotherhood, *must actually hurt somebody or do considerable damage to property, before they can be removed.* That is to say, there is no elimination of weak spots until something happens. But this is not all. When a vacancy occurs in the service, it is immediately advertised, and the oldest bidder in point of service takes the position. In some of the agreements with the management the seniority rule is said to be absolute, in others it is modified by the clause, "with the approval of the superintendent." But in a business of the nature of a railroad the public interests demand that at all points the best available man should be in charge, regardless of his length of service or his rights as an individual. But the labor organizations do not permit the public interests or those of the corporation to interfere with what they consider to be the just and inalienable rights of each and every employee. Applied to the railroad business, the fixed principle that every man shall take his turn is fundamentally wrong and demoralizing. It is one of the wedges that are being used to destroy personal supervision and management and to substitute management by machine

methods. In my opinion its tendency is in the interests of poor service. Healthy competition in good behavior is almost obliterated, while honest ambition and *esprit de corps* get very little encouragement. It has the general effect of removing the attention of employees from the management and concentrating it steadfastly upon the organization, that is to say, upon the source from which increase of pay and all other blessings are expected to flow.

Of course, I cannot expect railroad managers to agree at all points with my estimate of their powers and functions, or of the helpless situation in which they now find themselves. Just at present, however, I am not interested in opinions from any quarter. The facts that interest me, and I think the public as well, relate to what these railroad managers have done in the past and are actually doing at the present day, with such powers as they possess, in the interest of safe and efficient railroad service. It may be very interesting to be informed that a superintendent has the power promptly to discharge an engineman for running a danger signal and placing the lives of five hundred passengers in utmost peril, but it is much more to the point to impress upon the public mind that the action of the official will not amount to a snap of his finger if an organization puts down its foot and signifies its opinion to the contrary. Illustrations of these facts are not far to seek. Only a short time ago an engineman was promptly discharged for disregarding a signal in a most inexcusable manner. The case was passed up higher for the approval of the general manager. Meanwhile the man had discovered some kind of an excuse for his action, and a committee was appointed to look into the matter. There being a total difference of opinion between the management and the grievance committee, the heads of different organizations were summoned from some western city to help straighten out the deadlock. After a while the man was put back on his en-

gine and the report passed round that the case had been settled in this way, in the interests of harmony. No wonder the superintendent who was concerned in the matter threw up his hands in disgust and exclaimed, "What's the use?"

This method of interfering with the regular course of discipline may perhaps be proper and commendable in a cigar factory or a cotton mill, but on a railroad, where the lives of countless people are dependent upon obedience to the rules, its effect upon the service is absolutely fatal. But unhappily this is not the whole story, for it must be confessed that the public frequently joins hands with the organizations in defeating the ends and aims of discipline. After some of the worst and most inexcusable accidents that have ever occurred on New England railroads, petition has followed petition into the railroad offices with the expressed object of influencing the management to reinstate men in the service who have been convicted of inefficiency or unpardonable carelessness. Of course a superintendent should thoroughly investigate every case on its merits, but the verdict of the management should be final. The wisdom of this policy might be questioned if superintendents were political appointees or owed their positions to "graft" or "pull." As a matter of fact these men are among the hardest worked, most thoroughly capable and conscientious men in the United States. No combination of opinion from the public, the railroad commissioners, and the labor organizations is half as likely to be just and impartial as the individual judgment of the superintendent on the spot. The following significant remark by one of those gentlemen may well be taken to heart by the public as well as by employees: "With a free hand, we could put a stop to this killing in a week."

The story of railroad management is now before us, and the record of accidents all over the United States is the price that is being paid for it. As I have described the situation, the circle of cause and ef-

fect is now complete. Beginning with the negligence of employees, which must be considered as the primary cause of these accidents, I next took up the matter of discipline, whose function it is to control and put a stop to this negligence. The system was found to be altogether inadequate and useless. Finally, I attempted to demonstrate that the labor organizations are responsible for the nature of this discipline, and thus indirectly for the accidents that have resulted from its inefficiency. Systems of discipline vary on different roads; nevertheless these contentions are sound and universally applicable, for the blight of interference with the management has in greater or less degree withered every system of railroad discipline in the United States, and exposed the traveling public to the mercy of service that is inefficient and demoralized.

For the rest, it will be evident that the foregoing diagnosis of the situation bears on its face unmistakable indications of the nature of the cure. At all cost interference with discipline must cease. This conclusion admits no compromise. At the present day every decision made by a superintendent is practically subject to the approval of the Grievance Committee. But this is not all: the railroad manager is handicapped and held up at every turn. In his dealings with the labor problem, if by any possibility he manages to escape the fire, it can only be by taking refuge in the frying-pan. An illustration in point is the problem of keeping expenses within reasonable limits and at the same time administering discipline to the very men who, backed by powerful organizations, are continually insisting upon additions to the pay-rolls.

But now, granting the situation and the difficulties as I have described them, in what direction are we to look for relief? As it seems to me, an unmistakable expression of public opinion would, in the first place, go far in starting us all thinking and working in the right direction. But even this will have little effect until railroad men wake up out of the self-

satisfied trance in which at present they seem to be comfortably slumbering. Time was when our forgetfulness of the public interests could be accounted for by our own poverty and sufferings. But these unhappy conditions no longer exist, for to-day we are probably as well paid and otherwise as well provided for and equipped as any class of workers in the United States. Nevertheless, when we are informed that in the year 1906 ten thousand people were killed and one hundred thousand injured on American railroads, the knowledge does not seem to "give us pause" in any way, or to ruffle our individual self-satisfaction; while our organizations look at their surroundings silently and impassively as the pyramids and obelisks look upon the Egyptian deserts.

But affairs have now come to such a pass on the roads that at last we are imperatively called upon to answer questions and explain our position. Our best friends are beginning to criticise us. They remind us that interference with discipline is in reality an attempt to take part in its administration, and that our unions were never intended or organized

for that purpose. For a great many years an educational campaign has been in progress all over the country for the purpose of reminding us of our duties and obligations to our unions. This educational method has been extremely successful, and has brought into being armies of laboring men thoroughly loyal and self-centred. But the result of this system on the railroads has been so disastrous to human life that at last we are beginning to realize that there is a limit even to the pursuit of our individual well-being.

In paying attention, even at this late date, to the higher call of the social conscience, we railroad men shall enter a new world with brighter prospects and a wider horizon. The nobility of labor has always been the proud watchword of American civilization. Let us be watchful lest we forfeit our claim to share in this national distinction. By recognizing our duties and responsibilities to society in our treatment of these railroad problems, we shall finally take our place in line with those who through sacrifice and high endeavor are destined, in good time, to cut out their way to industrial freedom.

SOCIETY AND AMERICAN MUSIC

BY ARTHUR FARWELL

AMERICA, with the present generation, has fairly launched her native musical life. Just when the conditions have seemed most unpromising, in the midst of a commercial civilization, in the midst of so much of brutality and hurry in American life, the composer, the creator of an ideal world of tone, appears in our midst. Orpheus, in Hades, in some respects, could have found scarcely less congenial surroundings. There may be those who regard this impulse in our national life as untimely and misguided. Evolution,

however, seldom produces unnecessary species, and may not the appearance of this one be providential, its purpose regenerative, and its existence to be cherished by every means in our power? Certainly, if we were to have no use for the American composer he would not have been given to us; if the time for his labor were not ripe, he would not be here. And certainly, while there are any of us left who regard art as something more than an elegant amusement imported from Europe for a wealthy

few, — who see the deep need of art, in the broad and simple sense used by William Morris, as an inseparable beautifying element in the daily life of each of us, as maker or user, — we can ill afford to let slip the present opportunity of helping to birth in our own land an art which, if cherished, is unsurpassed in its power to lift our lives above the sordidness and routine into which so many conditions of the time would draw them.

Even the severest critic of American music — and most of the critics vie with one another for this title — cannot deny the presence of an extraordinary and ever-increasing creative impulse in American musical art. While, for reasons to be considered, no American works in large forms come to general public performance, and but few to an occasional hearing, every year witnesses a notable increase of orchestral works, chamber music, piano and vocal works, and other compositions by American composers. Of smaller piano compositions and songs, the seasons bring forth an appalling quantity, and too often, it is true, an appalling quality as well; yet in the midst of this saturnalia appear many works of true distinction, of breadth and beauty, works infinitely in advance of those usually chosen to represent American music on artists' programmes. And from time to time an American opera rises from the composer's consciousness to completion — never to performance — and sinks again into a mysterious obscurity, oblivion, or temporary neglect, we are fain to know which.

It is not the purpose of this inquiry to seek to appraise this musical output. Musical students and musicians of high standing, who make it their especial task to follow every development and apprehend every musical revelation of modern Europe, and who are familiar with every advance of American music, know that our composers have produced many works surpassing a great amount of the current European music which fills our programmes in the United States.

These programmes by no means consist wholly of the works of the great epoch-makers of musical history. If they did there would be nothing to say, for scarcely any American composer, however indispensable and vital to our national musical evolution, could successfully lay claim to having produced a major deflection in the course of the world's musical history. It is very probable, however, that musical tendencies already manifest in this country will eventually produce such a deflection. Our programmes, it is plain to see, are not made up from the few great masters who have hewn out the main channel of music's progress. Society would not tolerate such a diet. They contain a vastly greater proportion of lesser works. Some of these are obvious and charming, and introduced merely as a foil to weightier works. Others are more pretentious and represent the general effort of contemporary Europe for musical advancement, an effort offering examples often no whit better than those which represent American progress, and in many cases not so good. For oftentimes mere virtuoso tricks are proffered upon the artist's programme, and it is well known that we are not without genuine thinkers among our foremost composers.

Now it is precisely this general effort toward musical advancement which is the soil that finally produces the powerful master. When it becomes easy and common to do well, there suddenly arises one who can do infinitely better, and who would never have existed except for the general culture and effort. The universal nourishment of this culture is essential to the production of masters. Of many bards, one becomes a Homer. After generations of effort, when the technical equipment was insufficient and the national spirit too unawakened artistically to admit of the development of a pre-eminent individual, our nation is at last paralleling the general status of European musical culture. The conditions for powerful individual development are

no longer lacking, and in fact we now see one after another of our composers striking high above the international average.

To this question, then, does the matter at last resolve itself. Why do not the more excellent American compositions find a generous and adequate, nay, even a just, or, at the least, an appreciable representation upon American programmes? Why does not American society, in the broad sense of the term, support American music? Is it neglect on the part of society, or is it unworthiness on the part of the composer? But for my belief that we are about to witness a great and far-reaching revolution in this matter, the question would not have been broached. But there is at present every indication of such a revolution. The subsoil for this movement was prepared long since, when our popular music came into its own. More recently the discussion of a "national American music" and of "American" folksongs has arisen, and if no conclusions have been reached, a most important circumstance has resulted, namely, the stirring up of the rank and file of the American people to the study of the works of American composers. Individuals and clubs in all parts of the United States are taking up the study of American music, and there remains but one more step, — and that one sure to be taken, — its general acceptance by American society. Yet there still remain formidable obstacles, the nature of which must be more generally recognized before the final establishment of American music in American musical life can be brought about. We must glance at the causes of the present condition.

The time was when we had nowhere to look but to Europe for our musical art. We accepted European music as a starting-point, as naturally as we accepted European civilization generally as the starting-point for ours. The love of our forefathers for the European lands of their birth but foreshadowed the

depth of our love for America; and their love for the great old-world masterworks, a passion which we inherit, is the measure of the intensity of the love which we shall one day bear to our own masterworks. The eastern ports of entry, especially Boston and New York, became the authoritative centres of European music, and therefore, at that time, of all music, in the United States. There the great symphonies and operas could be heard. About this serious work for musical progress grew up a life of musical fashion, a reflex of the life of social fashion, which, while it served indeed to support the performance of the masterworks, fostered also many European developments of lesser significance. In this life the appearance of a great European artist would rival in glamour the visit of an Athenian to a Grecian province. Coming from the source of all music, his authority would be nothing less than apostolic.

Gradually, as western cities aspired to a similar culture, both of art and of fashion, a "circuit" was developed. The artist from across the water could now carry his authority to St. Louis, or even as far as San Francisco. Finally other cities, Cincinnati, Chicago, Denver, were added. The peculiar commercial and artistic conditions of the United States, reinforced by the profound European ignorance of American geography, gave rise to the necessity for able management for these visiting artists. The seat of this managerial activity could be only in New York, which had finally become the point from which each virtuoso in turn started upon his triumphal American tour. A great and profitable business thus arose, and we are to recognize that by far the greatest asset of this business became not primarily the command of artistic ability, — although this was manifestly present, — but the command of *fashion*. For one listener whose object was to learn from the artist the authoritative interpretation of the works which he performed, or for one who sought him

out for sheer artistic enjoyment, twenty would go because he came from Europe and represented the summit of the musical fashion of the day, and the fashionable world could not afford to be absent.

So long as the musical fashion coincided at every point with the true development of musical art in the United States, this condition presented no disadvantage, and caused no harm. But that this fashion and art, although coincident at first, could remain so in a new land sure to rear up arts of its own, was an absolute impossibility; and at the moment when American musical art became of intrinsic worth, and the musical fashion remained fixedly European, musical fashion and musical art in America parted company. To-day the true interests of musical development in the United States have little or nothing to do with the fashionable musical life of our great cities. The facts of our creative musical development are one thing, the events of our social musical life another. Society is not aware of this. It has so long been compelled to import musical art if it wished to have any, that it cannot believe that there is any other source of this art than Europe. Society is not yet prepared to tolerate any interference with this belief, and the purveyors of its musical art are the last to initiate any such interference. Indeed, to do so would be to lose financial support; and therein lies the crux of the situation. The managers of musical enterprises care nothing for our national artistic development; their one concern is to keep secure the patronage of society.

This general condition of affairs in the eastern cities is nothing less than the model and the cue for the social musical life of the entire United States. As it is in New York, so must it be in Butte, Montana, or Pueblo, Colorado. Sane, beautiful, advanced musical art may be growing up about these western cities and towns, but it has not been the occasion of the social musical flurry of the great metropolis, and they must have

"Salome," or something of Debussy. I learned recently that more modern French music is being sold west of the Mississippi than east of it.

What is the immediate universal result of this artificial condition? It means simply that good American singers, pianists, and other artists — to say nothing of foreign — may place upon their programmes only that which is sanctioned by New York, and that is — European music. Not to do so means to incur the displeasure and lose the support of society. And these same artists, who know good and bad in music as society does not know it, are often ardent admirers of much in American music, but they must admire in private. An orchestral conductor in a secondary capacity, and for the time being in a place where he could do what he pleased, gave a number of performances of the scores of a certain American composer, with great success, and expressed himself very enthusiastically, personally, concerning them, assuring the composer of the pleasure he would have in conducting them in a primary capacity on a more important occasion, when the opportunity should come. The opportunity arrived, and with it the unexpected knowledge that to do as he had promised, under these circumstances, would jeopardize the social support of the orchestra. The composer received a polite note, stating that at some future time he, the composer, would probably do work more satisfactory to himself, by which he would rather become known, and that then it would be time to consider the performance of it. Such instances could be infinitely multiplied on a smaller scale, and would form a voluminous and amusing anthology of episodes of artistic and moral trepidation.

There are, on the other hand, artists of commanding powers and moral courage, who have succeeded in making some headway against the social dictum, but they are the exceptions which prove the rule. The subconscious common sense

of society has immediately applauded such artists and greatly exalted them, not, of course, for this particular action, but for the greatness which made such impudent action safely possible.

First and last, many American compositions come to performance on American programmes. Society has always sanctioned the trivial American work as a foil to the serious European; but never the more significant American work for its own sake. Composers and their friends are able to force hearings here and there, so that the composer will not be wholly without knowledge of the effect of his work upon an audience, or for that matter, upon himself, both to a certain extent necessary things, for only in practice can art and the art-nature grow. Again, certain obviously good and appealing works, not requiring any effort of the understanding, have quickly found their way into public favor, and are safe for an artist to use. But this insistent fact remains, — that upon our concert and recital programmes generally, those works which best represent the brains and ideals of our American composers to-day are conspicuous by their absence. The army of persons whose fortune, or whose very sustenance, is assured by the maintenance of our exclusively European musical system, is kept busy explaining to society that if Americans could produce sufficiently good music, artists would place it upon their programmes. This explanation may satisfy the unthinking, but it can no longer satisfy those who see that since the artist will not be paid for performing American compositions requiring real study and work, he cannot afford to stop to master them, even if he be prompted by admiration of the compositions or friendship for the composer. If society, to-day, should turn and support liberally the production of works by our own composers, if it should, by some

whimsical turn of the wheel, announce that it would not support foreign and native artists unless they would give us a good share of the works of our own composers, we would witness a zeal in the world-wide study of American music that would startle the nation. Moreover, we would be no less startled by the intense and varied interest, the high poetic worth, and the magnitude of the achievement of American composers.

If the composer have too much spirit, too great a devotion to his country's growth in musical art, to accept a pitance for his teaching and neglect for his and his brother's art, what shall he do in this situation? At first he might leave composition for a time and look deeply enough into his country's sociology and economics to learn the true nature of the conditions in the midst of which he exists. He will then learn that his own salvation depends upon the salvation of all. As a next step he might waive all endeavor to exploit his own compositions, and through a study of the works of his brother composers, learn the exact nature and strength of his country's musical art. Then, leaving the society of artists, who cannot help him, he might take his newly gained knowledge to the leaders of society, — not the hopelessly lost of the great eastern cities, but the misguided and redeemable throughout the land; and, disinterested himself, win their disinterested help for the sake of a national cause. They are more ready for him than he suspects. Whatever the depth of their regard for the masterpieces of music, their allegiance to mere musical fashions is not of the heart, and they will welcome the opportunity to withdraw their social power from an artificial situation, which can hold for them but little of real life and attainment, and devote it to the satisfying of a living national need.

SANCTUM SANCTORUM

BY HÉLOISE SOULE

THE wine of life is poured out deeply red
Into the cup of trembling, spiced with joy;
While fear and rapture which no fears destroy
Beat in my heart, the while my lips are fed
From the clear, crystal chalice held with dread
In the white hand of Love-Without-Alloy,
Who bids me sate in peace above annoy
My starving soul with heavenly wine and bread.

Oh God of love and power, remember this,
That we are dust! The earthly and divine
Mix, in our mortal clay, the spirit's bliss
With love all human, such indeed as Thine
When Thou didst consecrate the bridegroom's kiss
By turning Cana's water into wine.

HEAVIN' THE PROJECT

BY GEORGE S. WASSON

DURING the first few years of my practice in the village of Killick Cove, I was not infrequently called in attendance upon Robert Henderson, a brother-in-law and former shipmate of my especial friend, old Skipper Job Gaskett. Though a considerably younger man than Skipper Job, Henderson was wholly incapacitated for any but the lightest kind of work, by reason of an accident which befell him on shipboard in early manhood. His dark face was still strikingly handsome, though, in view of his pitiable physical condition, it was somewhat difficult to credit the oft-repeated assertion that previous to that frightful mishap at sea Robert Henderson was generally accounted the champion athlete of Killick Cove.

As to any particulars concerning the accident, it seemed that Henderson himself, as well as his usually communicative brother-in-law, was strangely reticent. Indeed, it occurred to me more than once that this indisposition to talk of the matter even extended to the townspeople in general. At all events, for three years after my arrival at the Cove, I had never succeeded in gleanings anything further than that, through a fall from the mast-head of a fishing schooner only a short time before his marriage, Henderson was shockingly deformed, and had since been almost wholly dependent upon his wife for support.

Mrs. Henderson was a large and comely, though somewhat careworn-looking

woman, with the intensely black eyes common to all the Gasketts, and much of the kindly expression of face so characteristic of her brother Job. As time wore on, my admiration steadily increased for the industry and self-sacrificing devotion constantly manifested in the care of her crippled husband. In fact, the wife's daily line of conduct seemed to me nothing less than heroic, though perhaps many of the neighbors had grown to regard it rather too much as a matter of course.

When able, Robert Henderson appeared to occupy himself chiefly with braiding rag mats for sale, though being an acknowledged expert in the mysteries of "twine," local fishermen sometimes brought their damaged nets to him for repairs. Still, the injury to his spine was such that for long periods he remained helplessly propped in an armchair, neither able to sit erect nor to lie upon his back with any comfort.

But the indomitable wife labored on unceasingly, rising at unheard-of hours and working often far into the night, doing washing, ironing, and sewing at her home, or housework for the villagers when her husband's condition would admit of her leaving him. I had many times noticed old Skipper Job hard at work upon the great pile of spruce cordwood which he regularly hauled to his sister's dooryard during the winter, and learned incidentally that this brotherly kindness was absolutely the only help, outside of desired work, which the plucky woman could be induced to accept from any source.

It was little enough that I could ever do for her husband's relief, but my curiosity about him kept increasing. At length, alone with me in my office on a rainy autumn afternoon, Job Gaskett decided to let me into the secret of his brother-in-law's story.

"Well, you, doctor," he began, "I been quite a few times on the p'int of telling you in regards to all this 'ere, for it doos make out to be consid'ble of a little

hist'ry, and no mistake. The thing of it is, though, sister Susy Mary May down here, she never wanted it should be made no kind of gossup-talk like, 'round amongst folks, though come to the matter of that, every one of the old seed-folks here to this Cove are knowin' to the whole business, and have been, pretty much ever since the thing happened. But you see Susy Mary there, she's always felt so master sore in regards to it, — she's kind of queer made like, you know, and, well, — you could n't never once beat it out of her head that she was all the one to blame in the fust place for Bob Henderson's losin' his hand-holt aboard of old Skip' Tristram Marston that time, and staving the life outen him on deck, same's he done."

"She to blame for his fall!" I exclaimed in surprise. "Why, she was n't on board the vessel at the time, was she?"

"No, no, not a mite of it!" said Job. "She was right here to home, and the vessel — that's the pink' Heart's Desire, that old Deacon Parkinson owned in them days — she was layin' hove to clean off here on Le Have, in the heaviest breeze o' wind ever I seen since the time I fust commenced to go."

"Oh well then," I said, "your sister had urged him to go on that particular trip —"

"No she never once! Not a mite! Not a single mite!" the Skipper broke in vehemently. "She done every namable thing in God's world to hender him and me too, from ever once steppin' foot aboard the vessel, anyways. She hung right to it from the fust commencement that the old Desire was tetched, and always had been, and always would be, and seems's though she had the rights of it, too, for it turned out there never was no such a Jonah ever went out of this Cove as what she was. Plague on the old jade, she never earnt no man a dollar, not ary once in the world, and seems's though there would n't be no end to the folks that kep' gittin' drowned and killt

and all stove up aboard of her jes' long's she stayed atop o' water. Yes sir, Susy Mary May had got wind of what *she* was, from way back; I'm tol'ble satisfied of that. Susy wa'n't anyways scairt to up and talk it right out in meetin' neither, as any God's quantity ashore here can tell ye to-day. I think's likely there was others besides her that misdoubted if the vessel wa'n't going to be a reg'lar-built Jonah, but seems's though Susy was about all the one that dasst up and spit it right out good and plain, them days."

"Yet you say she felt responsible for Henderson's accident," I said. "This beats me all hollow. I won't try to guess again."

"No, doctor," said Job, "you'd full better take and give it up right off now, for 't ain't anyways likely ever you'd hit it, not if you kep' guessin' stiddy for a month of Sundays. I cal'late now to turn to and tell you what about the whole thing, for Susy she allowed only jest this morning she did n't know as she cared any great if you was to hear, bein' as you've always tended out on Bobby so reg'lar, and then again, prob'ly would git holt of some of it sooner or later, anyways. All is, says she, while you're at it, take and tell him the whole of it without nothin' skipped nor anyways changed 'round. That's Susy all over, you know, — she always did talk it jes' so up and down, like. Seems's though she cal'lates the plain truth'll make out to stand its own weight any day in the week.

"So to take and go clean away back to the fust commencement like," the Skipper went on, with his piercing black eyes intently fixed upon mine, "Bob Henderson in them days was about the best look-in' and the likeliest young buck ever was raised to this Cove. He stood jest six foot in his stockin'-feet, and was withey as ary wild-cat. Lord sakes, we had folks here them days that run away of the idee they was some wras'lers, till maybe they'd ketch holt of Bob Henderson, and git hove so quick they'd cal'late the devil hisself kicked 'em on end! But come to

take it aboard vessel was where he'd most gin'ally cut up the greatest monkey-shines and ructions, after all. I rec'lect one little trick of hisin in pertik'ler was to take and lay a bate along of somebody aboard, how many seconts time he'd be a-going from the end of the main-boom aloft, and chock down to the bowspreet-end again, that is, you know, take it when we'd be layin' to anchor some place or other. Set-fire! He'd swarm up the topping-lift hand-over-hand like a streak; skip right acrossst the spring-stay to the foremast on the dead run, and slide down the jib-stay afore ever you'd say Jack Robinson! That's jest how spry he was. And come to take him all togged out in his Sunday best, with his hair oiled up good and curly like, with his shirt-collar hove wide open, and a blame' great big black silk tie streamin' loose much as two foot long, why, you would n't make out to scare up a smarter appearin' young feller nowheres.

"Come to that, he *was* smart, too — smart's a whip. He'd been high-line aboard vessel nigh every trip, till we come to ship aboard that plague-gone old Jonah of Deacon Parkinson's there, and he could got a vessel of his own took up for him here to this Cove the time he was twenty year old, easy as rolling offn a log, if only he'd a mind to, and had said the word. But the way he looked at it, there was a plenty time for that ahead, and he'd lievser not git tied down so-fashion yit-a-while, nor turn to and git married yit, ary one. Kind of happy-golucky, like, you see Bobby always was in them days, and I think's prob'le that was one thing made him so ter'ble takin' amongst the gals ashore here.

"He'd lost his mother afore there was much of any bigness to him, you un'stand, and seems's though him and the old sir never hitched hosses to home there extry good, so's Bobby he was pretty much on his own hook, you may say, and loved to heave his money right and left in all manner of fool-works, till the heft of the gals ashore here all cal'lated there wa'n't no-

body 'round here could hold a candle 'side of Bob Henderson.

"By spells he'd be a little grain sweet on one, and then 't would be somebody else for a spell, — kind of touch and go like, 'round amongst 'em, without never once meaning no hurt at all to ary one on 'em, you know, but same time, fust thing ever he knowed, there was two or three of them gals commenced to git all broke up over Bob Henderson, and about the wusst off amongst the lot was my oldest sister, Susy Mary May, down here.

"Susy she had n't never lacked for beaus, — not a mite of it. Lord sakes, she could had her pick of dozens to keep comp'ny along of here to this Cove them days, but seems's though Bob Henderson was all the one ever she'd look at twice, and him she'd always been kind of gone on, since the two growed to have any bigness to 'em at all.

"Bob and me was always thick as mud together, you know, and quick's ever I seen jest how the thing was workin' with Susy Mary May, why I up and says to him man-fashion, like this: 'Bob,' 's I, 'this 'ere won't never do in God's world. You got to call a halt on this pretty sudden, and no gittin' 'round it, neither. Here's a passel o' them gals,' 's I, 'gittin' to be a good deal same's so many toads un'neath a harrow, all on account of your set-fired backin' and fillin'; now,' 's I, 'fur's ever Susy Mary May is concerned, I want you should jest heave to and show your colors good and plain, or else up hellum right off, and bear away hull-down to loo'ard like.'

"Well sir, Bobby he seen quick enough that I wa'n't nowadays unraytionable. He was a good clever soul as ever was, and never once cal'lated to do ary one of them gals a mite of hurt, and in pertik'ler not Susy Mary May, for he let on to me this time that soon's ever it come down to the fine thing, he sot a sight more by her than all the rest-part of 'em put together. Same time, seems's though he did n't feel jest like poppin' no question to nobody jest yit-a-while, and so the amount

of the story was, that kind of gradual like, at fust, he commenced to sheer off, and finally quit his coming up to our place there, pretty much altogether.

"Susy Mary May she wa'n't never the kind to take on no great, you know; that is, not so's folks would be like to see, anyways; but Lord! up home there we soon see the difference, now I tell ye what. The gal wa'n't nach'ally nowadays bad-lookin' them days, if I do say it, but pretty quick she commenced to show it in her face how bad she felt, same's if she'd had a fit of sickness, till bimeby her own folks would n't but jest recker-nize her. I always rec'lect jest what father says, the time he come home from the Cape Shore right in the thick of it, and the ter'ble look of the gal struck him all aback like. 'Set-fire! Susy Mary, you!' 's he, 'what is it ails ye? Why!' 's he, 'your face looks to be all tide-rips and calm-slicks, the whole bigness of it!' That's about how she did look, too, for it took holt of her the wusst way, and the thing of it was, she did n't grow no better of it, by a long chalk.

"Finally, it come around that Bobby took a notion to ship aboard of old Skip' Tris' Marston in the Heart's Desire, on one of them long-drawn-out salt-trips to the banks, when they cal'lated to stop till they wet all their salt, if it took a year's time. There was quite a few of the gals 'round here that never liked the sound of that, not for a cent, but come to take Susy Mary May, and she was nerved up a sight wuss'n ever, because she'd claimed all along that vessel was tetchted from the day of her launchin', and wa'n't fit for no living man to go into, nowadays. Susy she was always extry cute about ketchin' onto all them kind of things, you un'stand, and I guess likely it ruther runs in the blood, maybe, for I know you could n't never learn mother nothin' new in regards to 'em, neither.

"But Bob he fit ter'ble shy of our place right along, same's he says to me he cal'lated to for a spell, anyways, and never once give Susy no chance to say boo to

him in regards to the vessel, nor nothin' else. She kep' right at me, though, early and late, but there! I could n't see as it was any great hunt of mine to take and give the vessel a bad name so quick. Old Deacon there, he'd went to work and put every cent he could rake and scrape into her, and I did n't want to have no hand in doing the old sir no manner of hurt. Then again, I wa'n't any too anxious for Bobby to stop to home anyways jest then; and so the long and short of it was, he stowed his dunnage aboard, and went into her on the salt-trip, though when it come to the p'int of breaking the anchor out, and filling the vessel away, be jiggered if it did n't look for a spell some as if Susy Mary May and her old black cat was going to be too much for 'em."

"How do you mean, Skipper?" I asked. "You're getting too deep for me again."

"Oh well there! Black cats is cur'ous creatur's, you know," replied Job, with a slight laugh. "Take it in them days, folks ashore here would turn to and clap a black cat un'neath of a washtub over night, so's to hender ary vessel from sailing next day, whatever the reason might be. 'T was always and forever a great notion with the gals here to this Cove, to keep their beaus to home if they wanted, though come right to the truth of the matter, there was precious few that knowed jest the ins and outs of the thing so's to work it in proper good shape, but still I guess it was seldom ever a vessel set out to get her anchor in them days, without somebody ashore had n't went to work and shoved a black cat un'neath a tub the night before. Sometimes it would act complete, and then again it would n't appear to be no great account anyways, but they always kep' tryin' of it on right along stiddy, jest the same."

"Take this pertik'ler time I'm speaking about, though, and come to heave short aboard the vessel early in the mornin' they cal'lated to make a start, why be jiggered if the anchor had n't ketched afoul of something master heavy

on bottom, and all the way in God's world ever they got clear of it was to heave in every blame' inch they was good for on the win'llass, and then jest set down and wait for the flood-tide to break it out in the afternoon, someways. Come to find out, blowed if they did n't finally fetch up a great big water-soaken chunk of the old brig President Adams, that was scuttled right here in 1812, for fear the British was going to gobble her up one time. The crown of the anchor was bent up clean agin the shank with the set-fired strain on it, so's they was risin' three days' time gittin' ready for another start."

"You're pretty sure the delay was owing to the black cat and the tub?" I ventured to inquire.

"Well, black cats has always been called consid'ble cur'ous creatur's, you know," the Skipper answered, perhaps a little evasively. "I've seen some awful queer works all along of them style o' cats, and I guess likely it pays in the long run not to take too much chances with 'em. Them that has, has wisht they never, to my own knowin', afore this. But it wanted something besides a black cat to hold Bob Henderson to home that time, and I says to Susy Mary there was no good her tryin' of it over again. She might make out to hender him some consid'ble, and put folks to no end of trouble about making a start, for she was cute in regards to all them kind of things, and there's no gittin' 'round it; but Bob cal'lated to go that time any old how, and that's all there was to it. 'What is, is, and what was, was,' as I heard a preacher say one time, and it's all the way there is to look at it, too."

"But you take Susy Mary May that time, and seems 's though she could n't see it in no such a light. After the vessel once left, she appeared to calm down some consid'ble, but our folks took good notice she commenced slippin' up to Aunt Polly Belknap's place on the Neck ro'd there, every chance she could git, and they soon see very plain there was

something in the wind betwixt them two.

"This 'ere Aunt Polly that you've heard tell of already, she was one of them cur'ous old ancient style women-folks we always used to have 'round here them days, — older 'n the North-Star, the whole batch on 'em was, I cal'late. There was old Sairy Binney, — she was jest afore my time, Sairy was, but one o' them reg'lar-built old fly-by-nights, and chock to her eyes in some dev'lish works or other, the heft of the time. Awful spiteful and mean actin' like, accordin' to all tell. Lord sakes! I've heard say she was mean enough to up and steal dough offn a blind chicken, if she once took a notion that way. Then there was old Hetty Moye, that lived up Moye's Lane only a short piece; she was a good clever old soul as a rule, without she happened to git down on ye too bad for something or other, and them times, you best stand from under. Then right next to her come old Aunt Polly, and her I rec'lect all about, plain's can be. Some on 'em here now'days pretends to say she was the very last one of them old ancient women-folks same's we used to have; but Godfrey mighty! I dunno of anything that riles me up same's it doos to hear 'em take and talk such rubbidge.

"I know it for a fact, doctor, there's a woman alive right here to this Cove at this very day o' the world that can turn to and heave a project full better'n what ever Aunt Polly Belknap could! Still, that ain't neither here nor there, jest now. Aunt Polly, she was always mostly in co-hoots with the young fry here to home, and in pertik'ler with us young chaps that went fishin' them days. You could frog it out here to her place on the old Neck ro'd with your little batty of tea, or tobacco, or snuff, and buy a good run of luck for a fishin' trip to the Cape Shore in the spring o' the year, or to the Bay, or clean to Labrador, if only you worked it so's to git the right side of her in proper good shape. Then she'd turn to and mix ye up a love-potion any time you wanted;

but after all, givin' full fares and mod'rate weather on them fishin' trips was always counted Aunt Polly's best holt. That's how she'd got her name up the most, anyways, and you can bate there was few here to this Cove them days that missed tryin' to fix things all tanto along of old Aunt Polly, afore ever they'd dasst p'int a vessel's nose out past the Neck in the spring o' the year.

"But soon's ever it come to heavin' a project, I dunno as she was so much to home. I kind of misdoubt if she was, though off and on she must done quite a little of it, too; but seems's though she went to work and made a ter'ble old mess of it the time she un'took to heave one for Susy Mary May. Susy Mary, she was always a little grain chummy like along of Aunt Polly, same's mother was too, and so you see finally, after the Heart's Desire had been gone a fortnit's time or more, seems's though the old lady was coaxed into layin' in with the gal to heave a project after her."

"Hold on just a minute, Skipper!" I interrupted. "You're talking Greek to me now. I can't follow your story at all till you explain a little what this 'project' business was."

"Well, well," said Job, "that's jest what I'm comin' at, fast as ever I can git 'round to it. Still, them projects was master cur'ous workin' things, and I ain't so sure as I can give ye no great shakes of an idee in regards to 'em; but we'll say that you was clean gone on some gal or other, you know; or maybe that the gal was kind of mopin' 'round after *you*, — it don't make no great odds which, as I know of. One or the other of ye finally takes and goes down to Aunt Polly's little place there, and says to her like this: 'I want you should turn to and rig it for me so's this gal, or this 'ere feller, whichever it is, will commence to git real soft on *me*, double-quick time, savvy? The cal'lation was to have them projects work a good deal same's a love-potion done, only they 'most always take holt a sight more, and cost consid'ble

high, and besides, there was certain times when you could n't never coax the old lady to try one on anyways, not for no price.

"I rec'lect for one thing, it had always got to be on a growin' moon, or else she would n't once look at ye; but then there was quite a few other things too, that had to be jes' so at the time, or else it was no go. She was square as a brick about it, old Aunt Polly always was; if things wa'n't workin' just right for no project, she would n't hesitate a second to up and tell anybody so, right out spango. But if everything seemed to be workin' same's she wanted it should, why then you'd got to take and turn your stockings wrong side out seven nights a-runnin', and you'd got to cut seven notches into a stick offn a witch-hazel, and turn yourself around seven times to the right for every notch you cut, a-wishin' your wish all the time, you un'stand, hard as ever you could. Same time Aunt Polly never cal'lated to set stock still with her hands folded, by consid'ble. She was going through *her* rinktums too, of course, but jest what they was, she always took plaguey good care never to let anybody find out. She was consid'ble sly, you know, same's all the rest-part of them old fly-by-nights always was, and never cal'lated to give away none of the tricks of her trade, and wa'n't noways to blame for that, neither, as I can see.

"Where I always claimed Aunt Polly was to blame, and done wrong that time, was her never once letting on to Susy Mary May jest how them projects was liable to work on some folks, by spells, — that is, I mean the set-fired start they was apt to give anybody sometimes, soon's ever they fust commenced to take a holt in good shape."

Here Skipper Gaskett extended his brown left hand towards me, and called attention to a scar which extended nearly across the palm.

"The time I was twenty year old," he said, "a woman that don't live so very fur away from this house to-day, turned

to and hove a project at me when I was aboard of old Skip' Tommy Goodsoe. 'T was jest my luck to be to work on deck throatin' codfish this very time, and quick's ever that dod-blowed project took holt of me, I fetched a jump like, and made out to shove that big double-aidged throater plumb into my hand here, so's I was crippled-up with it for a month's time. That's how I'm knowin' to it myself jest the way them things was liable to work. They would n't always act jes' so, of course, for I've heard tell of folks that never once knowed jest when the project was hove; but Aunt Polly must knowed what about 'em fast enough, and seems's though she'd ought to told a young thing same's Susy Mary May was, to be a little grain careful like.

"But there! Seems's though she never once yipped. She and Susy Mary fixed it all up betwixt 'em there, and hove it slam-bang after the vessel, — hardest fend off. Now jes' see how like the very mischief the plaguey thing worked that time. That very same night it blowed a livin' gale o' wind clean off-shore there on the tail of Le Have, jest where the Heart's Desire was layin' hove to under close-reefed fores'l, and jumpin' into it endways for God's sakes. The plague-gone contrairy old jade never would lay nowheres nigh the wind when she was hove to, you see, — she'd always want to lay broad-off, and waller in the seas same's a blame' hog-trough would; but this time in pertik'ler 't was rough as a grater out there, and seems's though she was having one of her wusst spells. Bimeby the gaff-tops'l commenced to slat adrift up on the mainmast-head (for 't was blowin' like a man, and breezenin' on every minute jest fair scand'lous), till Bob Henderson he un'took to shin aloft and stop the thing down into shape again.

"Nobody else aboard would n't tetch of it, you see, bein' as it wa'n't no fool of a job to git aloft and stick there jest then, leave alone stowing no tops'ls, — still I know well Bobby would been all tanto, and would done up the work complete,

but where the trouble come in was, jest at this very same minute be jiggered if them two women-folks in home here did n't turn to and let her go with that set-fired project! We reckoned it all up afterwards, and 't was jest eggactly that same time o' night, to a dot. Wa'n't that some horrid, you?"

"Then you believe that Aunt Polly knew how hard it was storming out at sea at the time?" I asked.

"Knowned it? 'Course she knowed all about it!" Job answered decisively. "You leave alone of *her*, soon's ever it come to keepin' tabs on the weather! The thing of it was, she never once stopped to think! She was extry good friends to Bobby them days, and would n't done him no manner of hurt for the world, — all is, she never once stopped to give it no secont thought that time, or else she never half knowed her business fur's ever them projects was concerned. Anyways, pore Bobby he lost his hand-holt by reason of it, and come down on deck hell-bent, jest be-aft the scuttle-butt. — Lord sakes! They said he like to have went chock through the deck altogether! 'T was an unrighteous old clip he struck it, and his hip-bone, they cal'lated it must been, jabbed a hole in them deck-plank that they used to take and show to folks jes' long's the vessel was owned here to this Cove.

"Well, they took and picked the pore devil up, and lugged him below for dead, but seems's though he come to next morning a little dite, and so they give it to her straight for home, wearin' every sol'tary rag of sail the schooner would stiver under, and still stay atop o' water.

"Come to find out, Bob Henderson was all stove up so bad that every one of them three doctors allowed they never once see no such hard-lookin' sight in all their born days! There wa'n't ary one on 'em but said he was spoke for inside a few hours' time at the furtherest, but they turned to and lugged him off down home to his father's place there, cal'latin'

to see him git through 'most any minute on the ways down along. All the women-folks there was to home there was Bobby's old Aunt Marshy, that kep' house for the old sir them days, and the heft of the time she was all crippled-up with the rheumatiz so's she could n't but jest wag.

"But Lord A'mighty! Quick's ever Susy Mary May once got wind of what was up, she lep' out of the house same's a wild creatur', and streaked it straight down acrosst them fields right plumb into the room where the pore feller was layin' to; and by fire, doctor! she never once come out through the front gate again for goin' on two months' time! No sir, you could n't do nothin' with her noways; she allowed she never cared no more for the speech o' people than for jes' so much wind in amongst the far-trees up back of the house. 'T was much as ever she'd leave another soul come anigh Bobby to do a livin' thing for him 'in any way, shape, nor manner, and so she jest took and stopped right there, and nussed him, and tended out on him, and done for him morning, noon, and night-times, till she like to have killt herself dead at the job.

"You see from the very fust, she'd run away of the idee that the dod-blowed project was at the bottom of it all, and seems's though the notion growed on her stiddy like, till she would n't give ear to nothin' else. "'T was me that done it! 'T was me that done it!' — that's the most you'd git out of her them days, and come to that, she ain't never felt a mite different since, not for a minute's time.

"Them doctors they see right off there was no good to butt agin her in the matter, not a mite. They see that Bobby wanted she should do for him right along, in room of nobody else, and prob'ly figgered they might jes' soon humor the pore creatur' till he come to git through, being as nary one on 'em ever once dremp' but what he was as good as un'neath four foot of cold sod already. Well sir, the amount of the story was, though, that bimeby Bob Henderson

commenced to pick up a little dite, — ter'ble gradual like, at fust, you know, but still makin' out to stem the tide with jest a grain or so to spare, till finally all them three old doctors had to give in he was on the mendin' hand, and no gitting 'round it, but every soul here to this Cove that was anyways knowin' to the matter allowed that Susy Mary May was all the one that saved Bobby Henderson's life that time. Anyways soon's ever he got so's to be up and 'round the least little mite, she jest claimed him for hern, huffs, horns, and hide, and nothin' would n't do but that the pair of 'em should turn to and git married right away off. I rec'lect the Sunday that Susy Mary appeared bride down to the Corner meetin'-house here happened to fall on the very day she was twenty year old, too.

"Bobby he always hung to it like a good one that he had n't no business to ever once think of such a thing as gittin' married, being as he was all crippled-up so awful bad; but Lord love ye! Susy Mary was sot as the hills in regards to that 'ere. She give it out there to home right up and down, that unless she could marry Bob Henderson right away, so's to do for him all the rest-part of his life, same's she has, she'd take and heave herself chock offn the w'arft the fust thing ever she done, and she'd kep' her word too, sure's ever the sun riz.

"Finally our folks come to see plain enough they'd full better jest hands-off, and give the gal all the slack line she wanted in the whole business. Doin' for Bobby, and tendin' out on him same's if he was a baby like, was all the comfort the creatur' could take them days, and that's all ever she has got out of it since, doctor. Of course Bob he's been so's to earn a dollar by spells, you know, and always was ter'ble anxious to do what little he could, but same time it always looked a good deal to me as though Susy Mary May never wanted he should lift a hand. Seems's though the more she done herself all soul alone, the better off she

felt, and as fur as takin' help from outside was concerned, why she never would hearken to it for a secont's time.

"T wa'n't only yesterday she up and says to me she 'most knowed God A'mighty would hold it ag'in her for what come of heavin' the project after Bobby Henderson that time; but I told her I could n't noways see as there was the least mite of call to look at it like that. I done my very dingdest to soothe her down like, for the pore creatur' was commencing to take on consid'ble bad, — that is, for her, you know.

"Finally, I jest up and says to her like this: 'Susy Mary May,' 's I, 'you wa'n't nothin' only a little young gal the time you took and hove that plague-gone project, and for the life of me I can't see as you was so ter'ble weeked for never once realizin' the resk there was in them kind of things, bein' as nobody never took the trouble to post ye up in regards to 'em. But there!' 's I, 'even s'posin' you done wrong that time, why Godfrey mighty! jest only look at what you done since, — that's what always makes out to git me, — only once take and look at what you done since! Why, quick's ever you seen jest how bad Bobby was disenabled that time, you turned to right away and give him your best tow-line astern, and fair or foul, blow high and blow low, you've stood by him ever since in proper good shape, — there's no two ways about that part of it. The pair of ye,' 's I, 'have made a master long, hard drag of it in comp'ny for goin' on fifty years' time now, and seems's though you won't never let go of him till you see him all safe to anchor where nary wind that blows can't do him no hurt. Now,' 's I, 'come to take it atop of all that, it don't look to me anyways likely that the Old Scholar up there ever once cal'lates to take and blame that project onto you any great, not at this day o' the world. That 'ere,' 's I, 'right on the face of it, don't look to me noways raytionable like.' — What do you cal'l late yourself, doctor; be I so very fur out the way?"

THE PROTECTION OF IMMIGRANT WOMEN

BY FRANCES A. KELLOR

IN a preceding article I attempted to show the growing economic and social value of immigrant women, and that they are not always to be found in domestic service. There are two great risks incurred by the immigrant who starts from her native shore. First, can she reach her home and place of labor in this country in safety? Second, has she a prospect of fair living and working conditions after arrival? I shall attempt here to answer the first question by showing some of the risks incident to the journey to, and settlement in this country, and by indicating especial protection that is needed.

The dangers for which America is responsible begin on the other side. What seems a simple journey may be filled with hardships. Considering the many disadvantages and dangers, it is remarkable how many come through safely and become honest hard-working women, and law-abiding citizens. The loyalty and self-sacrifice among those already here who help them to come are almost incredible unless really witnessed. Especially in view of the little help that is given by Americans, it is a remarkable tribute to human character that so many win out in the hard struggle. While Americans are willing to provide labor, and to support philanthropies which help the immigrant in time of distress, there are many times when no friendly hand is held out except that of the ignorant or inexperienced immigrant who has just arrived or who is trying to make his own way among strangers and new conditions.

Let us follow the journey from Antwerp to New York and see what these typical dangers are, and how they may be avoided. First come enthusiastic letters

from friends or relatives in their first days of wonder in the new city, when they are fired with the enthusiasm and vitality of the new life. The sweat shop, the tenement, the low wages, and hundreds of ways of exploitation have not yet been learned. To what extent does our government undertake to see that this enthusiastic immigrant who writes others to come has correct views and information to send them? Once released from Ellis Island, its chief interest is to deport her if she subsequently violates the immigration law. Both state and nation permit her to get information and experience as best she can. Are the laws she needs to know, opportunities for labor, wages, directions in case of need, rights, educational opportunities and requirements for citizenship printed in concise form and placed in her hands in a language she can understand? By no means. What is to counteract the information given by employment agents, "notary publics," steamship ticket agents, and some of the political leaders among "her own people," who see in increased numbers an increased profit to themselves? When resident immigrants are left so utterly in such hands for their ideas of American life and laws, they are frequently made the unsuspecting tools of employment agents and unauthorized peddlers of steamship tickets, and others who urge that friends and relatives be brought over, and who advance or help them borrow the money to send, but assume no responsibility after arrival. Sometimes the employment agent offers honest work, sometimes not. The young procurer for dens of immorality lives in the crowded tenements, and he too urges that she come, and offers to marry her or to find her work. These are but illustrations of the way in which well-mean-

ing persons here play into the hands of those who wish to exploit the immigrant girl. Thus her future is sold or heavily mortgaged even before she starts.

But she does not always wait for such letters from her friends and relatives. Some enterprising broker gets her name and address and sends her one of the thousands of copies of papers printed in this country in her language, which contains a romantic tale of the wages, liberty, and good times in America, and how the young people find prosperous husbands and live in plenty. It is not dry reading; to her it is a live thrilling tale, and it tells only what she can get, not what she must give, or what the requirements are.

Once here, one of the great difficulties is that she has started on misleading information. She has false ideas of freedom, wages, prosperity, and good times, and discontent begins. Is the newspaper romance a true picture? Can she get all that is promised? It is evident that the first step in protection must begin in America and must give honest information about America.

Our immigration law is explicit in prohibiting steamship agents from advertising or stimulating emigration abroad, but says nothing as to the many publications printed here in foreign languages and sent abroad. It is said that some of the steamship companies back these papers by expending huge sums in circulating them abroad. Their influence is wide, for in every community where one is sent it goes from family to family. Does the government know the number of such publications, what they contain, and in whose interest they are published? Is it in no wise interested in the kind of information with which its future citizens start?

The immigrant girl is now stirred by the letters and stories to the point of leaving. But she has not enough money. So that is borrowed in America and entrusted to a "banker." But the promised sum may fail to arrive. What has happened? Just this. In America, the cities

are infested with small unauthorized banker-steamship-ticket brokers, who are allowed to take the deposits of immigrants without giving a bond or having any financial responsibility. Her little sum has fallen into the hands of such a banker, and he has not sent the money, though he has repeatedly told the sender that he has done so. After several such transactions, he moves to another part of the city, assumes a new name, and proceeds to rob others. Why does not the immigrant select one of the hundreds of reliable bankers? Why does not some one inform her who they are? Why does not the state protect her from robbery? Why does not the immigrant who sends the money prosecute the banker for so simple a fraud? With his witness in Russia or Hungary, how can he prove that the money was not sent and lost? Can he afford the loss of several days' work, to say nothing of lawyer's fees and car-fares, in order to recover thirty dollars or forty dollars, often representing his entire savings, which he has sent to the waiting girl?

But suppose he is cautious and thinks it safer to see the ticket and send it himself. The same banker is quite willing to accommodate him, and if he has not enough money, offers him a ticket on the installment plan. Sometimes, when the immigrant here has no intention of sending for friends, these peddlers pursue him in his home and place of business with offers of tickets on such easy payments that he buys them. The installment ticket is sold for from five to fifteen dollars above the market rate to cover the risk, *although most immigrants are required to give a guarantee and are sometimes charged interest on the unpaid balance!* On a ticket costing thirty-three dollars, he pays ten dollars down and one to two dollars per week, with the express understanding that the girl on the other side *is to have the ticket at once*. Fully one-third of the prepaid third-class tickets are sold to immigrants in American cities on the installment plan. But

this "ticket" is only an *order* — it mentions no steamship line and in many cases is not even signed by the broker who sells it. It is a bogus piece of paper until the broker sends its price to his coöperating foreign office. In the mean time, the girl has received this bogus order, sold out everything, leaves her home and arrives in Antwerp ready to sail. She goes to the ticket office and is told that her "ticket is no good" as no money has been received. The foreign police know these tickets so well that they often tell the immigrants before they reach the office that they have been duped. Of course the order is no good! Some of these unauthorized, irresponsible agents sell as many as one hundred tickets a week. They have no capital. How can they send over \$3300 for tickets when they have received only \$1000 on installment?

Imagine the girl's plight with all ties cut behind her, with not enough money to sail or to return. Stranded, she must endure the long delay of writing to her friends here, and of awaiting a reply from this side. The purchaser is put off from time to time until the agent disappears. Here is one story of what happens in the mean time and is a typical hardship:—

"I bought a ticket for passage from Antwerp to New York for the sum of forty-five dollars, by paying ten dollars down and two dollars each week thereafter until the full sum of forty-five dollars was paid. At the time I paid the ten dollars down, I received an advice or order which I sent to my sister in Russia, who, immediately upon the receipt of same, started for Antwerp, and when she presented the said advice or order she was told the same was no good, and that it would not be honored. My sister was stranded in Antwerp and was obliged to beg. As soon as I learned about the above-mentioned facts, I went to the company, and they told me that I must pay an additional ten dollars to have the original advice or order given to me stopped, and for them to give another order or advice. I did receive the second order or advice and sent

the same to my sister, but while waiting in Antwerp for the ticket to come to New York, she was arrested for begging, and when the *second advice or order arrived*, the police told her that it was not good. The said sister was compelled to stay in prison for several days, and after she was released she again begged and *nearly starved for eight months* until I sent her another ticket to come to New York. She is in New York at the present time. As soon as I learned that the second order or advice was no good, I went to the office of the company, but found the office closed, and I have never been able to find them, nor have I been able to have refunded the money which I paid to them for the first order or advice, nor the additional ten dollars which I gave for the second order, nor have I ever been able to receive the steamship ticket for passage from Antwerp to New York."

The evils of such frauds are two-fold. They imperil the girl's morality and entire future. There are many cases where local charities have had to send the girls back to Russia or Hungary from Antwerp, because there was no more money; or where families have been separated, there being enough money to bring only part of them over. Second, they lower the standard of living of the immigrants here, who save and sacrifice only to be robbed. One man slaved for three years and nearly starved himself to save \$160 to bring over his children, and lost it through such an agent. The family is still separated. In the past three years, it is estimated that over \$500,000 has been wasted through dishonest agents in New York city alone, and many thousands of dollars of losses are never reported. And these sums vary from the servant girl's savings of two dollars a week sent to a friend to come over on, to \$500 — the savings of years.

The protection offered is meagre. Massachusetts has a law requiring a fifteen thousand dollar bond of bankers who sell steamship tickets, but no steamship ticket regulations. New York, as the result of investigations made by the

Research Department of the Woman's Municipal League and Welfare Committee of the National Civic Federation, has two laws which went into effect September 1, 1907. One provides for a fifteen thousand dollar bond for bankers, and the other prohibits the sale of unauthorized tickets not binding on the steamship companies. Up to this time no adequate protection whatever had been afforded the immigrant. The other ports and the great industrial cities like Pittsburg and Chicago, where large numbers of tickets are sold, have no regulations and there is no federal protection.

The immigrant, if she can meet these hardships or escape them, is now safely aboard ship. Has our government any matrons or inspectors who make it impossible for the procurer, who wishes to travel steerage or second cabin for the purpose of meeting her, to accomplish his purpose? Is she safeguarded so carefully that members of the ship's crew cannot mislead her? There is so little supervision that evilly disposed persons find it profitable to make her acquaintance in the steerage. Their knowledge of her home and language, combined with their wonderful stories of America, cement the friendship, and when she lands, her new-found friend is her adviser. The conditions on shipboard are inexcusably negligent, and the government has long been urged to provide matrons and inspectors. It is unfair and unreasonable to expect the immigrant girl traveling under such conditions to resist the evil of a great city, so long as the main idea of the government is not to protect but to deport. It is hard to find a reason for such criminal negligence when so simple a method can be tried, and when the government has so ample a fund, made up of the head-tax paid by the immigrants for the privilege of coming here.

Once at Ellis Island, the greatest care is taken to protect her. She can be released only when the government is satisfied that the persons who claim her are really the ones to whom she is coming.

If it is a male relative, even a brother, he must be accompanied by his wife if married, or give satisfactory assurance that she is to live with a woman, before she is released. If it is her intended husband who claims her, the commissioner may require that they be married there. Where the girl has no relatives or friends, the missionaries representing the various churches and immigrant societies take her in charge, house her, find her work, and take a friendly interest in her. If they did not she would frequently have to make the long journey back. This is a splendid, necessary work, efficiently organized at Ellis Island, and having the sympathetic interest of Commissioner Watchorn. But it is by no means so effective and systematic at all of the other ports, where there are fewer immigrants, but where the individual dangers are also great. It is not a system of protection equally applicable to all ports, and fostered by the government, but depends entirely on the amount of interest and support that each nationality can obtain from its own, or from religious organizations. Therefore some immigrants are better protected than others. When no precautions are taken on board ships, these well-meaning immigrant homes may find their work useless. I have in mind four girls who were instructed to go to an immigrant home, accept positions, and then send their address to the young procurer who induced them to come here. This they did.

But many do not stop in New York and so do not come under this good influence. Suppose the girl has a through ticket to Chicago. The responsibility of the government ends when she is safely on the train, and the *railway is not held responsible for her safe arrival*. Suppose she loses her address, or the street number is wrong, or her friends fail to meet her, or have moved, or any one of fifty things that may break the connection has happened? Suppose a procurer meets her on the train (as they do) and she is induced to go with him? Her friends

and relatives are anxiously awaiting her, and the government is not aware that she is lost. How long will it be before both begin to look for her together?

At present nothing is done by the state or federal government to meet this great defect. The states do not know who are coming into them to live, or under what conditions. They make no effort to get into touch with them or help them to become citizens. What so simple as for each state to have its department or bureau, and receive from the federal government the names and addresses of all immigrants coming in, and to visit them and make an effort to make them into citizens? How else can the compulsory education law be enforced, when there are hundreds of children coming in who are never on the school roll and cannot be traced? How else can the child-labor laws be enforced, when children slip from the station to the factory and are reported above the age which they may look to be? The ship manifest, with the ages, would enlighten many duped inspectors if the state had it from the federal ports. Such bureaus could also coöperate with other states and notify them of removals.

This defect in the protection of women is so fraught with moral dangers that Commissioner Watchorn has given it special attention. Upon his recommendation an agent has been appointed at Ellis Island. A group of representative organizations at various large distributing points have been interested by the Inter-Municipal Research Committee, and the experiment is being tried of having friendly visitors meet these young women on arrival, or immediately afterward in their homes, and help them to find work, good lodgings, night schools, or whatever they most need, and to give them a fair chance. The system of distribution and protection of women in transit is being studied with a view to recommending that a state and national protective policy be adopted. The great number of arriving immigrant girls makes it impossible that this should

be continued effectively by philanthropy alone. The maintenance of friendly visitors who can speak their language and go to their homes in each of the great cities is a tremendous expense — to say nothing of the expense involved in giving them the immediate assistance they frequently need. A part of this protection should fall upon the railways. Matrons at the stations and on the immigrant trains, to protect and look after the comfort of women and children and to safeguard young girls, are an essential part of an adequate system of protection.

But what of the many thousands who come to New York city? The real danger begins when the girl lands at the Battery. The hangers-on there grab her baggage and try to get her to go with them. The missionaries sometimes have great difficulty in getting the girl to their homes, as these hangers-on speak her language and try to warn her against her new-found friends. If this fails, they may follow her, get her address, and visit her later. The government has tried to break up the robbery and graft which goes on at the Battery, but it has no authority in the city, and thus far has not succeeded.

There has been no body of information showing what happens to the immigrant woman after she leaves Ellis Island for her destination in the city. Four things the Inter-Municipal Research Committee deemed it essential to learn: how and where she lives; whether she needs work, and how she obtains it; whether she is illiterate, and what are her chances for learning English; and, lastly, her amusements.

Through the coöperation of the Commissioners of Immigration, the following programme was followed in four cities: Lists of the arriving girls were obtained, giving the nationality, age, date of arrival, and name and address of the person to whom they are released. No girls released to immigrant homes or charitable institutions were visited, but only girls normally released to friends, relatives, or strangers, and who had to

take up the struggle for existence in the city.

Each girl was then visited at her home by a woman who spoke her language and was of her religion, and the following information was obtained: living conditions, including kind of house, number of rooms, number in family, number of lodgers, cleanliness and sanitation, sleeping accommodations, rate of lodging, kind of lodging; object in coming; whether ticket was purchased here and by whom; employment abroad and wages; present employment, including the kind, place, wages, hours; whether steady work, how obtained, and whether night work is done; and a general statement of conditions not included in the above. When the first visit to her home was made, if the girl was found to need help of any kind one of two things was done. Preferably, wherever possible, the organization, institution, or person already doing such work was asked to help the girl and to report results. Where there was no such existing group or person, aid was given directly, or new individuals were interested in being friendly to the girl. At first it was intended merely to study conditions, but so many girls were found needing work, lodging, help, and protection, that the friendly work was undertaken in connection with it.

Up to the present time, this study has been carried on in the various cities through the representative organizations of the Inter-Municipal Research Committee and other coöperating organizations: as the Research Department of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union in Boston, Research and Protective Association in Philadelphia, Woman's Trade-Union League in Chicago, and the Council of Jewish Women, who have also made similar studies in other cities not included here. Six thousand five hundred and fifty girls have been visited, in some cases many times, and the conditions were learned as carefully as possible. The details of the study cannot be given here, but it proves beyond all

doubt that a system of protection and assistance is needed for immigrant women, and that it should extend over the first three years of their residence.

The very least this can include is:—

(1) Housing. — These girls should be furnished with information in their own language about housing, boarding-houses, cost of living, transportation facilities, etc. As a result of the study above detailed it has been possible to change many of them to better lodgings, for the same money they were formerly paying. For instance, in four rooms, living with a family of five, were six boarders, four of whom were men. Some of the girls had no prepared food whatever, eating cold things they bought, when close by was a countrywoman of theirs willing to cook food for them if they lodged with her.

New York City is the most dangerous city in the country in the matter of housing green immigrant women, for its vice is not chiefly in one section, as in Chicago, but nearly every street is honeycombed with it; and next to the respectable tenement or apartment may be found a den of immorality. The danger is a hundred-fold greater because the girl thinks she is safe; in reality the need for protection in choosing her home is very great.

The question has often been asked, Would immigrant girls live in hotels and clubs if provided? The question can safely be answered in the affirmative, provided that religion and red tape are omitted, and a woman who speaks their language and understands their customs, needs, habits, and traditions, is at the head of the house and surrounds it with the atmosphere they need. If a number of women could be engaged to go into the immigrant neighborhoods and run small boarding-houses, — not big institutions, but small homes, — with the backing of some one financially interested, it would be a great thing for the girls and for the neighborhood. Few of their lodgings have any place for recreation or receiving company, or are anything more than

mere places to eat and sleep. A number of girls were interviewed with the idea of ascertaining their attitude toward such boarding-houses. The following are typical answers.

Sales-girl, wages \$6, lives with step-mother who often refuses to cook for her. Her father would be glad to have her make more room for them if the board was not over \$2.50.

Another, salary \$6, is willing to pay \$3 for board; is boarding in crowded quarters. Would welcome a boarding-house of this kind.

Another lodges with relatives, buys her own food, which they cook. Tried boarding, but food was poor, accommodations bad, and service irregular. Costs her \$2.50 a week and would be glad to spend more but cannot find a place.

(2) Employment. — This is a matter of adjustment as well as of finding work. During the investigation, it was possible to acquaint many girls with other lines of work and find them better-paying positions. If the immigrant girl comes to a family that does sweat-shop work, she naturally falls into it, though she may be better fitted for other work. At least one-quarter of the girls visited never did any work for pay at home. Here they undertake to do things they know little about, and accept low wages because they do not know what it costs to live. They work over-time; submit to illegal and unfair docking of wages; are the most pitiable victims of the "learner system," whereby they are hired at a dollar or two a week while learning, and are then discharged, and go to another employer "who will learn them." Some spend their first year or two learning. They are in debt when they arrive, and they are among the worst violators of child-labor and compulsory-education and factory laws. Why? Because neither the state nor any one else thinks it worth while to inform them of their rights, and because the people whom they know and with whom they live often do not know them any better. Progress is immeasur-

ably retarded by this short-sighted policy!

(3) Education. — The one great necessity and desire is to learn English. The majority of those visited, though they had been here several months, had never heard of evening classes. Where they had heard of them they frequently had no one to show them the way to the school and were timid. Even when they begin, the methods used are frequently so unsuited to their needs that they soon get discouraged or drop out. Some schools assume that because they need baby methods in English, they need it in all else, — which is a great mistake. By their lack of English they are hampered in getting better-paying work. Oftentimes the families with whom they live discourage it, saying, "Reading and writing are not needed to marry on." The settlements and philanthropies cannot meet this need alone. The night schools have no truant officers for adults. How shall the immigrant know her need and how to satisfy it and how to demand adequate facilities? Only the citizens who see the future of the state and country recognize the responsibility. Will they help meet it?

(4) Recreation and Amusements. — The immigrant girl does not in many cases get any facilities for recreation, and rarely such as she needs. She goes to the dance-hall because it is often the only place of amusement within reach where she can find her own people and her own dances. She does not prefer them at the back of saloons. But she is not a reformer — and she goes just because she finds them there. What else is she offered? Playgrounds and parks there are indeed, but how is she to find them? If others tell her, she often lives too far away to go. Have you ever heard the wonderment and joy in a green immigrant girl's voice, who has been immersed daily for months in our tenement and industrial system, when she sees Central Park? "Trees, here!" she exclaims, and with tears in eyes and voice, "just like home!" It is not more Coney Islands and "merry-go-

rounds" that are needed, but time, — shorter hours, — so that the girls can get into the country; and excursions to give them something of home; and native folk-dances in place of our meaningless American dances. Even philanthropies provide but little reasonable recreation, and playgrounds and gymnasias are over-taxed. It is one of the crying shames that we expect women, who come here directly after enjoying the freedom of the soil or of the small villages, to be crowded into tenements, to work eight to fourteen hours daily, and for whom no adequate decent amusement places are provided, to stand the moral strain. With what wisdom has Hull House installed its own five-cent theatre and dances open to any one from the street! The only way to lessen the attraction of the dance-hall is to compete with it. How eagerly the girls grasped the offer of the friendly visitors for a free concert! If they could only be directed to what does really exist! but much of it is in English and seems so far away to them. What seems such a small service of the friendly visitor sometimes changes a whole life. One difficulty is to get support for such small service. In this age every one wants to give or do big things which do not always accomplish the purpose.

But even when immigrant girls are well housed and cared for on arrival — it may all change to-morrow. The people to whom they come may not be well established, or capable of sound advice, or able to help them. A young girl came to an aunt who was her only relative. A few weeks after, the aunt was taken to the hospital, and, when the friendly visitor found her, the girl was entirely alone and unknown. The relative may die, the job may be lost, the family be evicted, or the girl may be ill. In the study above outlined a central bureau was established and many girls who were all right when first visited came to it later when in trouble. They had made an intelligent, powerful, friendly connection, which brought them into a life

larger than that of their own family and group, often too handicapped to help them. And so little is needed if it is the right thing!

It is not the intention to underpraise any of the good work done by the splendid organizations that are working in an unselfish way. It is rather to emphasize the need of state and federal protection, and to urge the necessity for a system of protection which will get hold of the immigrant as soon as she arrives, and educate and advise and help her. The protection of immigrant women is the business of a people, not of racial philanthropies; of a state, not of a corporation; and of mankind, not of a few individuals. This appeal for a governmental system of protection is not for dependents or for those needing charity — not for rescue work, for most immigrants do not need this upon arrival, but for the average normal healthy immigrant who wants to work and to become a citizen.

Under a philanthropic system, immigrants do not have equal opportunities. Look at the splendid institutions for the Jews. What have the Poles to compare with it? Where is there an Educational Alliance which so fits the children of other races to enter the public schools? What government other than the Italian gives sums for schools in labor camps? Do not the Hungarians need it? Neither is the work uniform: The educational facilities in New York may be good, for money can be more easily obtained; but is it true of the immigrant in Buffalo, or of those out at work on the road? No! If immigrants are to have equal opportunities and facilities and become equally good citizens, our states must awaken to their responsibility and provide protection equally for all.

It is good to know that the past year has been one of the most hopeful the immigrants have ever seen, in this increasing sense of protection.

The new immigration law provides that any person who "shall directly or indirectly import or attempt to import

into the United States any alien woman or girl for purposes of prostitution or any other immoral purpose, or whoever shall hold or attempt to hold any alien woman or girl for any such purpose, in pursuance of any such illegal importation, or whoever shall keep, maintain, control, support in any house or other place, for the purposes of prostitution or for any other immoral purpose, any alien woman or girl within three years after she shall have entered the United States, shall be guilty of a felony and be imprisoned not more than five years, and pay a fine of not more than \$5000."

Unfortunately the government does not realize the power of the strongly entrenched syndicate, with its many agents abroad and distributed in the various cities, with large financial backing, which imports immigrant girls and sells them from city to city, and has not provided adequate machinery to reach this all-powerful combine.

The new immigration law has also provided for a bureau of information which it is hoped will consider the subject of the education and labor of women. It has also created a commission which there is reason to hope will conduct investigations with a view to the further protection of women, and will perhaps recommend some such national system of protection as has been outlined and is now being tried by a group of philanthropies.

Through the efforts of the Inter-Municipal Research Committee and Federation of Women's Clubs, New Jersey has a new employment-agency law protecting contract laborers and immigrant women, and the Research and Protective Association of Philadelphia has obtained a new employment-agency law for Pennsylvania, with the same features. How soon will the United States consider it worth while to prevent inter-state abuses in the finding of employment and inter-state traffic in women, by passing a federal law? New York has tried an employment-agency law enforced by the

municipalities, and the conditions under its inadequate enforcement furnish a most striking comment upon the need of state and national protection.

New Jersey and Pennsylvania lead in the educational line. Governor Stokes of the former state appointed an immigration commission that obtained the passage of a law providing for night schools for adult foreigners, and Pennsylvania passed a law empowering local boards of education to establish schools in labor camps for foreigners.

New York passed a banking and steamship-ticket law, previously referred to; a midwives bill putting all midwives under control of the Board of Health, thus protecting the health of immigrant women and children. An investigation by the Association of Neighborhood Workers showed that ninety-five per cent of these midwives were foreigners. New York also passed the Cobb marriage bill, aimed at fake marriages practiced among immigrant women for the purpose of getting them into lives of shame. New York also increased the appropriation for distributing immigrants in the state through the Department of Agriculture.

This is only a part of the record of 1907. These new laws are typical of the signs of the times, and lead us to hope that this year may see further legislation for the protection of immigrants.

Back of all of this legislation for protection are groups of citizens and individuals who have gathered the facts and created a public sentiment for the protection of immigrants. This legislation marks but the beginning. To those who think that much has been accomplished, the following suggestions for further work show the field more clearly.

There is a crying need for the publication in the simplest terms of the laws and ordinances vitally affecting daily living — as labor laws, tenement-house regulations, fire regulations, health laws, etc. Ask an immigrant what she wants to read and she invariably replies, "Something about America in my language."

A Polish woman was arrested in a New Jersey town and fined two dollars and a half for putting ashes in the street. When she found out what her offense was she was amazed, because in her country the law required that she should put the ashes there to make good roads!

Schools for teaching English and simple American civics are needed in the smaller towns and factory towns, and better systems of instruction in the cities.

The establishment of state departments or commissions of immigration, which shall primarily protect, educate, and distribute the immigrants within the state and not merely seek laborers, is worth considering. These should coöperate with the federal government and take up the work where it lays it down — when the foreigner becomes a resident of the state.

Extension of free loan associations, neighborhood lodging-houses, friendly visiting of newly-arrived foreigners, and other movements that will bring the immigrant into relation with persons who know the standards and opportunities and ways of American city life.

Establishment of a federal system of protection of immigrants in transit and until they really reach their destination, and of compulsory railway protection.

Enforcement (and adequate machinery for the purpose) of the few laws which specifically protect immigrants.

The next decade can be profitably spent by those interested in the immigrant in working out a *system of protection* to meet the system of exploitation, and this will in a measure explain if not meet many of the "problems of immigration."

"O STRANGE MONOTONY OF SONG"

Fragment

BY LEE WILSON DODD

O STRANGE monotony of song!
 Life's joy,
 Life's pain,
 The ecstasy, the agony of love,
 The sharp despair, the solaces of death;
 The irretrievable loss that desolates;
 The daring hope that somewhere beyond change
 Our lost ones wait for us with happier eyes!
 Strange, strange majestic sameness! Yesterday,
 To-day, To-morrow — still the ancient cries,
 The ancient voices, the
 Antique imperishable *facts* of song:
 Life, Love, and Death.

NORWEGIAN LIFE

BY H. H. D. PIERCE

As I look out of my study window, this December morning, across the garden and beyond the little gorge which flanks it and through which runs the street below, I see the children in the neighboring public school enjoying their brief hourly recess in their playground, in the dim light of the dawn. For, although it is nearly half-past nine, the sun has not yet risen. Later in the day he will bathe my whole garden and house-front with his welcome rays, for we shall be free to-day from the black, grimy fog which besets Christiania during the last two months of the year,—a fog thick and heavy with the suffocating smoke of the town. Fortunately a half-hour, by the electric tram-car, takes one out of it to Holmenkollen, on the mountain overlooking the city. But the brightest winter day is short in this latitude, for the sluggish sun will set again a very few minutes after three.

It pleases my fancy that our Legation stands perched upon one of the crags of curiously distorted rocky strata that occur here and there in Christiania, thus isolated from surrounding buildings; for this, by the accepted usage of nations, is American territory, and it seems to me fitting that the soil our flag floats over should be so separated from the bordering city streets and buildings.

Many of the residences of Christiania stand thus villa-like in the midst of pretty gardens, which, in summer, are full of bloom, and give the streets a peculiar charm and sense of openness. Within, the people live simple wholesome lives, kindly and hospitable, with that truest hospitality which invites the guest to share in good cheer without ostentation or display. Dinner is at three or four o'clock, served by trim, fresh-looking

maids, and supper at eight, when, except on formal occasions, the guest is free to forage around the table for himself. Host and hostess drink the health of each guest with the word "skaal," replied to by the eyes over the glass after drinking. Adjourning to the drawing-room, the guests thank both master and mistress of the house and on the next meeting never fail to say, "Thanks for the last time." One is everywhere struck by the frank and unaffected simplicity of the life and the straightforward kindness of the people.

The scope of women's employment is much wider in Norway than with us. Even large public banquets are chiefly served by maids, and in the shops customers are waited upon, generally, by saleswomen. This is by no means confined to a few classes of shops. In shoe-shops, for both men and women, in jewelers' and silversmiths', in fact in almost every branch of retail trade, while women are not exclusively employed to wait upon customers, they decidedly predominate. In the banks also, in the post and telegraph office, and upon the railways, women are much employed, not only in clerical capacities, but for work exclusively performed in America by men.

In the University of Christiania both sexes attend the lectures indiscriminately and are upon the same footing. In the practice of medicine, and especially of dentistry, there are quite as many female as male practitioners. In a small block of buildings close to the Legation I have counted the signs of six dentists, three of whom are women. Even in the law women are admitted to practice.

The students of the university form a conspicuous and interesting element in

the social atmosphere of Christiania. The university buildings are situated in a prominent part of the principal thoroughfare of the city. The students are thus much in evidence, and the sentiment of the community is strongly in favor of a university education for both sexes. A course at the university, with good standing in scholarship, is a requisite part of the curriculum of the Military Academy of the Kingdom, so that among the students are to be seen not a few wearing military uniforms.

Education may be said to be universal in Norway. The commonest laborer can at least read and write, and many peasants attain a considerable degree of culture. Liestøl, for instance, who is an exponent of the school which is endeavoring to bring the ancient language of the country, called "maalet," still spoken by the peasants in certain districts of the west, into general use as the language of Norway, has educated himself very highly. He is a true peasant, laboring in the fields; still he has not only found time to do considerable literary work in connection with this movement, but has also acquired a very considerable knowledge of English.

The language of Norway is, or at least appears to be, in a transitional state. That which is usually spoken is identical with Danish, with some differences in pronunciation, and some slight modification of meaning due to sectional conditions. It is in fact the Danish language acquired by Norway during its union with that country, which lasted some six hundred years.

Of late there has been a tendency to draw away from the Danish tongue and set up, or evolve, a distinct language. The movement is led on the one hand by Björnson, who in his writings adopts a spelling quite his own, differing considerably from that of the ordinary literature, and on the other by certain writers, who, like Garborg, write in the old *maal*-et. The word "*maal*" means language or tongue, and the final "*et*" is simply the

suffix of the definite article. *Maalet* therefore means, "the language." As I write, a measure has just to-day been introduced in the Storting to regulate by law the orthography of the language.

The daily life of the students is simple, and dissipation rare. The studies are seriously pursued, and good scholarship and ability are rewarded by the respectful appreciation and popular regard of fellow students. Yet there is no lack of frank and hearty ebullition of spirits. Withal there is an unaffected simplicity about these student pleasures which reminds one of the college days of an earlier generation in our own universities.

The students of the University of Christiania are provided with an admirable general club-house, in a central part of the city, where they have, in a plain and simple fashion, such food and refreshments as they may choose to order, including beer and wine, if they wish it, and where, in short, they enjoy an entire freedom, which is rarely abused. For these students possess that quality of self-respect which is preëminently characteristic of the Norseman.

In this assembly building, or club, the students, in winter, not only enjoy their recreation and that exchange of ideas so essential to wholesome mental growth, but give their balls and other entertainments in a straightforward and unpretentious fashion. The Students' Ball I attended there was managed with a decorum and efficiency which would have been highly creditable to more experienced men of the world. There was no ostentation of elaborate decoration, but the bright young faces and the pretty white gowns were the better set off against the plain but tastefully colored walls. It was chaperoned by two ladies of social prominence, but otherwise the young girls were without other protection than their own good sense, and their well-founded confidence, and that of their parents, in the entire trustworthiness of their student escorts.

Early in winter the students devote a

week to a grand carnival, when the entire club building is given over to a sort of mock country fair. Here you may witness, in the great hall and exhibition room, a burlesque circus, with an amusing band, led by a conductor who gravely imitates the affectations of some orchestral leaders. Through the rooms are other amusing satires upon interests of the day. There you may, for a few öre, have three shots, with balls, at caricatures of the cabinet ministers. Hit one, and another political character takes his place. At another booth, arranged in imitation of a railway book-stall, are clever parodies on the popular novels of the day. There, in that farther room, called the "North-West Passage," ices are served. Across the street, in the university gymnasium, a stage has been erected, and here is given a very clever burlesque of an Italian opera, — a real old-fashioned burlesque, — no modern imitation cheap shows, no topical songs and no dances. Just an old-fashioned burlesque gravely gone through with, the excellent music well sung and all the accessories simple but sufficient; and short withal, so that the spectators' risible muscles do not become moulded into a stereotyped smile.

Everywhere all is most informal. The students are simply in for a good time, not to pose socially. You may wear your hat, if you choose, or even smoke, but you may not take either the entertainment or yourself too seriously. You come away with the sense of having been thoroughly amused by a hearty bit of talented student fun, and without wondering at the cost, in either time or money.

Owing doubtless in part to its isolation from the rest of Europe, — for Stockholm is distant twelve hours by rail from Christiania, and Copenhagen nearly twenty, — the theatre of Norway has developed upon lines of its own, evolving a very individual school of acting but little influenced by the stage conventions and traditions of other countries; very faithful and true to nature in its conceptions, and frankly realistic in its treatment.

The intense dramatic feeling and earnestness of the players is perhaps, at times, insufficiently restrained, but as a rule the parts are played with taste as well as with vigor and freshness. The sincerity with which the minor parts are acted, and the natural manner in which all the players unite in the support of one another, add greatly to the realism of the production. The by-play of the minor performers is sustained, without becoming tiresome. If a number of people are on the stage together they appear to engage in conversation in a perfectly natural manner, without any appearance of forced "stage business." Of course this drilling of the minor actors and supernumeraries is chiefly due to the care and taste which Mr. Björnson has devoted to the stage management of his large company. But it must be said that he has excellent material to work with.

In all that precedes I have been speaking of the National Theatre of Christiania which, while it receives a royal subsidy, is on the other hand burdened with a heavy municipal tax. It is to Mr. Björn Björnson, the son of the great Norwegian writer and poet, that Christiania is indebted for this really splendid temple of the dramatic muse. It was by his efforts that the needed funds for its erection were secured, and it has been under his management that it has produced the beautifully staged plays of his distinguished father, of Henrik Ibsen, and of other less known national playwrights.

The theatre itself is provided with every most modern convenience and comfort for audience, management, and actors. The auditorium is comfortable and well ventilated; the orchestra, for which ample room is provided, out of the immediate view of the audience, but not concealed from it, is large and of the very best. The stage is of vast proportions, adequate for the production of the most elaborate pieces, and provided with every modern mechanical appliance as well as with a corps of unsurpassed scenic art-

ists. Much of the scene-painting reaches a very high degree of artistic excellence. Nothing of its sort could exceed the beauty and truth to nature in the scenery of *Peer Gynt*, depicting Norwegian landscapes. The play is given with Grieg's exquisite music, and it is interesting to see the great composer in the audience, as one frequently may, listening to his own composition and witnessing the play for which he composed the music.

It is perhaps the ensemble in the production of this piece that is most worthy of remark. Its perfect evenness of sustained execution entitles it to rank as a masterpiece of artistic stage management. To single out any special performer in this admirable presentation of Ibsen's romantic drama seems hardly fair to the rest of the work. Yet one can scarcely refrain from remarking upon Mr. Christiansen's impersonation of the title rôle, a really fine piece of dramatic work.

It is said that Ibsen intended, in *Peer Gynt*, to typify the national character. This is probably hardly a fair statement, for *Peer Gynt* certainly does not stand for the type of Norwegian manhood. The shiftless sensual vagabond, the boastful purposeless dreamer that Ibsen depicts in *Peer Gynt*, no more typifies the Norwegian than he does humanity in general. The story is told that, to somebody who asked Ibsen what he had in mind in writing *Peer Gynt*, he replied that none but God and himself ever knew, and for his part he had forgotten.

The scene between *Peer Gynt* and the three Saeter girls on top of the mountain is given with truly wonderful effect. The mad abandon of these weird creatures in their moonlight dance, luring the inflammable sensualist on by their wild laughter and derisive songs, is done with rare intensity. This and the scene with the Troll King's daughter are bits of really fine dramatic work. Much of the play, especially in the last act, good as it is as literature, is lacking in dramatic incident. It was not originally intended

for the stage, and it has required some adaptation to make its performance possible. Indeed, the dramatic interest of the play, though not that of the psychological study, ends with the death of old Aase, beautiful as the stage-setting continues to be up to the final fall of the curtain.

For my own part I suspect that Ibsen had no further purpose in writing *Peer Gynt* than to set for himself a problem in psychology, working out the mental and moral development of the principal character in the play, given certain traits and environment, and that he introduced the Norwegian folklore, which gives the local color, merely as an artistic framing, like the scenic accessories, not with any intention of stamping *Peer Gynt* himself as a product peculiar to Norway. Most of Ibsen's plays have a strong local coloring of his own country and people.

The production of *A Doll's House*, contrasting so completely as it does with *Peer Gynt*, is nevertheless given with the same careful study of detail as the more spectacular piece. The simple, homely room, which is the background throughout the play, is a most minutely faithful reproduction of such a parlor, in just such a flat, as you may find by the hundred in Christiania. It is the typical home of the Norwegian bank clerk. You are unmistakably in Christiania. Through the door which opens at the back of the scene you catch, from time to time, glimpses of the narrow hallway and the outer door leading to the staircase. The fire before which Nora and Helmar sit is in the tall porcelain stove of the country. The scene is even set to show the architectural arrangement of the rooms, making it clear that Helmar's study can only be reached by passing through the parlor; for a jog in the wall, bringing the angle well upon the stage, gives visible evidence of the construction. The performance itself is admirable, the acting restrained, for the most part, and the whole very real and living.

At several of the minor theatres the

acting is excellent and individual, though the productions lack finish, and are, of necessity, presented without the lavish furnishings of the National Theatre.

One of the plays that I love best, in the repertory of the National Theatre, is *Fossegrimen*. It was written by a member of the company, in the western peasant dialect, and the quaint and original music was composed by Mr. Halvorsen, the leader of the orchestra of the theatre. It is a romance of the country people, introducing scenes of very real peasant life of fifty years ago; and woven into it is much of the folklore of the country, in which every good Norwegian believes, at the bottom of his heart, or ought to if he do not, it so suits the picturesque landscape. No young Norwegian woman, properly educated in her national traditions, would dare to enter the barn of a country farm at night, lest the sprites that inhabit it, offended at her interruption of their sports, should do her harm. The sordid materialist may, in the wild splendor of the landscape of western Norway, doubt the existence of all manner of supernatural inhabitants of the dark recesses under the cliffs; for my own part I am only waiting the opportunity to encounter a troll.

Whether or not the fact may be justly attributed to the lonely grandeur of the scenery, certain it is that insanity is much more prevalent among the towering cliffs and deep black waters of the Telemarken country than in any other part of Norway.

How entrancing is a posting trip, in summer, through the mountainous sections of Norway, where the railway has not yet penetrated! The wonderful and ever-varying grandeur of the landscape fairly wearies the beholder with its rich splendor of grand prospects, as the picturesque blocks of granite that protect the edge of the well-made road, overhanging the frequent precipitous descents along the course of one's journey, become monotonous. Granite, did I

say? Not infrequently those blocks are of fine porphyry which, carved and polished, might well decorate some palace. The posthouses, where you stop for rest and refreshments while the horses are being changed, or where you pass the night, are excellent hostelries unspoiled by tourists. You may count on them for good meals and clean comfortable beds at moderate prices, and upon having anything that you may have left behind forwarded to you by next post. The country people take pride in the reputation that nothing is ever lost in Norway.

Here and there on your way you may still see the national costume, worn by both men and women. For the country people are proud of their national dress, as they are of their pursuit of agriculture, and not a few of them claim descent from the ancient earls and kings. It is narrated that King Oscar of Sweden, once traveling in the country, stopped at the homestead of a sturdy farmer for refreshment. The peasant proprietor, proud of a lineage descended from one of the local kings, greeted him familiarly as "Oscar," and at the noonday meal invited him to sit at a table set aside for himself and the king, leaving the suite to seat themselves at a separate table.

Scattered throughout all the mountainous districts of Norway are innumerable "sanatoriums," as they are called. They are, in fact, simply comfortable hotels much frequented by people seeking the wholesome and invigorating air of the mountains.

There is a peculiar charm to the Norwegian observance of Christmas time, called "Juletid" (J pronounced like Y), the Yuletide of our grandfathers. The festivities commence at six o'clock on Christmas eve, when all business ceases, even to the running of the street cars, and a cab can hardly be procured during that evening at any price. Everything stops but the celebration of Christmas. The salutation "Glädelig Jul" (Happy Christmas) is in every mouth. It is a season of universal good-will and kind-

ness, of thought, not of self, but of others, in which none are forgotten. Wreaths of green, or of flowers, are laid upon the graves of the dead, alms generously given. The very birds are cared for, and sheaves of grain hung outside some window of every dwelling for their behoof.

And now, in good earnest, the winter sports begin, for by this time deep snows cover every hillside. The townsfolk hie them to the country with "ski" and "kjælke" to enjoy the holiday week, in their national amusement, on the white slopes of the mountains.

The ski (pronounced *ske*) is the Scandinavian snowshoe. The type varies in the various countries of Scandinavia, that of Norway differing greatly from the Finnish ski, each being adapted to the physical requirements of the country. The rugged mountain sides of Norway, with their rapid slopes and frequent almost precipitous declivities, demand a heavier, stronger ski than that used in the flat Finnish country, with greater upward curve to the toe, and a secure fastening to the feet. The Norwegian ski is made of stout ash some four inches wide, varying in length with the height and weight of the individual, but averaging about seven feet.

As young and old of both sexes go skimming over the snow, gliding down the steep hills, at breakneck speed, in and out among the passers on the roads or over the unbroken fields, upon the hillsides and through the thick forests, ski-running seems as easy as walking over a country road. But the novice quickly discovers that this ease has been acquired by long practice, generally since childhood, for Norwegian children commence to practice with skis at three or four years of age. It is not easy to manage these long slats strapped to the feet. The first slide down hill, and for that matter the second and third, inevitably ends in a tumble and an inextricable tangle of legs and skis from which, unless there is a helping hand, the only release is to unbuckle the straps. One falls softer

in the deep snow than on the beaten road, but the tangle is the worse, for the end of at least one ski is sure to become imbedded in the drift, and the more one flounders in the snow the more hopeless becomes the case.

Yet so skillful do the people become in ski-running that not only do they go sliding down the mountain sides at terrific speed, dodging in and out through the trees of the forest, guiding themselves with perfect ease, but tremendous leaps are made when going at full speed down almost precipitous inclines, bringing the jumper even with the tops of the tall fir-trees, before he lands to go sliding on his way. Each winter, meetings are held all over the country, to contest the championship in ski-jumping. At each of these matches some two or three hundred young contestants engage in what seems to be a terribly dangerous trial of skill. Yet serious accidents are infrequent.

Every Sunday in winter the hillsides about Christiania are covered with people, young and old, enjoying the winter sports. Some may be practicing jumping, some simply sliding down the mountain paths. Here may be a party of young people with light packs upon their backs starting for a three days' march across country. Sixty miles a day will be none too much for them to cover. Perhaps the nights may be spent in some log hut they have built in the forest, where they will cook their meals and enjoy good wholesome camp-life.

Yonder is paterfamilias, with wife and children, coasting down hill on his *kjælke*, a long pole trailing behind with which to steer. Every one who does not run on skis coasts on the *kjælke*, or large frame sled of the country, excellently constructed by the way. In the management of these *kjælker* the Norwegians are as expert as they are upon their skis. Down the roads they go like the wind, guiding their sleds with their poles, in and out between the horses and the people climbing up to coast down again or racing along

on skis. Everybody is in good humor in the bright crisp air, laughing over cap-sizes in the snow, or at the awkwardness of some tyro in the art of ski-running, and joining in the general merriment.

Take an electric car for Holmenkollen some Sunday morning. You must wait your turn in the long queue, roped off to restrain the over-impetuous, but with patience you will get your chance. You hang your *kjælke* in the rack, on the side of the car, and take your place within. There is no crowding, for people may not stand in the passage. A few may be accommodated on the platform only. Arrived at Holmenkollen, you hire a horse and man to pull you up to Frognersæter where you will take a light lunch at the log-built hostelry, if you have patience to wait your turn, for there is a veritable army to be fed, as the forest of skis sticking up in the snow announces. Here all is animation and gayety, with young rosy faces and bright woolen costumes, not a few of which, you are glad to observe, are of the national peasant type. All the world is out for a good time in the snow; you may even have met Royalty itself coasting down the road, as you came.

After lunch, you have your choice of coasting down to Christiania by road, or by the more exciting built-up coast expressively called "The Corkscrew." Either way it is a coast of a good six miles. If you elect the latter it is well that you can manage your steering pole dexterously, for the speed is great and the turns short and frequent. Many is the tumble, and not always without broken bones.

The adoption of these winter sports by the townspeople is but recent. Formerly both the ski and the *kjælke* were simply used by the peasants as necessary means of getting about the country in the deep snows of winter, the former to walk upon the snow and the latter for drawing loads over the beaten roads. I am not aware that any one knows the history of the early use of either. I have seen some interesting specimens of skis of apparent great

age, but how far back they may have dated I have been unable to ascertain. The legends of the country refer to their very early use, and it is probable that something of the sort was used as early as the time of the Vikings. For at that period, while the Vikings naturally were the most conspicuous, there was a comparatively large peasant population, whose sole interest was the cultivation of the soil. A good many remains of these early husbandmen are still to be found in Norway. Some log dwellings, of a more recent period, it is true, but still very primitive, are preserved, and are most interesting illustrations of the life of these northern snow- and ice-bound people.

There seems to be something in this atmosphere which prevents the rapid decay of wood. Witness the several viking ships, in a wonderful state of preservation, in several places in Norway. It is knowingly stated that these have been preserved in the clay in which they were buried; but where else in the world has wet clay so prevented the rot of wood?

What a marvel to look upon these ships as they stand to-day almost intact! Every detail of the life upon them and of their use can be plainly traced out. What hardy men were they who in these little open craft — big rowboats with one rather large square sail — could make the voyage across the stormy Atlantic to Iceland, and there found, and maintain, a colony whose truly classic literature of more than eleven hundred years ago is still preserved; and who, sailing thence, without chart or compass, discovered the continent of America five hundred years before the discovery by Columbus! It was with such craft that they became the terror of the seacoast of nearly all Europe, so that women and children in that warlike age prayed, "Deliver us, O Lord! from the Norsemen." It was these people who founded that race in Normandy which conquered and subjugated England, and which, planting itself there, has imprinted its mark forever in our very blood.

That was a savage time, when pillage and rapine followed victory as a matter of course in the right of might. All Scandinavia was in a constant state of turmoil in the incessant warrings of the kings and earls, while predatory excursions served to fill in the gaps of idleness of the sea-warriors. But in the comparative tranquillity of Iceland a literature sprang up which still excites our admiration and

shows us that the early Norsemen had also, even in that primitive age, great intellectual qualities.

Nor has the Norseman of to-day buried his ancient heritage in a napkin. The modern literature of Norway and the explorations of Nansen and Amundson stand out as monuments of his preëminence in literature and in adventurous discovery.

THE LITERARY LADY

BY AGNES REPPLIER

"Peu de génie, point de grâce."

In this overrated century of progress, when women have few favors shown them, but are asked to do their work or acknowledge their deficiencies, the thoughtful mind turns disconsolately back to those urbane days when every tottering step they took was patronized and praised. It must have been very pleasant to be able to publish *Paraphrases and Imitations of Horace*, without knowing a word of Latin. Latin is a difficult language to study, and much useful time may be wasted in acquiring it; therefore Miss Anna Seward (the Swan of Lichfield) eschewed the tedious process which most translators deem essential. Yet her paraphrases were held to have caught the true Horatian spirit; and critics praised them all the more indulgently because of their author's feminine attitude to the classics. "Over the lyre of Horace," she wrote elegantly to Mr. Repton, "I throw an unfettered hand."

It may be said that critics were invariably indulgent to female writers (listen to Christopher North purring over Mrs. Hemans!) until they stepped, like Charlotte Brontë, from their appointed spheres, and hotly challenged the competition of the world. This was a dis-

agreeable and a disconcerting thing for them to do. Nobody could patronize *Jane Eyre*, and none of the pleasant things which were habitually murmured about "female excellence and talent" seemed to fit this firebrand of a book. Had Charlotte Brontë taken to heart Mrs. King's "justly approved work" on *The Beneficial Effects of the Christian Temper upon Domestic Happiness*, she would not have shocked and pained the sensitive reviewer of the *Quarterly*.

It was in imitation of that beacon light, Mrs. Hannah More, that Mrs. King (called by courtesy Mrs., though really a virginal Frances Elizabeth) wrote her famous treatise. It was in imitation of Mrs. Hannah More that Mrs. Trimmer (abhorred by Lamb) wrote *The Servant's Friend, Help to the Unlearned*, and the *Charity School Spelling Book*, — works which have passed out of the hands of men, but whose titles survive to fill us with wonder and admiration. Was there ever a time when the unlearned frankly recognized their ignorance, and when a mistress ventured to give her housemaids a *Servant's Friend*? Was spelling in the charity-schools different from spelling elsewhere, or were charity-school children taught a limited vocabulary, from which all words of rank

had been eliminated? Those were days when the upper classes were affable and condescending, when the rural poor — if not intoxicated — curtsied and invoked blessings on their benefactors all day long, and when benevolent ladies told the village politicians what it was well for them to know. But even at this restful period, a *Charity School Spelling Book* seems ill calculated to inspire the youthful student with enthusiasm.

Mrs. Trimmer's attitude to the public was marked by that refined diffidence which was considered becoming in a female. Her biographer assures us that she never coveted literary distinction, although her name was celebrated "wherever Christianity was established, and the English language was spoken." Royalty took her by the hand, and bishops expressed their overwhelming sense of obligation. We sigh to think how many ladies became famous against their wills a hundred and fifty years ago, and how hard it is now to raise our aspiring heads. There was Mrs. Carter — also unmarried — who read Greek, and translated Epictetus, who was admired by "the great, the gay, the good and the learned;" yet who could with difficulty be persuaded to bear the burden of her own eminence. It was the opinion of her friends that Mrs. Carter had conferred a good deal of distinction upon Epictetus by her translation, — by setting, as Dr. Young elegantly phrased it, this Pagan jewel in gold. We find Mrs. Montagu writing to this effect, and expressing in round terms her sense of the philosopher's obligation. "Might not such an honour from a fair hand make even an Epictetus proud, without being censured for it? Nor let Mrs. Carter's amiable modesty become blameable by taking offence at the truth, but stand the shock of applause which she has brought upon her own head."

It was very comforting to receive letters like this, to be called upon to brace one's self against the shock of applause, instead of against the chilly douche of dis-

paragement. Mrs. Carter retorted, as in duty bound, by imploring her friend to employ her splendid abilities upon some epoch-making work, — some work which, while it entertained the world, "would be applauded by angels, and registered in Heaven." Perhaps the uncertainty of angelic readers daunted even Mrs. Montagu, for she never responded to this and many similar appeals; but suffered her literary reputation to rest secure on her defense of Shakespeare, and three papers contributed to Lord Lyttelton's *Dialogues of the Dead*. Why, indeed, should she have labored further, when, to the end of her long and honored life, men spoke of her "transcendent talents," her "magnificent attainments"? Had she written a history of the world, she could not have been more reverently praised. Lord Lyttelton, transported with pride at having so distinguished a collaborator, wrote to her that the French translation of the *Dialogues* was as well done as "the poverty of the French tongue would permit;" and added unctuously, "but such eloquence as yours must lose by being translated into any other language. Your form and manner would seduce Apollo himself on his throne of criticism on Parnassus."

Lord Lyttelton was perhaps more remarkable for amiability than for judgment; but Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, who wrote good letters himself, ardently admired Mrs. Montagu's, and pronounced her "the Madame du Deffand of the English capital." Cowper meekly admitted that she stood at the head "of all that is called learned," and that every critic "veiled his bonnet before her superior judgment." Even Dr. Johnson, though he despised the *Dialogues*, and protested to the end of his life that Shakespeare stood in no need of Mrs. Montagu's championship, acknowledged that the lady was well-informed and intelligent. "Conversing with her," he said, "you may find variety in one;" and this charming phrase stands now as the

most generous interpretation of her fame. It is something we can credit amid the bewildering nonsense which was talked and written about a woman whose hospitality dazzled society, and whose assertiveness dominated her friends.

There were other literary ladies belonging to this charmed circle whose reputations rested on frailer foundations. Mrs. Montagu *did* write the essay on Shakespeare and the three dialogues. Mrs. Carter *did* translate Epictetus. Mrs. Chapone *did* write *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind*, which so gratified George the Third and Queen Charlotte that they entreated her to compose a second volume; and she *did* dally a little with verse, for one of her odes was prefixed — Heaven knows why — to Mrs. Carter's *Epictetus*; and the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, even little Prince William, were all familiar with this masterpiece. There never was a lady more popular with a reigning house, and, when we dip into her pages, we know the reason why. A firm insistence upon admitted truths, a loving presentation of the obvious, a generous championship of those sweet commonplaces we all deem dignified and safe, made her especially pleasing to good King George and his consort. Even her letters are models of sapienty. "Tho' I meet with no absolutely perfect character," she writes to Sir William Pepys, "yet where I find a good disposition, improved by good principles and virtuous habits, I feel a moral assurance that I shall not find any flagrant vices in the same person, and that I shall never see him fall into any very criminal action."

The breadth and tolerance of this admission must have startled her correspondent, seasoned though he was to intellectual audacity. Nor was Mrs. Chapone lacking in the gentle art of self-advancement; for when about to publish a volume of *Miscellanies*, she requested Sir William to write an essay on "Affection and Simplicity," or "Enthusiasm and Indifference," and permit her

to print it as her own. "If your ideas suit my way of thinking," she tells him encouragingly, "I can cool them down to my manner of writing, for we must not have a hotch potch of Styles; and if, for any reason, I should not be able to make use of them, you will still have had the benefit of having written them, and may peaceably possess your own property."

There are many ways of asking a favor, but to assume that you are granting the favor that you ask shows spirit and invention. Had Mrs. Chapone written nothing but this model of all begging letters, she would be worthy to take high rank among the literary ladies of Great Britain.

It is more difficult to establish the claim of Mrs. Boscawen, who looms nebulously on the horizon as the wife of an admiral, and the friend of Mrs. Hannah More, from whom she received flowing compliments in the *Bas Bleu*. We are told that this lady was "distinguished by the strength of her understanding, the poignancy of her humor, and the brilliancy of her wit;" but there does not survive the mildest joke, the smallest word of wisdom to illustrate these qualities. Then there was Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, whose name alone was a guarantee of immortality; and the "sprightly and pleasing Mrs. Ironmonger;" and Miss Lee, who could repeat the whole of Miss Burney's "Cecilia" (a shocking accomplishment); and the vivacious Miss Monckton, whom Johnson called a dunce; and Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, a useful person, "equally competent to form the minds and manners of the daughters of a nobleman, and to reform the simple but idle habits of the peasantry;" and Mrs. Bennet, whose letters — so Miss Seward tells us — "breathed Ciceronian spirit and eloquence," and whose poems revealed "the terse neatness, humor and gayety of Swift," which makes it doubly distressful that neither letters nor poems have survived. Above all, there was the mysterious "Sylph," who glides — sylph-like — through a misty atmosphere of

conjecture and adulation; and about whom we feel some of the fond solicitude expressed over and over again by the letter-writers of this engaging period.

Translated into prose, the Sylph becomes Mrs. Agmondesham Vesey, —

"Vesey, of verse the judge and friend," — a fatuous deaf lady, with a taste for literary society, and a talent for arranging chairs. She it was who first gathered the "Blues" together, placing them in little groups — generally back to back — and flitting so rapidly from one group to another, her ear-trumpet hung around her neck, that she never heard more than a few broken sentences of conversation. She had what Mrs. Hannah More amiably called "plastic genius," which meant that she fidgeted perpetually; and what Mrs. Carter termed "a delightful spirit of innocent irregularity," which meant that she was inconsequent to the danger point. "She united," said Madame d'Arblay, "the unguardedness of childhood to a Hibernian bewilderment of ideas which cast her incessantly into some burlesque situation." But her kind-heartedness (she proposed having her drawing-room graveled, so that a lame friend could walk on it without slipping) made even her absurdities lovable, and her most fantastic behavior was tolerated as proof of her aerial essence. "There is nothing of mere vulgar mortality about our Sylph," wrote Mrs. Carter proudly.

It was in accordance with this pleasing illusion that, when Mrs. Vesey took a sea voyage, her friends spoke of her as though she were a mermaid, disporting herself in, instead of on, the ocean. They not only held "the uproar of a stormy sea to be as well adapted to the sublime of her imagination as the soft murmur of a gliding stream to the gentleness of her temper" (so much might at a pinch be said about any of us); but we find Mrs. Carter writing to Mrs. Montagu in this perplexing strain: —

"I fancy our Sylph has not yet left the coral groves and submarine palaces in which she would meet with so many of

her fellow nymphs on her way to England. I think if she had landed, we should have had some information about it, either from herself, or from somebody else who knows her consequence to us."

The poor Sylph seems to have had rather a hard time of it after the death of the Honorable Agmondesham, who relished his wife's vagaries so little, or feared them so much, that he left the bulk of his estate to his nephew, a respectable young man with no unearthly qualities. The heir, however, behaved generously to his widowed aunt, giving her an income large enough to permit her to live with comfort, and to keep her coach. Mrs. Carter was decidedly of the opinion that Mr. Vesey made such a "detestable" will because he was lacking in sound religious principles, and she expressed in plain terms her displeasure with her friend for mourning persistently over the loss of one who "so little deserved her tears." But the Sylph, lonely, middle-aged, and deaf, realized perhaps that her little day was over. Mrs. Montagu's profuse hospitality had supplanted "the biscuit's ample sacrifice." People no longer cared to sit back to back, talking platitudes through long and hungry evenings. The "innocent irregularity" deepened into melancholy, into madness; and the Sylph, a piteous mockery of her old sweet foolish self, faded away, dissolving like Niobe in tears.

It may be noted that the mission of the literary lady throughout all these happy years was to elevate and refine. Her attitude towards matters of the intellect was one of obtrusive humility. It is recorded that "an accomplished and elegant female writer" (the name, alas! withheld) requested Sir William Pepys to mark all the passages in Madame de Staël's works which he considered "above her comprehension." Sir William "with ready wit" declined this invidious task; but agreed to mark all he deemed "worthy of her attention." We hardly know what to admire the most in a story like this, — the lady's modesty, Sir Wil-

liam's tact, or the revelation it affords of infinite leisure. When we remember the relentless copiousness of Madame de Staël's books, we wonder if the amiable annotator lived long enough to finish his task.

In matters of morality, however, the female pen was held to be a bulwark of Great Britain. The ambition to prove that — albeit a woman — one may be on terms of literary intimacy with the seven deadly sins ("Je ne suis qu'un pauvre diable de perruquier, mais je ne crois pas en Dieu plus que les autres") had not yet dawned upon the feminine horizon. The literary lady accepted with enthusiasm the limitations of her sex, and turned them to practical account; she laid with them the foundations of her fame. Mrs. Montagu, an astute woman of the world, recognized in what we should now call an enfeebling propriety her most valuable asset. It sanctified her attack upon Voltaire, it enabled her to snub Dr. Johnson, and it made her, in the opinion of her friends, the natural and worthy opponent of Lord Chesterfield. She was entreated to come to the rescue of British morality by denouncing that nobleman's "profligate" letters; and we find the Reverend Montagu Pennington lamenting years afterwards her refusal "to apply her wit and genius to counteract the mischief which Lord Chesterfield's volumes had done."

Mrs. Hannah More's dazzling renown rested on the same solid support. She was so strong morally, that to have caviled at her intellectual feebleness would have been deemed profane. Her advice (she spent the best part of eighty-eight years in proffering it) was so estimable that its general inadequacy was never ascertained. Rich people begged her to advise the poor. Great people begged her to advise the humble. Satisfied people begged her to advise the discontented. Sir William Pepys wrote to her in 1792, imploring her to avert from England the threatened danger of radi-

calism and a division of land by writing a dialogue "between two persons of the lowest order," in which should be set forth the discomforts of land ownership, and the advantages of laboring for small wages at trades. This simple and childlike scheme would, in Sir William's opinion, go far towards making English workmen contented with their lot, and might eventually save the country from the terrible bloodshed of France. Was ever higher tribute paid to sustained and triumphant propriety? Look at Mary Wollstonecraft vindicating the rights of woman in sordid poverty, in tears and shame; and look at Hannah More, an object of pious pilgrimage at Cowslip Green. Her sisters, awe-struck at finding themselves the guardians of such preëminence, secluded her from common contact with mankind. They spoke of her as "she" (like Mr. Rider Haggard's heroine), and explained to visitors how good and great she was, and what a condescension it would be on her part to see them, when two peeresses and a bishop had been turned away the day before. "It is an exquisite pleasure," wrote Mrs. Carter enthusiastically, "to see distinguished talents and sublime virtue placed in such an advantageous situation;" and the modern reader is reminded against his will of the lively old actress who sighed out to the artist Mulready her unavailing regrets over a misspent life. "Ah, Mulready, if I had only been virtuous, it would have been pounds and pounds in my pocket."

"Harmonious virgins," sneered Horace Walpole, "whose thoughts and phrases are like their gowns, old remnants cut and turned;" and it is painful to know that in these ribald words he is alluding to the Swan of Lichfield, and to the "glowing daughter of Apollo," Miss Helen Maria Williams. The Swan probably never did have her gowns cut and turned, for she was a well-to-do lady with an income of four hundred pounds, and she lived very grandly in the bishop's palace at Lichfield, where her

father ("an angel, but an ass," according to Coleridge) had been many years a canon. But Apollo having, after the fashion of gods, bequeathed nothing to his glowing daughter but the gift of song, Miss Williams might occasionally have been glad of a gown to turn. Her juvenile poem "Edwin and Eltruda" enriched her in fame only; but "Peru," being published by subscription (blessed days when friends could be turned into subscribers!), must have been fairly remunerative; and we hear of its author in London, giving "literary breakfasts," a popular but depressing form of entertainment. If ever literature be "alien to the natural man," it is at the breakfast hour. Miss Williams subsequently went to Paris, and became an ardent revolutionist, greatly to the distress of poor Miss Seward, whose enthusiasm for the cause of freedom had suffered a decline, and who kept imploring her friend to come home. "Fly, my dear Helen, that land of carnage!" she wrote beseechingly. But Helen could n't fly, she being then imprisoned by the ungrateful revolutionists, who seemed unable, or unwilling, to distinguish friends from foes. She had moreover by that time allied herself to Mr. John Hurford Stone, a gentleman of the strictest religious views, but without moral prejudices, who abandoned his lawful wife for Apollo's offspring, and who, as a consequence, preferred living on the Continent. Therefore Miss Williams fell forever from the bright circle of literary stars; and Lady Morgan, who met her years afterwards in Paris, has nothing more interesting to record than that she had grown "immensely fat," — an unpoetic and unworthy thing to do. "For when corpulence, which is a gift of evil, cometh upon age, then are vanished the days of romance and of stirring deeds."

Yet sentiment, if not romance, clung illusively to the literary lady, even when she surrendered nothing to persuasion. Strange shadowy stories of courtship are

told with pathetic simplicity. Mrs. Carter, "when she had nearly attained the mature age of thirty," was wooed by a nameless gentleman of unexceptionable character, whom "she was induced eventually to refuse in consequence of his having written some verses, of the nature of which she disapproved." Whether these verses were improper (perish the thought!) or merely ill-advised, we shall never know; but as the rejected suitor "expressed ever after a strong sense of Mrs. Carter's handsome behavior to him," there seems to have been on his part something perilously akin to acquiescence. "I wonder," says the wise Elizabeth Bennet, "who first discovered the efficacy of poetry in driving away love." It is a pleasure to turn from such uncertainties to the firm outlines and providential issues of Mrs. Hannah More's early attachment. When the wealthy Mr. Turner, who had wooed and won the lady, manifested an unworthy reluctance to marry her, she consented to receive, in lieu of his heart and hand, an income of two hundred pounds a year, which enabled her to give up teaching, and commence author at the age of twenty-two. The wedding day had been fixed, the wedding dress was made, but the wedding bells were never rung, and the couple — like the lovers in the story-books — lived happily ever after.

It was reserved for the Lichfield Swan to work the miracle of miracles, and rob love of inconstancy. She was but eighteen when she inspired a passion "as fervent as it was lasting" in the breast of Colonel Taylor, mentioned by discreet biographers as Colonel T. The young man being without income, Mr. Seward — who was not altogether an ass — promptly declined the alliance; and when, four years later, a timely inheritance permitted a renewal of the suit, Miss Seward had wearied of her lover. Colonel Taylor accordingly married another young woman; but the remembrance of the Swan, and an unfortunate habit he had acquired of openly bewailing her

loss, "clouded with gloom the first years of their married life." The patient Mrs. Taylor became in time so deeply interested in the object of her husband's devotion that she opened a correspondence with Miss Seward — who was the champion letter-writer of England — repeatedly sought to make her acquaintance, and "with melancholy enthusiasm was induced to invest her with all the charms imagination could devise, or which had been lavished upon her by description."

This state of affairs lasted thirty years, at the end of which time Colonel Taylor formed the desperate resolution of going to Lichfield, and seeing his beloved one again. He went, he handed the parlor-maid a prosaic card; and while Miss Seward — a stoutish, middle-aged, lame

lady — was adjusting her cap and kerchief, he strode into the hall, cast one impassioned glance up the stairway, and rapidly left the house. When asked by his wife why he had not stayed, he answered solemnly, "The gratification must have been followed by pain and regret that would have punished the temerity of the attempt. I had no sooner entered the house than I became sensible of the perilous state of my feelings, and fled with precipitation."

And the Swan was fifty-two! Well may we sigh over the days when the Literary Lady was not only petted and praised, not only the bulwark of Church and State, but when she accomplished the impossible, and kindled in man's inconstant heart an inextinguishable flame.

THE BLACK FOG

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

THE black fog has come. Over all the city it lies intact and deep. An absolute midnight reigns. Almost material, almost tangible, almost massive, seems this envelope of sulphurous gloom. It invests the city like a flood; within the streets, within the houses, and within the lungs of all its denizens, it lies intrenched and pitiless. The chimneys pour forth their smoke, but the leaden air oppresses and repels it, and it sinks to the ground, making the darkness denser. The gloom seems to have risen from the shores of those streams of wailing and lamentation, baleful Acheron and Cocytus environing Tartarus, where the thin shades cluster and move, like those who are now pent in this city on the Thames.

The darkness is not black, but of a deep brown. It is as though one walked at the bottom of a muddy sea. The farther wall of this chamber is almost invisible — at ten o'clock in the morn-

ing. Above this dreadful pall that hides his rays, the life-giving sun, bursting with useless fire, now beats upon the surface of the sea of shadow, but his baffled light is repelled or smothered in the misty deeps. Difficult is it for him who walks in an unlifted night to believe that the sun still shines.

Let us forth into the streets so still and sorrowful. With our hands we grope our way past garden-railings, feeling with adventurous foot for the steps or curbs. A glowing patch appears above us; it seems incredibly far away. We put forth our hand and touch the dank iron of a lamp-post. Not even fire and light avail against the almighty fog. Footsteps resound about us, but they are the footsteps of ghosts, for one beholds no body. Now and then some human being brushes by — a woman, announced, perhaps, by rustling skirts or by some perfume cast from her clothes; perhaps a man, declared by

the thud of a cane on the flagstones or the dull glow of a cigar.

Upon the main thoroughfares, a weird and muffled pandemonium prevails. From out the heart of the yellow-reddish murk resounds the beat of horses' hoofs; now and then a spark flies close from their iron shoes. Hoarse warning cries are heard from everywhere, and sometimes, where the fog for a moment is thinned, exaggerated shapes and monstrous figures loom up and creep along, great trucks, wains, and omnibuses with lanterns lit and the drivers leading the horses. Then again strange man-shaped spots appear, like demons come from infernal corridors; they swell out of the darkness surrounded by faint red halos. These are pedestrians preceded by link-boys, bearing their flaming torches to guide their patrons on their way. The lofty and powerful electric arc-lights, so keenly radiant when the air is clear, now sputter dismally, invisible save at a few yards. From directly below the iron standards, the fierce white arc is dimmed to the luminosity of a red-hot ember. Before some of the railway stations wave great gasoline flambeaux, and fires in iron cressets struggle with the fog—like beacons before the sea-castle of some mediaeval robber-lord. The detonators, placed upon the railway tracks in place of light signals, incessantly rend the air. The curbs are cumbered with useless hackney and hansom cabs, the horses unharnessed, the drivers disconsolate. The crawling omnibuses, blundering along the indistinguishable streets, often meet or mount upon the sidewalks amidst cries and wild confusion, and there they remain, like ships becalmed at night. Those huge Behemoths and cars of Juggernaut, the gigantic, double-decked motor-omnibuses, with their two lurid yellow eyes and little sparks of red and green, stand trembling and snorting with impatience, immersed and obliterated in the fog. Universal night enthralles the world-metropolis; its currents of commerce stagnate in its veins, its mighty plans

and purposes are frustrated or delayed, and this central heart of the trade of the whole earth is standing still in a dark paralysis.

Onward into the night, into the mists, into the unknown! We see not and are not seen. We pass and repass, all of us shrouded in the all-enveloping gloom, along the daily walks where life roared in the sunlight of yesterday; we pass, — lovers may almost touch each other, each unknown to each, wives may pass their husbands and mothers their sons, mortal enemies may walk side by side and feel no stir of rage, the outcast and pariah may jostle with the peer of golden millions, for all are blind, helplessly blind! Eerie is this fog-life; London lies beneath its spectral pall like a doomed state whose hope and whose daylight are wrecked by the thick shadows of war or insurrection.

Swiftly we move along beside a stone wall surmounted by an iron rail which serves as a guide. We recoil as a vast apparition looms up before us and our hands touch its cold, graven sides. It is the Marble Arch, rising like a pale transparent stain out of the dunnest blankness of the fog. One might imagine it the vision of a cyclopean tomb of some long-buried Cæsar lifted up out of the vistas of fading time.

A great policeman stands before us not a yard away, yet ghostly and insubstantial to the eye. To him there comes a little girl, terror-stricken and in tears, who, straying from her mother, has been swallowed up in the mists.

"I've lost my mother, where is my mother?" she cries.

"Where do you live, little girl?" asks the tall spectre of the constable.

"I live in Fulham, sir," she replies. "Please, sir, which is the way to Fulham?"

The policeman points into the darkening wastes.

"You cannot find it now," he says. "Better wait here, then come to the station with me."

"Where are you, little girl?" says a voice, and a bent figure with outstretched hands emerges through the walls of obscurity, "Where are you? I'll show you the way to Fulham. Come with me."

It is an old man; his beard is white as snow; a placard glimmers faintly on his breast. He is blind. The little maid places her hand in his; they make two steps and the next instant are effaced in the fog. Only the blind know the way through this city that is blind.

Does the sun still move on overhead and the hours with him, or are time and the earth standing still? After a long time we at last wander along the Strand, which is smitten with an unusual silence. The close current of its traffic is stayed and disorganized; its thousands of pedestrians have shrunk to hundreds groping through the choking miasma and the channels of tenebrous smoke.

How in the blindness that encompasses them do these dark-flitting shapes of men and women hurry on! They are as shadows lost and dissolved in night. They are the searchers and the symbols of the never-ending quest for light, for happiness, for peace. Something of the same feeling comes upon me as once came upon me when I walked through the empty streets of the dead Pompeii and only my footfall echoed on its sunswept stones. Here each is by and to himself complete, a little animated fire in the heart, a little light in the brain, in the veins a little warm red blood that keeps the breathing mechanism astir so long as the fire burns. Out of the darkness they came, in darkness they walk, into the darkness they shall go. The Black Fog, like Death itself, is a great leveller. All these beings are but phantoms to the eye, phantoms of human lives, dusky moths storm-driven to and fro on the gusts of existence, each on its own quest, which is that dream of the unattainable that will not come to pass.

Now we are close to Saint Paul's Churchyard. Here the mausolean night

is lifted for a space, and out of the blankness of an umber-tinted vast swells forth a vague and mystic bulk of gray, a shadow without shading or relief. It is the immense cupola of the cathedral rising like a mountain above the streets. The sun does battle with the flying mists about the dome and melts them to a dull and sullen gold, wherein the star of day hangs like a quivering globe of blood. It is a spectacle of soft yet sombre sublimity, such as only the towering imaginations of a Turner, a Doré, or a John Martin, expressed by brushes of opulent wealth and daring power, could conceive or execute. The drifting scud grows thinner and ever thinner in the upper air, and unfolds to him who gazes upward from the deep streets the gilded symbol of Christianity glowing softly in the golden haze, invested with a mild irradiance from the feeble light of the sun. There it lifts and gleams above the shadows like the sweet smile of the gentle Galilean whose sorrow and burthen it was and whose symbol it has remained. Below rolls the world, swart-black with its crime and misery; above, the titanic cross stretches wide its golden arms as with an imploring appeal from the Son of Man to the Love of Man. Pillars and cornices and angles of carven stone emerge faintly from the turbid chaos, like dim suggestions in a dream, or half-heard whispers out of midnight, all under the towering rood throbbing to the sky. It is high noon; a burst of bells suddenly breaks forth from the gossamer towers, a clanging chorus, loud, vibrant, and metallic. These violent voices are the chimes that utter every day with their iron tongues the beloved national hymn, "God save the King." Now the strong glooms darken about the dome once more; the lustre fades, and the great cross blurs dimly back into the crowding ocean of fog that overpowers it. Few of the thousands pressing along the paves have seen it, and had their eyes beheld it for a space, this apparition of the sign of human love, it would but have called

forth ideas of the olden agony or a slight, subconscious tremble of reverence in those of religious blood. We repeat again the eternal interrogations: What is Truth? and — Where may Peace be found?

Is it here, perchance, where we now stand, upon the cold stone arches of London Bridge, above the ghostly rushing Thames whose clashing waves lap and swish against the stolid stone? Whence comes or goes this river, plunging out of darkness into darkness, broad and vast with the mystery of existence, and the constant cry of ever-recurrent life? Down from the hills to the sea, we say, up from the sea to the cloud, then down to the hills again, and again onward to the sea. It is the known and visible obedience to some iron law. But seldom we venture to pierce beneath the surfaces of semblance, lest we alight upon truths unknown, horrors negative to Hope, and see the old guides through life, blind and decrepit now, fall dead at our feet, or lest, cowering in our creeds, we fear, like savages in the storm-swept woods, that the hand that lifts the veil will be withered by some bolt from the furious heavens. Mantled in the palls of this everlasting ignorance, we stalk upon the highways of life like shadows drowned in shadow. Upon this ignorance the human heart builds its dreams as with inspiration, and draws hope from the very truth that this life seems so ill a recompense for all that tears and torments the baffled mind, adrift on the desert seas of mere con-

jecture. Yet all nature about us is content, and the sojourn in the sunshine of all other living things is full of beauty and joy. But to-day the city mourns in sackcloth and ashes.

Darkly the waters gurgle through this murky night-in-day. Perhaps Peace is there, upon their bosom or within their depths, to be borne onward in some oarless, rudderless boat, past the muffled thunder of the metropolis, past fields filled with the mystery of things that live and grow and die, past the river's mouth where its lips of land speak a great farewell, out into the wastes of the infinite sea. Lovingly its breast would open and merge one again into the elements of its mighty vase, to be formed anew in the unceasing ferment of processes of creation.

Over the bridge the breathing spectres move; below, indistinct and long-drawn shapes fare by, silent and immense, past all the pride of the city, — bearing what burthens? steered by what ghostly helmsman? So the barge of dolor must cross the lamenting currents of the infernal river. The shadow of another boat, with sweeps groaning in their locks, glides by beneath. Within its ribs lie piled

What merchandise? whence, whither, and for whom?

Perchance it is a Fate-appointed hearse,
Bearing away to some mysterious tomb

Or Limbo of the scornful universe
The joy, the peace, the life-hope, the abortions
Of all things good which should have been our
portions

But have been strangled by that City's
curse.

THE PANIC AND THE BANKS

BY F. S. MEAD

THE recent panic is now far enough away to make it worth while to look back and endeavor to see as clearly as we can just what took place. Such an examination should not be unfruitful and ought to show us some things the avoidance of which in the future might lessen our next time of trouble. It may help us also to discriminate among the many proposed remedies for our financial ills, and to decide which are most worthy of serious consideration.

It is well known that from 1897 to October, 1907, this country enjoyed unexampled prosperity. Money became most abundant, thanks to the increased production of gold and to the increased national bank-note circulation, so that the amount in the country grew during the years under consideration from twenty-two dollars to thirty-four dollars per capita. Trade, both foreign and domestic, increased by leaps and bounds. The prices of staple articles rose. Labor was in increasing demand at higher and higher wages. Corporations, firms, communities, and individuals rivaled each other in increased expenditures. Liquid capital at last became so generally transformed into fixed capital that loanable funds became scarcer and scarcer, as evidenced by the higher rates of interest.

Perhaps the most interesting point about this period of expansion is that the longer it lasted the greater was its speed. The average prices of staple articles increased over 55 per cent during this time, of which gain 35 per cent had been made in the last two years and nearly 25 per cent in the twelve months ending July, 1907. The increased volume of business, and its rate of increase, are well shown by the clearings of the national banks, which rose from \$51,000,000,000

in 1896 to \$112,000,000,000 in 1904, and to almost \$160,000,000,000 in 1906.

The causes of this remarkable expansion, though of intense interest, need not be considered for the purposes of this article. Nor need we dwell on the various factors that brought it to an end. It may be sufficient to say that the last straw seems to have been the collapse of a speculative clique, which revealed the most reckless kind of financiering. Distrust spread, and a few days later, on the failure of a great New York trust company with \$60,000,000 of deposits, became so general and led to such a desire to withdraw money, that the entire banking system of this country practically suspended cash payments for nine weeks. This was a most humiliating experience for a country of our wealth and resources. Could it not have been avoided, or at least lessened in its extent and severity? The most careful thought and study should be given these questions, and if any weak point should be revealed every effort should be made to strengthen it. The ability or inability of banks to make payments in cash depends in a great measure upon the size of their cash reserves. That is what reserves are for — to pay in cash, spot cash, all demand claims, whether of the routine day-to-day order, or totally unexpected demands. And it is on this point that the strength and reputation of a banking system ultimately rests. It was this test that our banks failed to meet. Why?

Before an attempt is made to answer this question it will be advisable to study the history of the banks during the period of expansion. Here will be found a record of growth equal to that of general industry and trade. On October 1, 1896, the net deposits of the national banks

were 1,798 millions; on August 22, 1907, they were 5,249 millions. On October 1, 1896, they had on hand in cash, that is in specie and legal tenders, \$343,100,000 or 19 per cent of their net deposits; and their legal reserve, or the cash on hand plus cash in the redemption fund plus de-

posits with reserve agents, was \$543,600,000, or 30.2 per cent. For the ten years previous the average cash reserve was 17.7 per cent and the legal reserve 29.3 per cent. During the following ten years the ratios of the two reserves are shown in the following table:—

		Ratio of Legal Reserve.	Ratio of Cash Reserve.
On or about October 1,	1896	30.2	19.0
"	1897	31.7	17.7
"	1898	30.1	16.9
"	1899	29.3	15.3
"	1900	29.7	15.8
"	1901	27.6	14.7
"	1902	20.9	13.2
"	1903	22.0	14.3
"	1904	22.4	15.0
"	1905	21.7	14.0
"	1906	20.7	12.7
On August 22,	1907	21.3	13.3

On August 22, 1907, the banks held in cash \$701,000,000, the largest amount they had ever held, yet as shown above, the ratios of their reserves, figured either as cash or legal, were a third smaller than in 1896, and nearly 25 per cent less than the average for the ten years preceding 1896. Thus, other things being equal, the banks were just so much handicapped to meet the crisis awaiting them. But as we shall see, other things were not equal, and the handicap was really greater.

Only one-half of the banking business of the country is done by the national banks. The other half is done by some 9,600 state banks whose "individual deposits" of \$4,750,000,000 exceed those of the national banks by \$500,000,000. This, by the way, is a condition of affairs never dreamed of by the framers of the National Bank Act, who supposed that, through the monopoly of the right to issue bank notes, the national banks would in a short time be the only banks in the field. This is a point of importance to which attention will be called again a little later on. To return to the state banks: these institutions have increased very rapidly during the last ten years, through the creation of so many trust companies. They are subject to the laws of the differ-

ent states, which, though varying widely, are generally quite lenient as to reserve requirements. For the most part, the state banks do not carry over five per cent in cash and five per cent on deposit. That part of their reserves that is on deposit is generally placed with national banks. The exact amount so deposited is not known. It can, however, be approximated closely enough for our present purpose. On about July 1, 1906, the state banks held \$302,000,000 in cash; and at about the same time the national banks reported that they owed on balance to the state and savings banks \$584,000,000. Estimating the deposits of the savings banks at \$100,000,000, there is left \$484,000,000 which is approximately the amount of the deposits of the state banks in the national banks on that date.

The burden of the state banks' reserve is thus practically on the shoulders of the national banks through their receiving this vast sum of money on deposit. The national banks must therefore carry not only their burden but the burden of their rivals — of rivals who have already succeeded in securing half of the banking business of the country. And their own burden is not light — it consists of the deposits of other national banks in the banks of the reserve and

central reserve cities, as allowed by law, and amounts to something like \$350,000,000.

Now the significance of these facts is this: at the moment of panic the burden of maintaining a cash reserve for the ten billions of the combined deposits of the national and state banks fell for all practical purposes on the national banks alone, and for the most part on the banks of reserve and central reserve cities. When the state banks were called on for cash by frightened depositors they called in turn on the national banks where they kept their deposits. So did the smaller national banks. The total cash holdings of all the national banks were by the middle of October well under \$700,000,000 and they were liable to be called on for \$350,000,000 deposits of banks of their own class, and also \$480,000,000 deposits of the state banks, not to mention the \$100,000,000 deposits of the savings banks. Is it to be wondered at that, when distrust spread, the burden proved too great? There were nine hundred millions of bank deposits and less than seven hundred millions in cash in the whole system of national banks. Even in the case of a great central bank, the Bank of England, which can accomplish with the same reserve far more than a large number of small banks, the cash on hand almost always equals or exceeds the deposits of the joint-stock banks.

It is to be noted that this burden of the national banks, carrying so large a proportion of the reserves of the state banks, is one that has assumed large proportions in recent years. It is also to be remembered that it is a burden never thought of by the framers of the National Bank Act, the best piece of bank legislation, all things considered, ever framed in this or any other country. As has been said earlier in this article, it was never believed that the national banks would ever have to share the field with any other class of banks. Consequently it was never thought that they would have to

carry any other burden than that of the deposits of part of the reserves of the smaller banks in the larger institutions of the reserve and central reserve cities. The amount of such deposits of national banks with one another for purposes of reserve has never exceeded the total amount of cash held by all the banks, and usually has been much less. In October, 1906, it was little over half, or \$350,000,000 against \$626,000,000 in cash. As has been shown, the deposits of the state banks in the national banks on that date were approximately \$480,000,000. Consequently the burden of bank deposits on the national banks is considerably over twice as much as was conceived of by the framers of the Bank Act.

It is not for a moment to be thought that there is any intention to ascribe the panic to the condition of the national banks. So long as men are human and swayed by hopes and fears, we shall have periods of expansion, and panics with their resulting periods of depression. Nothing can prevent them. But the point is here made that, when this particular panic occurred, it was intensified and prolonged by the inability of the banks to continue cash payments. And this inability on the part of the banks was caused in part at least by the increased burden on the national banks, assumed for the greater part during the last ten years, of carrying on deposit over half of the reserves of the state banks. Now it may be that the strain of future times of trouble can be lessened by reducing this burden of the national banks. If it should be deemed wise to do so, it could be accomplished simply and easily by so amending the National Bank Act as to prohibit banks, after, say, three years from the passage of the amendment, from paying interest directly or indirectly on deposits of banks other than national banks. The result would be to increase the cash reserves of the state banks, for those banks, unable to obtain interest on their deposits, would take

home that part of their deposits not required to facilitate their daily business, and keep it in their own vaults, where it would be a true reserve. The period of three years suggested would allow the change to be made without disturbance to the loan market and to business interests.

To sum up: the panic was prolonged and intensified by the suspension of cash payments by the banks. The suspension of cash payments was caused by the breaking down of the present system of bank reserves. The national bank reserves, already low, were weakened by

the banks carrying on deposit over one-half of the reserves of the state banks. The state banks themselves were notorious for the small reserves they carried. No other country prominent commercially has two classes of banks similar to our national and state banks. That this country has both is an accident, due to its dual system of federal and state government. The change here suggested would at least make each class of banks stand squarely on its own feet, and would sever once and for all the Siamese-twin bond that now unites them.

THE POPULAR BALLAD

BY GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE

PROFESSOR NEILSON's novel and well-planned series opens auspiciously with a volume of just the right size from the practiced hand of Professor Gummere.¹ It is a commonplace that the more one knows of a subject, the harder it is to write about it. But Mr. Gummere has dealt with this particular theme—the Ballad—so often, and has always found it so congenial, that he is not at all embarrassed by the astonishing richness and variety of his knowledge. He has succeeded, therefore, in writing a book which, while neglecting no point of importance, and in a high degree compendious, is quite as good reading as if it were not the work of a profound scholar.

Of course the question of origins is discussed, and, equally of course, it is settled in accordance with the well-known views of the author. Perhaps "well-known" is a rather hasty epithet. For it has been almost comical to note

how difficult Mr. Gummere's critics have found it, time and again, to understand his doctrine of "communal composition," or even to discern that there is anything in it to understand. Some of them, in reviewing his previous studies in balladry, seem to have assumed that the theory requires us to believe that "Chevy Chase," or "The Queen's Marie," or "Gil Brenton," was composed collaboratively by a tribe of neolithic, skin-clad enthusiasts dancing round a campfire to the notes of the tom-tom. Others, who have delved a little deeper, are convinced that the case is desperate unless one can imagine some stanza of some ballad in Mr. Child's thesaurus as created *sua sponte* by at least a score of tattooed improvisors chanting in unison. This is not the place to defend Mr. Gummere from misapprehension, for he is quite able to take care of himself; but it is not amiss to say, deliberately, that any person who will read the first chapter of the present volume with an open mind, will have little difficulty in comprehending what Mr. Gummere's theory of communal com-

¹ *The Popular Ballad*. By FRANCIS B. GUMMERE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1907. — The first volume of a series entitled "The Types of English Literature;" edited by WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON.

position really is, and how it relates itself to the extant body of English and Scottish popular ballads. For my own part, I do not hesitate to avow that it explains many things not otherwise easily comprehensible, and coördinates in a reasonable way a quantity of well-attested phenomena that seem to belong together. It has its difficulties, to be sure, but they are less serious than those attaching to the rough-and-ready solutions which literary men have usually been content to offer to the riddle of the Ballad Sphinx. One thing, at all events, ought to be axiomatic: it is no answer to the riddle to deny that the riddle exists. Another thing, too, seems rather obvious, though it has been systematically ignored: the problem cannot be settled, off-hand, by any person whose acquaintance with what the French call "oral literature" is merely casual. Such a critic, if he is right, is right by chance only, for he cannot weigh testimony which he has neither heard nor read, and the very existence of which he does not suspect.

"The primitive and original ballad itself," writes Mr. Gummere, "is not to be recovered, though it can be inferred." And again, "'Popular' as a definition by origins, as conveying the idea that ballads were really made by the people, does not mean a single initial process of authorship on the part of a festal throng. . . . The ballad is a conglomerate of choral, dramatic, lyric, and epic elements which are due now to some suggestive refrain, now to improvisation, now to memory, now to individual invention, and are forced into a more or less poetic unity by the pressure of tradition in long stretches of time. In this sense they represent no individual, but are the voice of the people." It taxes one's powers of divination to guess how such views can be taken as either reiterating Grimm's vague idea of a primitive mystery, or as implying the production of a narrative stanza by a pack of wolves howling — like Ralph — "at Cynthia" and making night hid-

eous with their communal impromptu.

But Mr. Gummere's principal concern is with actual ballads, not with theoretical origins. He writes as historian and critic, not as anthropologist, though his store of curious learning, handled with deftness, and never obtruded, lends his treatment a peculiar fascination for those who have not forgotten what is the proper study of mankind. His survey of ballad material, in the chapter on Classification, does not depend for its interest and value on any theories whatsoever. His pages on ancient traits of myth and custom and primeval creed, in the chapter on Sources, will be read with keen pleasure by persons who neither know nor care whether the Golden Bough was made in Birmingham or grew on some blood-stained oak in the Arician grove. And so will his answers to the questions how ballads are handed down, growing and shifting and fusing in the process; what is to be thought of their migration from land to land; how they have been sung and collected and imitated and forged.

A particular merit of the volume, which distinguishes it from any previous treatment of the subject, is the clearness with which the difference is brought out between choral and epic elements. Never before have the workings of tradition been set forth so well. The point is vital, and to have it settled once for all is comfort and enlightenment unspeakable. Here it is pertinent to mention, with a word of hearty praise, a distinguished — and readable — monograph on *Ballad and Epic*, recently published by one of Mr. Gummere's pupils, Professor W. M. Hart,¹ of the University of California. As the subtitle indicates, Mr. Hart's book is "a study in the development of the narrative art." It cannot be neglected by any student of story-telling, whether his concern is with the Homeric question,

¹ *Ballad and Epic. A Study in the Development of the Narrative Art.* By WALTER MORRIS HART. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1907.

or with Beowulf, or with the English novel.

Mr. Gummere's concluding chapter — "The Worth of the Ballad" — is appreciation pure and simple. It shows the author at his best, both as a critic and as a writer of the English language. He does not overvalue ballads, nor does he set them up as rivals to the poetry of art. They exist, they have worked potently, they still have their own power to sway men's hearts. What are they, and in what does their charming and compulsive quality consist? To learn the answer one must go to Mr. Gummere's book.

Nobody else has given it so well, and it would be brutal to excerpt or dismember his compact and vivid paragraphs.

A critic is always expected to pick flaws, either at the outset or in his concluding words. Let me for once dispense with the traditional formula, even in reviewing a volume that deals with tradition. Nothing human is perfect, and all things go by comparison. For my own part, and I say it very deliberately, I never expected to see so good a book in its kind, and I am confident that the subject will never be treated so well again in my lifetime.

HESPER

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

HER eyes are like the evening air,
 Her voice is like a rose,
 Her lips are like a lovely song,
 That ripples as it flows,
 And she herself is sweeter than
 The sweetest thing she knows.

A slender, haunting, twilight form
 Of wonder and surprise,
 She seemed a fairy or a child,
 Till, deep within her eyes,
 I saw the homeward-leading star
 Of womanhood arise.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE MAGAZINE WEST

THE trouble with too many Western books is that they are written by Easterners, and if not that, they are written for Easterners, which is a great deal worse. Here on the coast, when we say West we mean, in a general way, west of the Rockies and along the Rio Grande, but being a Westerner is a state of mind. A great many excellent people born in those purlieus never attain to it. Around Los Angeles, for instance, there are large numbers of Easterners born every year who continue in that condition the whole of their natural lives; but the Fortyniners, those men of strange manners and singular achievement, were all sprung from some other where. That is why some of the best books of the West are written by people who do not live in it, and so many writers born there have nothing whatever to say about it. Herman Whitaker lives in Piedmont and writes about Mexico and the Canadian border. James Hopper, at home in the heart of Old California, spreading himself over our island possessions, writes the more delightfully the farther he is away from his source. But then Mr. Hopper wrote exactly the same sort of stories when he was on the staff of *McClure's*. Jack London is credited a Westerner because he was born in Oakland and owns a house in Sonoma County. But Mr. London is essentially a product of social rather than local conditions, a fleck of the ferment thrown from the underworld against our sky; but no one knows yet if he will remain a permanent light there or drop back into the mass from which he was squeezed up. It is because he exhibits possibilities of doing either that Mr. London is still worth watching; but nobody — at least nobody in the West, — would consider

his writings as representative of Western thought and manners, or regard him in any sense as an exponent of the Western spirit. Every year or so there drifts to New York on the back-water of the tide that sets forever toward the sunset, some clever young Californian who continues to write satirical verse and fatten purple cows as successfully among the chimney pots of West Twenty-third Street as ever he did on the sand lots back of the Bay. And still the West — the old West — the real West, is far from these, separated as far as Dan from Beersheba by that vast, familiar territory of the Magazine West.

This is a very curious country, bounded by *McClure's*, *Everybody's*, and the Sunday Supplement. Its inhabitants are chiefly "Bad Men," "Señoritas," "Tenderfeet" who always begin very badly and end handsomely, cowboys carrying guns which are invariably represented in the illustrations as incorrectly worn, and beautiful young girls who ride amazingly. All these dress and talk as the Magazine East would like to think they do.

No one quite knows who is responsible for the speech of the Magazine West; Mr. Harte is often credited with it. When Mr. Harte wrote *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, he probably did not know he was doing anything unusual — in fact I am certain of it, or he would never have given it to the *Overland Monthly*, which perhaps paid him three dollars and a half a page for it. It might not have occurred to him that there were large numbers of people to whom the speech of miners was picturesquely unfamiliar; he heard it all around him and wrote it as he heard. Later when he had learned what the East wanted and was out of touch with his source, he gave them the best imitation of himself that he could manage. It would be perfectly easy for the student

of the real West to arrange Mr. Harte's stories chronologically by the talk in them. That might have been the beginning, but it has been recently more delightfully done. I always think when I read *Red Saunders* and *Wolfville Days*, how much more interesting my eighteen years among them would have been if cowboys and miners really talked as they do in those delicious tales. Personally I have found their speech rather notable for poverty of expression. The average prospector can get along with a vocabulary as small as his camp kit. Because a cowboy speaks in your presence of "rounding up a bunch of money," he is not to be supposed completely supplied with a literary medium of racy phrases. He would also speak of "rounding up a bunch of girls" for a dance and cutting out one for himself, but it does not prove him possessed of imagination. The fact is, he has probably lost from misuse, if he ever had them, the words suitable to the occasion. "Round up" is the active verb of his occupation, but when you have heard it used constantly as a substitute for make, do, accomplish, get, obtain, it loses a little of its quality of picturesqueness. Men who lead outdoor lives in the big West happen upon many things seldom seen by wistful eyes, but one finds the greatest difficulty in getting a consecutive account of them when they lie outside the narrator's occupation, because of the sheer inadequacy of his vocabulary. What the cowboy or miner speaks least about, and therefore has the fewest words for, are his emotions.

Personally, I have never met the prototype of the Magazine Bad Men, though I have seen a few who would have liked to be thought so; and since Charles Lummis gave up his corduroys, the only man I know of in the West who dresses in the least like magazine illustrations is Reuben, the guide, of San Diego, who takes tourist parties across the Mexican border into Tia Juana. Of course it is worth while to be taken to a town that calls itself Aunt Jane, by a man who

dresses as Reuben does, but the commercialism of it all is obvious. Once there was a newspaper man who came up into my country to write up the way his syndicate thought it ought to be. His sombrero was very wide and rakishly tilted — *away from the sun*. His shirt was open at the throat and decorated with a handkerchief; but because he did not know why cowboys wear handkerchiefs around their necks, he wore it like a girl at a picnic. It was white silk and became him very well. There had not been an arrest made in Maverick for nearly three years, but the syndicate man had so much gun-metal on him that he fairly clanked. When he first struck our town he saw an Indian in shirtsleeves and overalls, leaning against the door-sill of the general store. He was Johnny Dean, a graduate of the Carson School, who played the cornet and afterwards organized a labor strike among the Indians at the salt works. The syndicate man clapped him on the back and said, —

"Heap big Indian, come drink fire-water."

Dean looked him all over with the gentle flicker of a smile. "Thank you," he said, "I never use alcoholic stimulants." The interesting part of this story is, that it is a two years' penitentiary offense to furnish liquor to Indians.

In the Magazine West all the señoritas are pretty, and the tenderfoot is always falling in love with them. A lady, who ought to know better, wrote a story of a university professor who broke an engagement in order to marry one of them after a few days' acquaintance. Now the real daughter of the old Spanish California aristocracy is so carefully sheltered that the tenderfoot seldom gets so much as a glimpse of her, and would seldom be considered eligible for marriage if he did; and the daughter of the mixed Indian, Mexican, and of-what-not-breed is not the least bit more likely to interest a cultivated Eastern gentleman than any other illiterate girl of limited capacity who has fine eyes and smells of garlic.

Of course there is a real West, which sometimes gets into books — the West of Emerson Hough and Owen Wister, though Mr. Wister was a good ten years too late to get the best of it. Stewart Edward White knows it and Andy Adams is it. Too few people have read *The Log of a Cowboy* and *Reed Anthony, Cowman*, but those who have, can well imagine the historians of the true West digging up Mr. Adams's books from under a waste of others to find in them the speech, the thought, and the essentially uncomplicated male attitude that made possible its earliest great achievement. Some years ago there appeared in the *Century* a story, "Benefits Forgotten," which perhaps by the death of its author has been allowed to drop out of notice, but of a Westernness convincing and absolute. It was of the same stripe as Mary Hallock Foote's *Led Horse Claim*, but it gave promise of exceeding Mrs. Foote's work in verity as a man's view of a man's country always must. One can never quite get permission to call Frank Norris's *Octopus* a Western book because the purpose of it was a little bigger than the West, but there were things in it that give one to wonder whether if Mr. Norris had continued to write, he would have proved himself a citizen of the world or merely a Californian. There is n't any Western poet yet, — unless you count Walt Whitman who lived in the East, — though there are poets in the West, and playwrights too, whose work could just as well have been written in New York, and generally is.

The Great Divide was a most interesting example of the inaptitude of the East to get at the West where it lives. Though there is occasionally lack of chivalry in the West, there is always common sense, — which leads naturally to saying that a really competent Westerner, if only he had moved a few states nearer sundown, is William Allen White. But you will notice there is no gun-play in *Our Town*, no señoritas, and no professional Bad Men; just human nature

and a friendly understanding of it; some short cuts to decent, humorous tenderness for its frailty, unwhimpering acceptance for its lack and loss; and if that isn't the meaning of the West, what then?

JULE ANN DARNALL'S BONNET

It has a queer sound, as an item of college expenditure. There it stands, however, in black and white, or rather in the brown and yellow of the musty old manuscript record, —

"For mending Jule Ann Darnall's bonnet, 50 cents."

The college stood over on the hill, two miles from town, in those days, and was struggling with the "manual labor system," plus the various infantile diseases from which young Western colleges suffered so severely before coal-oil fomentations or steel-dust poultices came into vogue. The young aspirant for education, I gather from the same old record, could pay his bills by "whooping" tubs at six cents each, or he might set up barrels "in a truly workmanlike manner in four hoops" at eighteen cents each, and finish them in the proper season for ten cents additional, kindly taking off the hands of the college at the current cash price "each and every of his barrels which shall not pass inspection." These were but two of many occupations by which training of hand was made to keep pace with culture of the mind, and the dignity of labor was duly emphasized, as became the democratic times in which Andrew Jackson had just been swept into the presidency, and the be-wigged and be-powdered aristocracy dominant in earlier days had been duly humbled. I know an old alumnus, still living, who went empty-pocketed to that old college farm over sixty years ago, earned his way through, and drove out of town the day after his graduation in a carriage of his own making, with another trailing behind, a good team of horses in front, a bride at his side, and not a dollar of unpaid debt to call him back.

But I am getting too far away from Jule Ann and her bonnet. Why should the college have assumed the expense of mending a bonnet for Jule Ann Darnall? Was Jule Ann possibly the college milk-maid, and did she wear a bonnet with one of those old-fashioned crowns, projecting far to the rearward, and as she seated herself upon the college milking-stool with the pail at her feet, did the college cow toss her head around at some random fly and rend that spacious bonnet crown with her right horn, the strings tightening under Jule Ann's chin before the firm new gingham gave way, pail and stool and poor Jule Ann tumbling in a miscellaneous heap, and Bossie running down the pasture field in fright at the mischief she had done? If such were the case, one can easily imagine Jule Ann's wrathful demand upon the college steward for at least the material reparation of her bonnet, inasmuch as the disaster to her dignity was so wholly beyond the possibility of repair.

Or was Jule Ann the victim of some student prank? Did some scapegrace want the whalebones out of that bonnet for some experiment in resiliency, in connection with his researches in physics? Or was the bonnet purloined as a disguise in some midnight raid upon the college melon-patch, and left mangled in the hedgerow through which the guilty but undetected student wearer had made his escape, thus leaving Jule Ann with a claim in equity against the college which the kindhearted steward could not conscientiously disallow? There is still another possibility. From a barrel in the attic of an old farmhouse, once a part of the college property, there was recently recovered a letter from the president to his wife, expressing a conviction that the credit of the college in social circles demanded an improvement in his wearing apparel. Perhaps a hitch upward all along the line was felt to be necessary, and the alteration in Jule's head-dress may have been the addition of a fine feather or two as a concession

to critical observers in the neighboring village, and not the repair of disaster at all. At a later date the steward made entry, —

"Sold Jule Ann Darnall two combs, for 5 cents; " —

and with her mended (or amended) bonnet and her two combs, Jule Ann Darnall passed out of the college history, so far as can be ascertained from its written records or its oral traditions.

The natural reflection is that the day when Jule Ann could get into the official records of a college with her defective bonnet and her two-for-a-nickel combs was a day of pretty small things. But among those tub-"whoopers" and barrel-makers the little college was educating large-minded men. One of them, so thoroughly reliable tradition runs, was wont to still by chewing beech leaves the calls of a hunger which he did not always have the means thoroughly to satisfy. Eleven years later he came back to the college as its president, and after giving it ten years of wonderfully effective teaching, a large new building, a hundred thousand dollars of invested funds, and a hold on the hearts of men who within a few decades were to swell the college properties far beyond a million, he died, doubtless a martyr to the strenuous days of little things, when the college administration was giving the trustees such items as Jule Ann Darnall's bonnet and combs to puzzle over, rather than the exploded feed-water heaters, collapsed boilers, broken-down dynamos, and the like, which raise the repair bills of to-day from the fifty-cent disbursement for Jule Ann's bonnet to a height where single items approximate an entire year's college expenditure in Jule Ann's day. Yes, it was a little college, and so far as material equipment goes it was working with little tools; but it showed its ability to pick up the boys from those trans-Allegheny farms and give them the intellectual push which not infrequently sent them forth to be great men. A prosperous generation has looked upon the

work of our colleges, called it good, and placed at the disposal of college teachers and administrators a wealth of material equipment which would have been beyond the dreams of imagination seventy-five years ago, when the college steward was penning the quaint records which lie before me. But in the midst of all this luxury of physical appliances, how easy it is to lose that grim mental and moral energy which could do so much with so little, when only the little was at hand. In the history of American college education there is much to be said for Jule Ann Darnall's time, after all.

THE FOLLY OF TAUGHT GRAMMAR

I do not believe in the teaching of grammar. I have taught grammar myself until I have taught away all my faith in the expediency and rationality of teaching it. The grammar that avails is the grammar that is untaught. Language is self-revelation, — a way that a man takes to let the world know, first of all, his needs and purposes, and secondly, his stock, breeding, temperament, spirit. If every man's speech were a perfect image of himself, language would be perfect, and there would be as many grades and types of language as there are grades and types of mind and culture. The worst English is right, if it be significant, and the best English is wrong, if it be inexpressive.

Grammar is of no worth except when, like Mr. Casaubon's semicolons and parentheses, it has worked itself into the blood. You cannot talk grammar to any purpose unless you think and feel grammar. A very small minority of the English-speaking world have acquired a sense for what is precise, and a feeling for what is elegant, in language. Grammar is all very well, — for those persons. But the great majority of speakers are insensible to these delicacies. For them bad grammar is the righteous thing. "Them ain't" in the mouth of the bump-

kin is as beautiful and appropriate as "they are" in the mouth of the gentleman; and the adoption of the classic form by the boor would be as lamentable a mistake as the acceptance of the vulgarity by the scholar.

Grammar is felicitous when it is expressive, and when it is the solecism that is expressive, the solecism becomes felicitous. All language which grows out of a man's instinct, or the habit which is the instinct of his class, is beautiful, interesting, wholesome, and spirited. This is true, in a great degree, not merely of the choice dialects, the vigorous and tender Scotch, the musical and sensitive patois of southern Europe and America, but even of the blank, shapeless, groping speech which reflects with perfect aptness the phlegm and dullness of the user. It is beautiful, as in Milton such phrases as the "swilled insolence of such late wassailers" or "the swinked hedger at his supper sat" are beautiful; because they are precisely and vigorously expressive.

Everybody talks well when he talks in the way he likes, the way he can't help, the way he never thinks of: the rest is effort and pretense. The man who says "trousers" because he likes to say it, and the man who says "pants" because he likes to say it, are both good fellows with whom a frank soul could fraternize; but the man who says "trousers" when he wants to say "pants" is a craven and a truckler, equally hateful to honest culture and wholesome ignorance. He belongs in the same sordid category with the man who wears tight shoes and high collars that are a torment to the flesh, who eats olives that he does n't relish and drinks uncongenial clarets, in imitation of his genteel neighbor in the brown-stone front.

The repression of nature is a misfortune, even when it is a duty; but when it is uncalled for, it is the unpardonable sin. Society in the political sense could not exist if all or most of us did not agree to put a muzzle on our greedy and bloody

instincts; and society in the polite sense would be impossible if we did not curb our egotism and petulance. In these cases a great good is bought at a high price; but no such motive can be invoked in behalf of that particular suppression of nature involved in the substitution of acquired for instinctive speech. Bad grammar is unobserved by many persons, is highly diverting to others, is interesting and significant to every catholic mind, and hurts nobody except the victim of a diseased sensibility, — itself the result in great part of the very teaching which I deprecate. As long as ignorant speech is manly and uncompromising, it neither pains itself nor injures its neighbor: it is only when it becomes timid and compunctious, when it quakes under the shadow of the ferule, all its faults vulgarized by its shame and its very accuracies cheapened by constraint, that it excites the observer's scorn and pity.

The universal vogue of correct English would be little short of a calamity. The doubter has only to imagine the effect on the animation and interest of life, if we should wake up some morning to find every one saying "I shall" and "I will" in their proper places, the news-boy purged of slang, the racy brogues dislodged from the street car and the street corner, the hired man pronouncing according to Webster, and the two-year-olds lisping — I beg their pardon, they would no longer lisp, — uttering their thoughts — in phrases conformable to Lindley Murray, Dr. Murray, and the "King's English."

Every one knows that human nature changes, and I have not the slightest quarrel with those ameliorations of a man's speech which are the result of a quickened perception or an improved taste. The communication of insight is as lawful in the field of language as in any other, and I do not oppose any teaching that confines itself to this, provided always that it is insight, not superstition or mechanism, that is communi-

cated. Teach a man to like your way of speech, and the practice of it is no longer a contradiction of his nature. But every practical teacher knows how few are the persons and the usages with respect to which a conversion of this kind is achieved or achievable. The rules are received — or ignored — as oracles, and are obeyed — or disobeyed — as edicts.

Let no one be afraid that the so-called "good" English will perish, if it is no longer taught. What sustains "good English" is not teaching, but the fact that a certain number of people are born every year to whom some sort of approximation to precise and elegant speech is natural and congenial. As long as these people continue to be born, the finer English is indestructible. When the elect perish, "good" English will die and ought to die, because there will be nothing left in human nature of which it is the proper mouthpiece. Its champions must be reared in its own household; there is no hope in the hirelings, the condottieri, whom the bribe of vanity or social advancement has impelled to offer their mercenary and heartless service to its cause. The reply of the English tongue to its self-appointed conservators and benefactors should be that of the French merchants to the ministry that inquired in what way it could help them: "*Laissez faire.*" If the race will take care of itself, the language will follow its example.

VOCATION AND AVOCATION

THAT the man whose true vocation is writing should spend most of his time and strength in doing something else is the strange counsel offered to novices by certain admitted masters of the author's craft. Spend your days, they advise, in some honest commonplace toil that makes no demand upon the imagination; and in the evening your escape from this drudgery will exhilarate you to the point of effective literary creation. Snatch your wages from a bourgeois world by serving

its material needs in counting-house or shop, and you will then be able to develop your higher talents at leisure, unhampered by the limitations of financial anxiety.

No one but the author so belittles his own peculiar function. No representative of any other profession pretends that it can best be learned or practiced at the fag-end of a hard day's business. Neither musician nor painter is content to accept so subordinate a place for the art to whose exercise he has dedicated himself. Have you an enthusiasm for teaching, above all things? The leaders of the educational world will certainly not recommend you to be satisfied with the opportunities of a voluntary assistant in a night-school. Are you called to preach? With no disrespect to the homiletical ability of the laity, most of the churches have long since made up their minds that the task of interpreting the ways of God to man is great enough to require the putting aside of other concerns.

But it is not merely as an offense against the dignity of letters that this minimizing of the literary profession stirs me to a protest. Considered as advice to be actually followed, it is dangerous and misleading. In the first place there is no slight risk lest the mental habits fostered by the occupation of the day be carried over into the work of the evening. It is well-nigh impossible for a man to adopt a career in which a certain intellectual attitude is essential to success and yet remain unmodified by that attitude when he approaches another set of interests. Dr. Robertson Nicoll has shrewdly suggested that Matthew Arnold's criticism was influenced by his daily routine as inspector of schools: when he had other things than examination papers to deal with he naturally became an inspector of literature, of manners, and of men. "He inspected the homes where he received hospitality, he inspected his hosts, he inspected his fellow-guests. . . . The attitude of supe-

riority which Arnold maintained throughout all defeats and rebuffs, and his absolute unteachableness, are to be credited in considerable measure to his profession." I have myself known writers whose articles were excellent as lucid and orderly summaries of fact, but were nevertheless intolerably dull. What else could you expect when the pen that wrote them was busy several hours a day in compiling official reports in a government office?

A more serious objection is that few of us have the physical strength to lead a double life of this kind. No writing is going to be worth much that is not wrought out in the sweat of one's brain. But if the work of the day has been anything but of the most formal and trivial type it must already have made no slight demand on the energies of both body and mind. Satisfaction at release from drudgery does not necessarily exhilarate: it is not inconsistent with a weariness that finds no refreshment in change of labor. In an interview with a distinguished English writer, published some time ago, it was said that for forty-one years he had spent his days at the Board of Trade and for nearly thirty of them he had devoted his evenings to literary work. "On returning from Whitehall his usual habit after dinner is to read or listen to music until about ten o'clock, when he retires to his study and works until midnight." Now for myself I could follow this programme with perfect comfort, — until ten o'clock. I dare say that on an emergency I could brace myself to be strenuous from that hour until twelve; but I am afraid the result would be flabby stuff, and I am certain I should have to pay for my excess the next morning. Fatigue is a disturbing phenomenon that we cannot afford to play tricks with, and, though I can give no statistics in support of my opinion, I am confident that only a small proportion of writers could endure, year in year out, the strain of whipping up a tired body to new exertions when Nature calls for rest. "Man goeth forth

unto his work and to his labor until the evening" is the scheme of life which few can transgress without penalty. Of course the objection stated in this paragraph does not apply if the occupation of the daytime is so extraordinarily light as to leave one with freshness unimpaired at 10 P. M. But "soft jobs" are few, and are becoming fewer. If, in default of private means, I draw my income from a business or an office, I must expect to be called upon to earn it. The earning of such an income is seldom compatible, under ordinary conditions of health, with the simultaneous pursuit of a second career.

And surely it is a seemly thing that we should allot most of our time and strength to the tasks by which we can best serve our generation. If writing is taken up merely as a hobby, it is of course entirely fitting that it should be practiced at odd hours when the spirit moves, like violin-playing or photography. But the case we are discussing is not that of the amateur. It is that of the man who feels he has something to say to his fellows and knows he is not expressing his real self except when he is saying it. It may be that in the present constitution of society services of this kind are recognized disproportionately; that what is commercially called "printed matter" is not paid for in strict relation to its quality. But it is at least possible to earn a competence by work which is not inconsistent with self-respect, and which, while providing a livelihood, provides also a life worth living. This assumes, of course, that one does not give himself such airs as to suppose journalism to be altogether beneath him. By his attitude to the periodical press a writer may show very clearly whether he is conscious of a mission or merely eager for a reputation. It has been truly said that there is nothing like journalism for any one who is anxious to get things done and does not care who gets the credit for them. And there is so much to do that we may reasonably grudge the

surrender of our freshest hours to employments which are accepted for no other reason than their monetary proceeds, and which, however necessary and valuable they may be in their way, offer no scope to the special gifts for whose use we are responsible.

It is refreshing to turn from the pessimism of some flourishing authors to the cheerful courage of that *preux chevalier* of modern literature — Robert Louis Stevenson. What a comment is his career on De Quincey's dictum that "no man can succeed in the cultivation of literary art who is not already in the possession of an assured income"! He knew well enough the disappointments and hardships to be faced by those who will throw themselves wholly upon the literary life, but he scarcely seems even to have been conscious of the possibility of making his writing an addendum to some other and more remunerative occupation. You must "weed your mind at the outset," he admitted, "of all desire of money. What you may decently expect, if you have some talent and much industry, is such an income as a clerk will earn with a tenth or perhaps a twentieth of your nervous output." But there are compensations. "The direct returns — the wages of the trade — are small, but the indirect — the wages of the life — are incalculably great. No other business offers a man his daily bread upon such joyful terms. . . . Suppose it ill-paid: the wonder is it should be paid at all. Other men pay, and pay dearly, for pleasures less desirable."

THE DIALECT OF EMOTION

WHILE men and women are about the ordinary business or alive in the moderate excitements of daily life, their speech is for the most part commonplace in content, but in expression diverse and variously characteristic. Half a dozen men in the Grand Central, or on the golf-links, or at a dinner-table, will have much the same remarks to make; as many

women at a charity fair, or a bridge-party or a ball, will show like unanimity in the substance of their conversation. Whereas their ways of saying these common things will differ infinitely, — expressive in style, in choice of word and phrase, nay, in look, gesture, and vocal undulation, of the individual personality. Mr. Pickwick and his friends return from a cricketers' dinner at Muggleton. How characteristically dissimilar are their expressions of a single opportune idea! And as the circumstances approach the universal, the sentiment becomes fixed. All people say, "Good-morning;" but no two of God's various creatures say it alike, — their utterances range from the ventriloquial grunt of paterfamilias to the gushful exuberance of Mr. Veneering at a house-party. Moreover, the common impersonal forms of excitement, though intense, merely increase this tendency, — as may be observed at a riot, or a fire, or a football game. The speech fits the occasion; the manner of speaking reflects and is peculiar to the speaker. But in the personal crises of our lives — in those poignantly emotive moments which we realize to be our climaxes and our curtain-falls — the converse is true. When we are wrought up to the quintessence of ourselves, greatly aroused, not because there is a fire or a shipwreck, but because my heart is a conflagration or your soul is plunging upon the rocks, it is no longer the form but the substance of our saying that can denote us truly. Now and then, under the lash of joy or pain or conflict incredible but that we feel it and live, self-consciousness turns inward. We are rapt out of ourselves; manner and mannerism fall away; personality speaks nakedly. Our voices and our words sound strange to us. The calm man is astonished at his own fire; the mercurial at his own poise. Washington curses like a pirate; Falstaff babbles of green fields; and Sentimental Tommy does not know whether he is posing or not, but only that he feels what he says. At these times it is the sub-

stance of the speech that is characteristic. We say what we are; and we show a strong and curious tendency toward similarity of expression. Each of our half-dozen men in declaring war against an impossibility, in receiving sentence of death from a doctor or sentence of life from a woman, will say some different characteristic thing. Each of our half-dozen women will acknowledge her lover, or deny her God, or face the birth of her child with some individual saying; but one and all will speak the same language, wonderfully alike in diction and in style, even to details of voice and action. Socrates, Juliet, and Nathan Hale made various dying speeches. The idiomatic flavor of one dialect is in them all. The speech reflects and is peculiar to the speaker; the manner of speaking is universal and fits the occasion.

And this dialect of passion is much the same for all ages and all races, for all sorts and conditions of men. Poet and laborer, the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady, in their great moments find one form of speech, else unused, come naturally to their lips. It is not easy to describe or to define, because one hears it seldom and does not listen to it observantly unmoved. It has its own sound, — a certain tense, level intonation of the voice, with a curious effect of remoteness as if the speaker were at a distance, which one may neither mistake nor forget. It is the dialect of the memorable speeches of history: "England expects every man to do his duty." It is the style of those memorable quotations from literature wherein metre alone distinguishes poetry from prose: "There must you speak of one that loved not wisely but too well." Strangely rhetorical, with a sense of big unusual words coming to their own; figurative (since all strong emotion is lyrical) but not creative of figures; snatching at the well-worn metaphors and using them meaningfully, so that the trite phrases startle us like a familiar face in tears; simple in sentence-form and in the wedlock of word to thought, yet with a

curiously bookish flavor, often inappropriate to the speaker. Where did Ignorance learn those words? Or how can Culture forego her nicety to use them? People talk like that in books; who would have thought to hear this language spoken here and now? For it is more nearly than anything else the diction of the romantic novel — the speech of heroes and heroines, which as we become momentarily heroic grows native to us.

THE MAN IN THE MIRROR

THE old superstition that a broken looking-glass presages death is not without its element of meaning. How strangely is that counterfeit presentment that gazes back at me identified with my conception of myself! If it should cease to come at my bidding — if by some mysterious change the reflecting power of polished surfaces should be lost, and that image erased from my mind, should *I* be *I* to my own consciousness still? How many of my acts are my own, and how many are merely tributes to what seems to be expected of that figure which I have somehow identified with *me*, and yet which seems strangely distinct? Is that *I*? or am *I*, *I*? or am *I* that?

For from childhood I was conscious of a strange sense of duality. The face that looked back at me was hardly *I*. Indeed, at first it seemed almost strange, or at most half remembered. Again and again with a start of surprise I have said, "I had forgotten I looked like that!" I found it impossible to call up in my mind my own face. I did not know how I looked. In fact, even with the glass before me I seemed to receive details rather than a unified and consistent impression.

Strangely enough, this peculiar imaginative defect was exactly paralleled by a similar inability to picture to myself my own nature. Not only was it a mystery to me how I really looked, but also what

I was. I could recognize characteristics, but not the whole.

Naturally enough, in this state of bewilderment I utterly failed in self-confidence. What should I do in given circumstances? How should I comport myself? Having now no idea, now a variable one, of what I was, I could not guess what I should do. I am not exaggerating when I say that this lack of a conscious conception of a familiar self sent me into every unusual act in a panic of apprehension. I could not enter a drawing-room, or meet a stranger, without fearing for the conduct of my unknown self — a fear that so far as I know was never seriously justified.

By degrees, however, I became familiar with my counterpart of the mirror. I recognized him as a familiar figure; I could recall his face; I identified him with myself; *I knew how I looked*. At the same time, and by parallel steps, I came to know somewhat the manner of man I was.

That identification of myself with the man in the mirror was an inexpressible comfort to me. It was not vanity; I do not possess a handsome exterior. But the figure that faced me from above my dressing-table and under the hall lamp gave evidence of some degree of assurance and address. And that was *I*. There was no need, then, of my being afraid to face other men. I knew my limitations, many and vital, as well as the mirror knew my facial defects. But I had at last a strong sense of personal identity.

The mirror has proved an invaluable friend. In moments of self-distrust I frequently examine the features of the man in the mirror. Enough of my old personal detachment remains to allow me to do so judicially. And if the examination proves in the main satisfactory, I address him: "Sir, a man who looks like that ought to be able to carry this matter through."

But I wonder, if I had never seen a looking-glass —

